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WINTER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

By Hamilton Wright Mabie.

THE easy self-confidence and unaffected air of superiority which the woodsman always wears in his intercourse with persons less fortunate in early surroundings and training is not without substantial basis in fact; knowledge of nature acquired at first hand, and mastery of the arts and resources of out-of-door life confer a distinction which, although not academic, is much more readily recognized and much more immediately available. The education which familiarity with the woods confers is distinctly fundamental; and he who possesses it may justly challenge every comer to disclose a kindred training or acknowledge his inferiority. The wise man who finds himself in this dilemma will frankly confess his lack of early advantages, and promptly begin to supply his defective education by the use of such powers of observation and imitation as nature has given him. In this endeavor he will feel the spur of a certain sense of humiliation: no sensitive man ever walks through the woods without feeling that every tree ought to be familiar to him, and that every sound ought instantly to suggest to his mind the form and habit of life from which it issues. There is always in the consciousness of such a man an instinctive recognition that this knowledge from which he is debarred is not a department of science, which one educated along other lines can well afford to leave untouched on some principle of selection, but that it is elemental and essential; that no man is really trained without it. It is a kind of knowledge which does not go to the making of special skills and dexterities, but to the making of a man. To be without it is not to know how to use the eye and the hand, not to know how to form instantly a general impression from the reports of all the senses, and to focus every power of body and mind in a swift and unerring decision. To be without this knowledge is to be a stranger in one's ancestral home and to miss the unfailing joy of intimacy with one's mother. It is to lose one of the finest results of that long and painful process of education which we call heredity: for no person of imagination ever fails to recognize in the spell which the woods throw over him the subtile potency of centuries of earlier and more intimate association between man and the forest. It is such a great piece of good fortune to have had a sound, healthy, vigorous, barbarian ancestry that one ought to revive and conserve those normal instincts which long identification with forest life developed. Out of the woods we came, and to the woods we must return, at frequent intervals, if we would redeem ourselves from the vanities of civilization. Emerson says somewhere that the defect in Webster was his inability to go behind the Constitution: the social order as he found it was to him, as to Burke, a finality. Every

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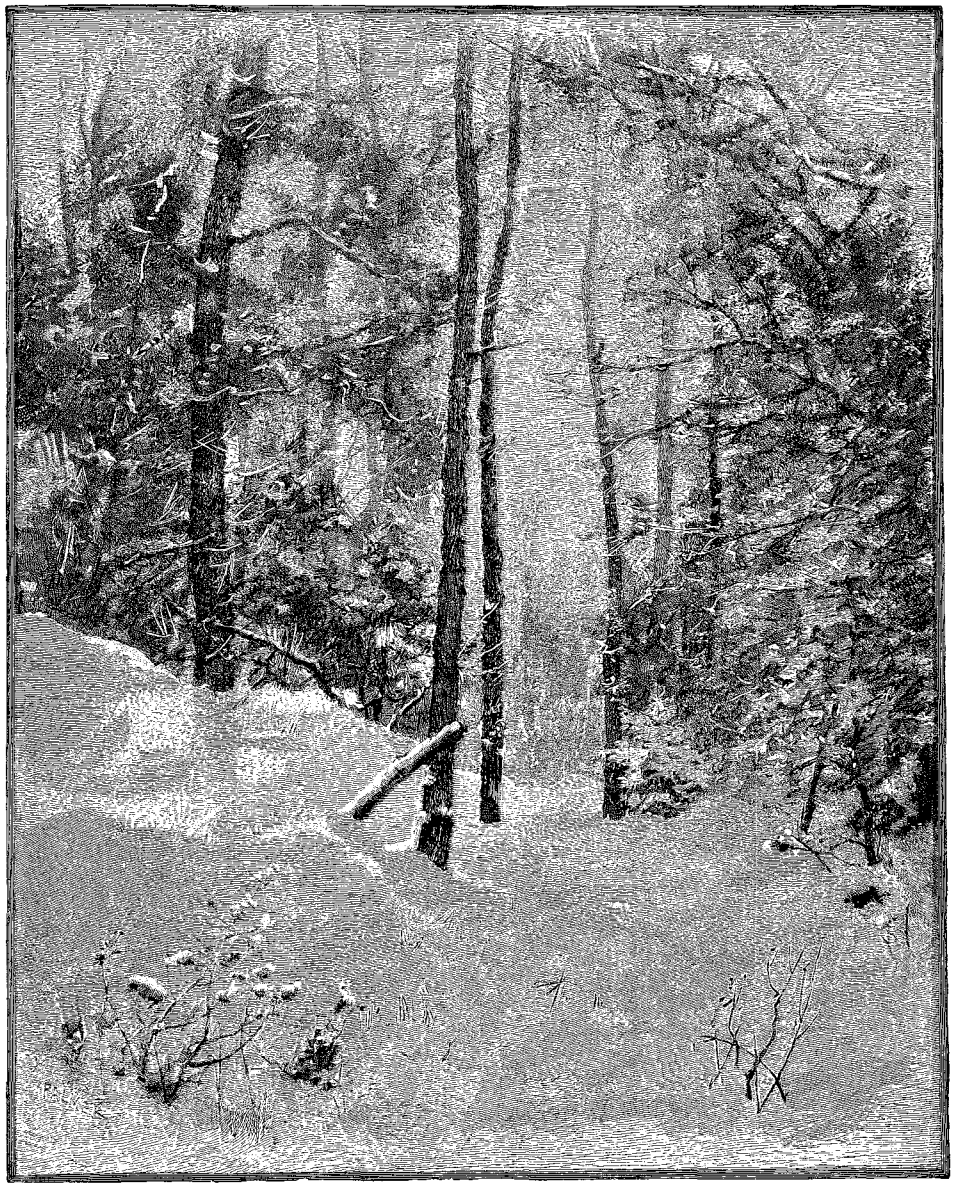

vigorous life needs a retreat and a playground outside the bounds of organized society, a place where no images of the god Terminus are ever set up. Fortunately, the advance of civilization has not yet destroyed these places of antique simplicity and manliness. Nature has still room enough to dispense her boundless hospitality; we may go to her, as Thoreau says, for "a place beyond the jurisdiction of human governments." "I love nature partly because she is not a man, but a retreat from him; none of his institutions control or pervade her."

Those who feel the friction of the game laws will probably dissent from the statement that the Adirondacks supply one of these play-grounds for suppressed activity and undeveloped sentiment; society is never more obnoxious than when it steps in between a man's skill and its natural prey. But the sportsmen are a small and fortunate class, to whom the railroads have ope

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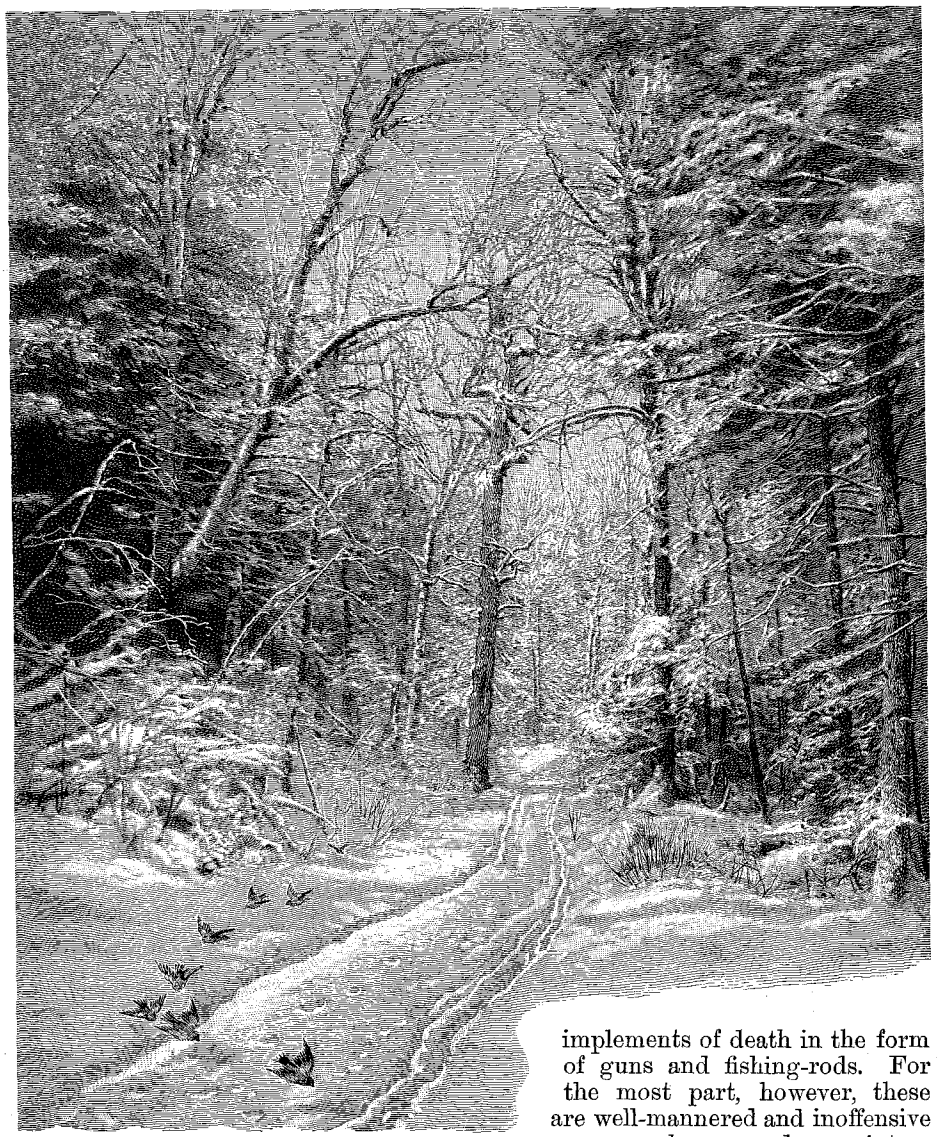

"The snow, lodged in every crevice, caught by every branch."

up the most remote hunting-grounds, and whose exceptional felicity ought to be tempered by a little self-denial. It is also true that the functions of nature as a healer of the wounds which the sensitive spirit suffers at the hands of society are seriously disarranged by the throngs of people who traverse the region during the summer months, carrying from hotel to hotel, and from lake to lake, arsenals of ornate and costly implements of death in the form of guns and fishing-rods. For the most part, however, these are well-mannered and inoffensive persons, whose murderous intentions toward fish, fowl, and quadruped are rarely put into effect. Every cup of wholesome pleasure contains at least a drop of sacrifice, and the lover of nature ought to find some consolation for the loss of solitude in the thought that the beneficence of that noble country is bestowed with royal generosity. That which gives the Adirondacks their peculiar charm is inviolable; tourists cannot stain a sky visible always from horizon to horizon; nor despoil those countless lakes in which another sky floats responsive to every wind and wave;

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nor blur the vision of the great hills, in which the silence and solitude of the woods seem to be sublimely visible. This noble country, whose value as a means of sane and wholesome living we have hardly begun as yet to understand, is in imminent danger; not from the throngs who visit it, but from rapacious land speculators, from selfish lumbermen, and from the aggressions of the railroads. If the woods can be secured and kept for public uses; if the destructive axe of the lumberman is restrained, and the extension of the railroads resisted, the Adirondacks may be safely committed to the custody of the people, whom they will educate to the proper care of so noble a possession.

There is one season, however, when the most jealous lover of nature will find himself in undisturbed possession of the landscape and all its resources. In summer the crack of the rifle may break the stillness of the most remote woods, or the plash of the oar disturb the tranquillity of the most secluded lake; at every carry one may meet adventurers pressing on to the heart of the wilderness, or returning from their novel voyaging; but in winter the crowds have vanished, and no trace of their coming and going remains save the deserted hotels, given over to utter silence, or to those deliberate and long-continued repairs which are sometimes made in the Adirondacks. Nowhere is there a broader or more effective contrast between winter and summer than in the North Woods; nowhere are the divergent sentiments and aspects of the two seasons more sharply accented. Not only is the population vastly reduced in winter, but its character is entirely changed; not only are the activities of life immensely restricted in volume and variety, but they suffer a notable change of direction; not only is one aspect of nature substituted for another, but the whole appearance of things is completely transformed. So radical is the change that takes place that one cannot lay claim to real knowledge of the woods until he has seen them when the hand of winter, like a more spiritual artist, has struck into sudden prominence the structure of the landscape by disrobing it, and, discarding all the tricks of color, has substituted for endless variety of hue and tint the stainless purity of the most delicate monochrome, and the exquisite beauty of pure form. If the figure were permissible, one might say that in summer one sees the woods under the spell of the romantic mood; while in winter one looks upon them with the clear vision of the classical spirit; in summer affluence of color, splendor and variety of verdure compose the charm of every landscape; in winter flawless perfection of form, delicate precision of outline, exquisite tracery of bough and twig, imposing disclosure of mass create a different and more complex impression. In summer the senses are fed by a series of charming aspects; in winter the mind receives more directly an image of the harmony and completeness of a world whose bare structure stands out in naked majesty.

The summer life of the Adirondacks is diffused over a vast tract of country, heavily wooded for the most part, and thickly strewn with lakes and ponds. In winter this volume of life contracts, the wilderness is practically deserted, and only a few outposts are held as bases of supplies and activity. Chief among these winter retreats, and, indeed, the only community in the heart of the woods, is the village of Saranac. The Saranac region is the most beautiful and healthful section of the wilderness. Commanding at numerous points the noblest views of the mountain groups dominated by Marcy and Whiteface, including, within a comparatively small territory, lakes of such diverse beauty as St. Regis, Loon, Placid, the Upper and Lower Saranac, it offers the sportsman and nature-lover an inexhaustible variety of resources and attractions. Its elevation, its sandy soil, its vast environment of forest, full of spruce and pine, and the dryness of its atmosphere make this region a natural sanatorium, to which the victims of lung and throat diseases are drawn in increasing numbers. The village of Saranac is the only resort which the wilderness offers to invalids and semi-invalids in winter, although one or two of the larger hotels keep cottages open for guests during the same season.

Before the extension of the Chateaugay Railroad, a year ago, the long

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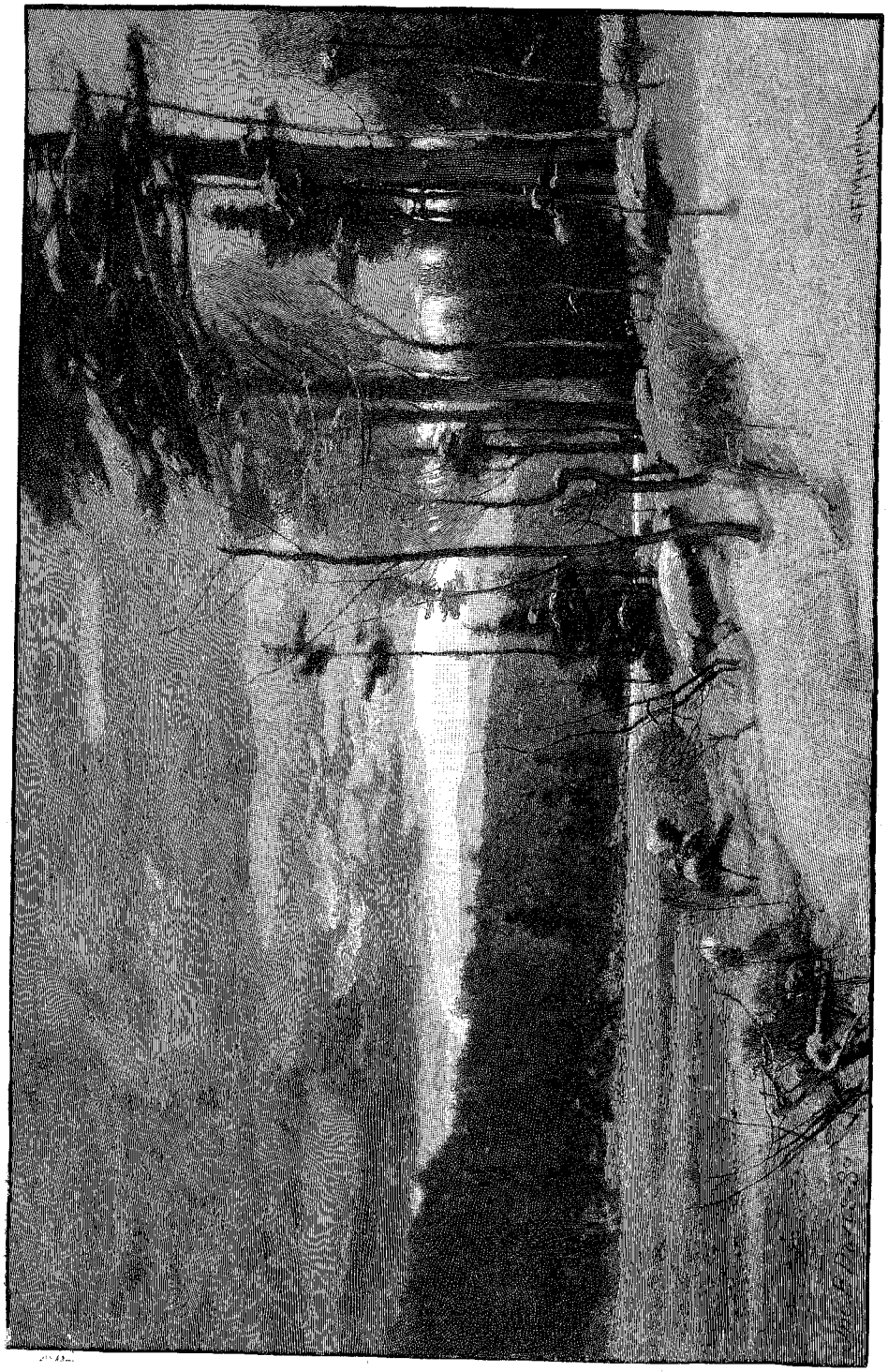

A Corner of Lake Placid.

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ride to Saranac was often in severe weather no slight hardship; but now that one can leave New York by a night express, breakfast at Plattsburgh, and reach Saranac by noon without further change, the journey has lost its terrors. It is, in fact, no small pleasure in itself. If one makes it by daylight the winter scenery of the upper Hudson and of Lake Champlain furnishes a charming introduction to the wilder and more solitary winter landscapes of the woods. I was so fortunate as to make this journey for the first time on a day of crystalline purity and phenomenal frigidity. The thermometer registered fifteen degrees below zero at eight o'clock, and the mercury sank steadily during the day and the succeeding night until it touched forty-five degrees. The country was covered with snow of a dazzling purity, and the light was of a brilliancy unknown to summer days. The narrow-gauge railroad between Plattsburgh and Saranac makes its devious way through a sombre and lonely country, thinly settled, sparsely wooded, with tracts of dreary upland denuded by the axe of the woodcutter and by forest fires. It steadily climbs skyward until, on the ridge of Lyon Mountain, it reaches an altitude of two thousand feet. Noble outlooks break the monotony of the landscape from time to time, and after leaving Lyon Mountain the country rapidly takes on a bolder and more impressive character. Commanding mountain ranges interrupt the horizon line, great forests stretch away toward the wilderness of which they form the outskirts, snow-covered lakes and ponds are skirted and left behind, and one begins to feel the sentiment of the wintry woods. In the intense cold every outline of tree or mountain-peak is sharply defined, and the stainless white below and the stainless blue above give the day a dazzling radiancy. The trackmen, in their red overstockings, their many-colored blouses, and their brilliant toques, look like gnomes, the frost having whitened their beards so artistically that Father Time himself might well be envious of the skill which effects so striking a transformation.

In the keen, clear air the little village of Saranac takes on an almost picturesque air, and nestles among the wintry hills as if conscious of the immense capital of health and pleasure upon which it can draw at will. The white smoke from every chimney rises in a straight or sinuous column, sharply defined against the blue sky; the minor uglinesses are concealed by the charitable mantle of snow; and the mere fact of the presence of human life in the wilderness, at such temperature, inspires one with interest and respect. With the exception of an occasional load of logs one sees few indications of active life in the little community. It is the vacation season with many of the permanent residents, whose brief harvest-time is during the summer months; others are in the lumber camps; still others are in the service of the winter colony of visitors. The natives of the Adirondacks are, as a class, a kindly and trustworthy people, thoroughly capable in their own lines of work, frank in speech and courteous in manner. They are not given to undue rapacity in their dealings with the throngs who annually invade their territory, and in their civility and honesty they certainly differ very pleasantly from most men whose fortune it is to live on the tourist, the sportsman, or the invalid. The Adirondack guide is often a man of parts and resource—skilled in woodcraft, apt in emergencies, full of good sense and good humor, and a companion of one's vacation mood who adds not a little to its zest and pleasure.

One readily falls into the ways of the winter colony at Saranac, and finds them ways of pleasantness; not at all akin to the rigor of the climate, but rather suggestive of tropical deliberation and leisureliness. The health-seekers usually number from fifty to seventy persons, and although some form of pulmonary trouble has transplanted them to this wintry clime there is no suggestion of invalidism in the atmosphere of the place. A more aggressively active set of persons is probably not to be found the world over. Now that the physicians have practically agreed that air and nutrition are the principal if not the only means of overcoming pulmonary weakness or disease, out-of-door life is the invariable prescription for all

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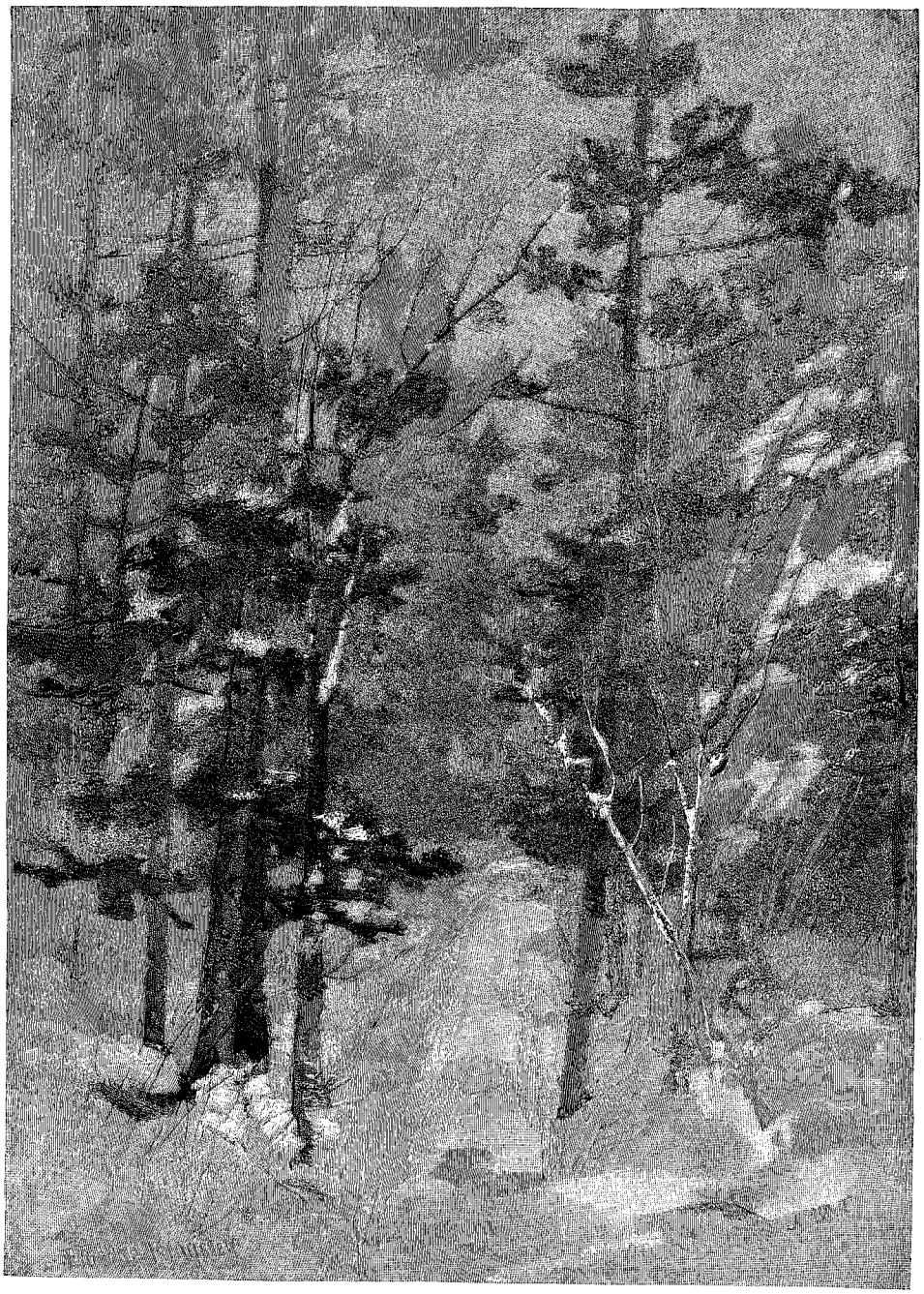

At the Entrance of a Carry.

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troubles of this kind. Four or five hours a day in the open air, in all kinds of weather, serve the double purpose of securing an abundance of pure air and stimulating a vigorous appetite. The temperature is often very low, but the dryness of the atmosphere takes the sting out of the cold. Those who have not had the opportunity of comparing a moist with a dry atmosphere in winter can hardly understand how little physical comfort depends on the mercury, and how much it depends on the presence or absence of humidity. One may feel far more discomfort on the coast, with the mercury at twenty degrees above zero, than in the Adirondacks with the mercury at ten or even twenty degrees below zero. On a clear day without wind, a low temperature has no terrors in a dry air; it necessitates a certain amount of vigilance in the surveillance of ears and nose, but it means pure exhilaration. Fatigue is an unknown sensation on such days; one walks miles without any sense of weariness, and without any consciousness of unusual cold. In the crystalline air the mountains stand out in startling distinctness; every tree is individualized; the dark masses of spruce or pine accentuate the whiteness of the snow and the blue of the sky; and one walks on and on with a sense of buoyancy and vitality which are a physical inspiration. On such a day no task seems too great to be accomplished, so powerfully does nature reinforce one with the tonic of dry mountain air. Returning from a three hours' ramble through the woods one can hardly accept the statement of the thermometer, which reports twenty-three degrees below zero.

The tonic quality of the air during the periods of low temperature is by no means the only delightful effect. The landscape assumes a distinctness which is a revelation to one unfamiliar with it; there is a splendor of light, a delicacy and softness of color in the morning and evening skies, which are unknown to balmier days. The little village, seen by moonlight, becomes almost poetic in its suggestion of domesticity under a marvellously brilliant sky, and encircled by hills whose covering of snow fairly shines in the radiancy of a night so still that nature seems to be waiting, in her most brilliant mood, for the coming of some favored guest. One lingers in the prosaic streets, and walks again and again from bridge to bridge, under the spell of a new enchantment; the softness and mystery of the moonlight of summer nights has yielded to the spell of an almost overpowering brilliancy. Within doors generous open fires keep the cold at bay, although the thick incrustation on the window-panes shows how sharp the struggle is, and by how fragile a line the summer within is separated from the winter without. During the night the mercury falls rapidly, and one is awakened at intervals by sharp explosions. If he happens to be a reader of Thoreau he recalls certain records in which the Concord naturalist reports similar experiences. On the 11th day of January, 1859, the mercury having fallen to twenty-two degrees below zero, he writes: "Going to Boston to-day I find that the cracking of the ground last night is the subject of conversation in the cars, and that it was quite general. I see many cracks in Concord and Cambridge. It would appear, then, that the ground cracks on the advent of very severe cold weather. I had not heard it before this winter." Domestic architecture suffers not a little from the same cause, and in the spring nails that have been drawn by the invisible fingers of the frost must be driven into place.

Nature is not to be trifled with in very low temperatures; ceaseless vigilance is the price of comfort and safety. To insure both in the open air, coats of buffalo or coon skin are worn, with felt boots, and fur caps of many kinds and shapes to complete the outfit. Add to these a pair of fur gloves, and one is armed cap-a-pie against all the assaults of the enemy. Indeed, the appearance of a sleighing party in the Adirondacks would fill the uninitiated with nameless terror; so lost is all human resemblance in a mass of skins, furs, and uncouth apparel of ingenious design.

Those who have had large experience of the delights and discomforts of sleighing know that the pleasure which it may yield depends on a nice adjustment o road, scenery, weather, temperature, and

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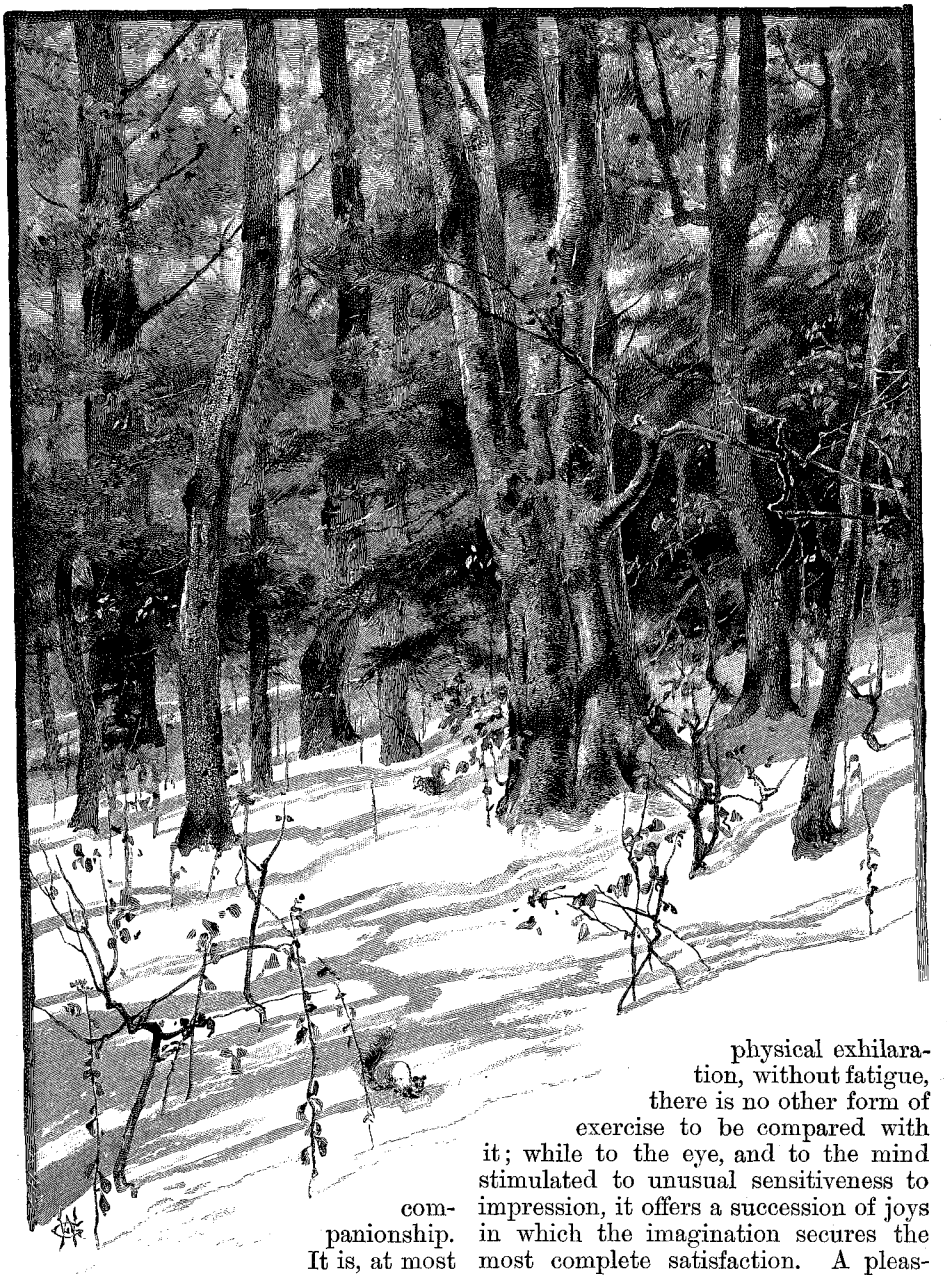

companionship. It is, at most times and under most circumstances a purely speculative venture; but like all speculative ventures it sometimes yields very large returns. In the Adirondacks, on a brilliant day, it comes as near perfect enjoyment of sense and soul as anything which the narrow resources of our planet afford. For pure physical exhilaration, without fatigue, there is no other form of exercise to be compared with it; while to the eye, and to the mind stimulated to unusual sensitiveness to impression, it offers a succession of joys in which the imagination secures the most complete satisfaction. A pleasure which finds its way to the mind through a quickening of the senses is generally of that high order which leaves no sting in the memory. Certainly no physical delight can harvest so many lasting impressions of color and form and beautiful grouping as sleighing through the winter woods. It is not an incidental pastime with the

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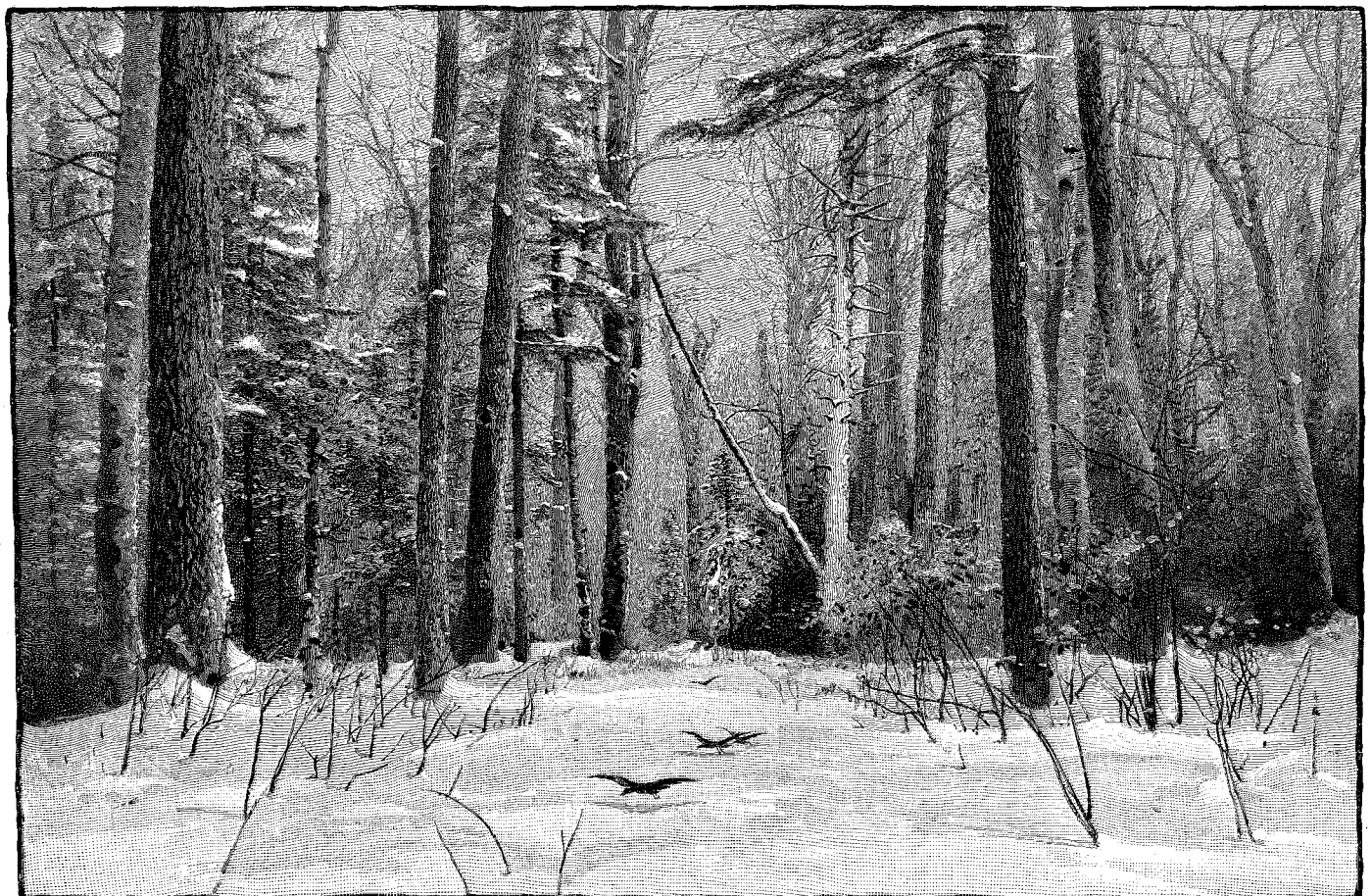

In the Heart of the North Woods.

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Saranac colony; it is a serious business, seriously undertaken. The outfit is as complete as the exigencies of the country and the climate demand, and the best hours of each day are given up to this flying pursuit of health along the woodland roads or on the surface of the frozen lakes. One leaves no cares behind to steal after and ride with him; one forebodes no unwelcome engagements when the horses are turned homeward. To clear one's mind of care is a Saranac injunction as often and as vigorously repeated by the lips of authority as Dr. Johnson's famous advice about cant. One starts with a free and open mind; "black care" is shaken off with the civilization which has done so much to increase its weight and deepen its hue.

It is a clear, brilliant morning, with a temperature a little below the zero-point. The snow lies fresh and stainless over the fields and woods as one turns into the road to Lake Placid, leaves the little village behind him, and is soon speeding through a solitary world. The heavy, sandy road of bitter memory on hot summer days is now barely definable across the level reaches of snow. Two narrow tracks afford the only evidence that other adventurers have penetrated these remote and silent woods. The sense of isolation is fed by every turn of the road and by every vista through the forest; one feels alone with nature. Cities and the arts of men seem not only remote, but unreal. The road winds along the base of a low hill, whose crown of spruce and pine is dark and green amid the universal monotone of white; it climbs the upland, bare but beautiful now that its unsightly logs and stumps have been transformed by the magic of frost; it runs through an occasional clearing, where the drifts lie so deep that a catastrophe is only avoided by extreme care and skill. On either side there is a succession of winter landscapes, a series of winter incidents, which make one oblivious of time and distance. It is a silent, deserted world, and yet how much goes on within it! The snow, lodged in every crevice, caught by every branch, interrupted by every leaf, has wrought upon the landscape with that unconscious art which holds the most magical spell of beauty. In all that wilderness there is nothing common or unclean. The unsightly *débris* of dead trees has now a plastic purity of form and color, and every boulder shows some sculpturesque effect. Through the woods the road almost ceases to be definable; in advance or behind, the trees close up in apparently unbroken ranks, and one wonders whence he came or how he is to find his way out. The long aisles through which one passes noiselessly seem to lead into the very heart of a sanctuary—so silent, so solitary, so profoundly impressive to sense and thought are the snow-covered woods. The great trees, in their vigorous life, are not more beautiful than the dead, which have fallen against them and caught the snow in outspread branches. The trunks that lie prone among their more fortunate fellows have lost all trace of scars and decay; and the under-brush fills in the picture with a free and careless grace of outline and grouping which hints at nature's prodigality of beauty when she turns artist. Above all shines the delicate blue of the wintry sky.

Meanwhile the mountains have come into clear view, and lure one on to their fastnesses. To the east rises the noble mass of Whiteface, to the south the peak of Marcy overtops all its aspiring companions. The White Mountains show no more impressive grouping of hills. The sleigh suddenly leaves the road, descends a steep hill, and glides out onto the smooth surface of Mirror Lake. The ice-cutters are at work, and the blue tint of the great pieces piled about them suggest that last season's reflections of sky have been frost-bound and frozen in with the waters which received them. The lake is an open plain, through which one may take his own course; the snow is so light and dry that the horses pass through it without difficulty, and a light wind obliterates all trace of travel. The circuit of the lake is soon made, and in the meantime the sky is dimmed by a gathering haze which portends snow. A short drive through the woods, by a rough and uncertain road, brings one to Lake Placid, never so beautiful as now when it lies snow-bound among the mountains. To-

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On the way to The Lodge.

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day it is a virgin solitude, and following swiftly the lines of its wooded shores, one feels that here the genius of winter is incarnated. The sky has become gray, the lake is a stainless plain, the clustering hills show their green masses touched with snow, while Whiteface rises from the shore, as noble a pile, seen from the surface of the lake, as stars ever rested upon in their long journeying. It is the hour of enthronement, and a few fortunate persons are present at the very moment when winter takes its seat and puts on its crown. A great wreath of snow gathers about the summit of the mountain and slowly descends, expanding as it sinks; the sky becomes more and more indistinct; snowflakes begin to fall, slowly at first, but with increasing rapidity, until the landscape is folded out of sight and the whole world is given up to the silent mystery of the storm.

The Lower Saranac offers a driving-track of a unique kind on a clear, cold day, when its surface is an unbroken stretch of snow, and one passes swiftly from island to island over the frozen waters, through which his fragile boat may have carried him under the enchantment of summer skies. I was so fortunate as to make the circuit of this charming lake during a driving storm, when all traces of travel were instantly obliterated, all landmarks concealed, and nothing remained but the whirling snow. The silent fury of the storm, the remoteness and solitude of the scene recalled those studies of winter life and scenery with which the genius of Schreyer has made the world familiar. Another novel experience awaited me when for the first time I left the road and followed the winding course of the Saranac River. The lumber sledges had made a smooth, narrow track on the ice, but not sufficiently marked to make it distinguishable at a distance from the level whiteness of the surface. The river is narrow and full of curves, trees line the shores in many places, and to the east there is a noble background of mountains. One charming bit of scenery gives place to another in a long succession of winter pictures, touched with a refinement of form and a delicacy of color denied the riper and more affluent beauty of summer. As one returns the sun is sinking and the mountains are passing through that magical transformation of light by which their massive outlines are softened and spiritualized. Instead of flat surfaces of dead white, each tree is individualized and stands out in marvellous distinctness, with every branch and leaf outlined in exquisite frost-work. While the light of the western sky falls on those rich masses of frost-tracery a vision of evanescent loveliness passes before one, the flush of the rose slowly fading into the light of the first star.

But there are pleasures afoot in the wintry woods, and one of the most exhilarating is associated with the snow-shoe. This ingenious device of the higher latitudes adjusts man to a winter environment which would otherwise narrowly circumscribe his activity. When the snow lies deep along the woodland roads or in the depths of the forest, the pedestrian is practically imprisoned; walking through snow-drifts is a form of exercise from which even the most vigorous shrink. But the snow-shoe, by diffusing one's weight over a larger surface, makes the heaviest snow tributary to a new kind of pleasure. There is no art which is learned with so much personal humiliation as the art of putting the snow-shoe to its normal use; the novice invariably discovers a marvellous inventiveness in turning it to other and more calamitous uses. Once mastered, the snow-shoe puts the whole country into one's possession; road and field, hill and wood offer no obstacles which cannot be overcome. There is, indeed, no other way in which one may really see all there is to be seen, and do all there is to be done. The charm of the winter woods can only be felt when one seeks the very heart of their solitude, and the key of these remote recesses is the snow-shoe. The stimulating air, the consciousness of freedom to scale all heights and to storm the very citadel in which winter has intrenched itself give the man on snow-shoes a feeling of superiority over his fellows which only the noblest natures can bear with equanimity. One comes back from such an exploration of the woods enriched beyond his deserts; he recalls the exquisitely etched branches

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of the tree that stands solitary on some snowy upland; he recalls the silence of the mountain gorge, the music of whose summer brook still lingers softly cadenced in the ear of memory; he recalls a whole world of impressions so personal, so intimately related to his own imagination, that if he ventured to set them down he would be accused of romancing. Add to these out-of-door occupations the excitement of the toboggan slide, when nature acts as architect and constructor; coasting, skating, and walking, and it is evident that time need hang heavy on no man's hands in the Adirondacks during the winter.

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The game laws conspire with the climate to limit the activity of the sportsman from December to May. During this period the cunning trout and the retiring deer are constructively secure from the hand of the spoiler. It is generally believed, however, that both venison and trout are sometimes served on Adirondack tables, and numbers of innocent persons are made accessories after the fact to flagrant violations of the law. When trout are caught during these months they suffer a change of name and are known as "chubs." Under various names venison also appears during the same period. The legitimate sport of the season, however, is the hunting of the fox and rabbit; an occupation full of zest and excitement for those whose love of the chase makes them indifferent to long tramps and extreme cold. To the uninitiated the lion's share of the excitement of fox and rabbit hunting seems appropriated by the dogs, who discover the scent, follow the game, and are engrossed in the absorbing interest of pursuit, while the hunter warms his hands, keeps up his spirits, and waits as patiently as he can for the chance of a shot. It not unfrequently happens that the fox takes a course of his own and disappears early in the day with the dogs on his track, leaving the hunter to cultivate that philosophy which Socrates is reputed to have domesticated among men. On the other hand, there are clear, bracing days when the game comes within range with the most considerate promptness, and the brush is the symbol of an experience whose zest none but the lover of sport can adequately appreciate.

There is a large class of men in the Adirondacks to whom the winter months bring the real work of the year, a work of much hardship even under the most favorable circumstances. As one drives along the roads in some sections of the woods he comes not unfrequently upon the deserted log-houses that have served as lumber camps. In winter these rude but warmly built huts are centres of the greatest activity. A camp generally numbers from twenty to thirty men, mostly French-Canadians, with some admixture of the native woodsmen. The season of work begins early in the autumn, when the trees are felled and cut into logs of uniform length. In this part of his work the Adirondack woodsman has exchanged the picturesque axe for the more manageable saw. The logs are then "skidded" by horses or oxen into skidways, which hold from one to two hundred. In the meantime, wood roads are made, and preparations are completed for the coming of snow. In December winter sets in, the roads are broken, and the logs are drawn to the nearest river, where they are piled in great roll-ways either on the ice or on a high bank, there to remain until the spring floods launch them and carry them to the various mills. The timber is often cut on the mountain sides, and the logs are shot down substantial slides built for that purpose. The descending logs in long slides attain such velocity that they sometimes shoot hundreds of feet through the air with the impetus of a cannon-ball. The life of the wood-cutters, although a hard one, is not without its enlivening features; indeed a vein of gayety runs through it. The French Canadians retain something of the cheerfulness of the Latin temperament, and in point of general good feeling and light-heartedness the lumber camp differs very sharply from the mining camp. Every hut contains at least one self-instructed fiddler, and when the pipes are lighted for the after-supper smoke Kanuck songs shorten the long winter evenings. Hard work in the intense cold naturally promotes early retiring, and the twenty or thirty men are in their bunks at an hour when the evening has hardly begun for social purposes in more luxurious circles. One does not care to dwell even in thought on the quality of the air in those huts, hermetically shut against cold, and shared by such a company of sleepers. The wages earned by the wood-cutters vary from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a month, and in spite of their narrow quarters and coarse fare the health of the men is said to be uniformly good. The impression prevails that all cutting of timber is injurious to the forest; as a matter of fact, much of it is highly beneficial. There are lumbermen whose rapacity spares nothing and leaves behind it barrenness and devastation; there are

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others whose intelligent management of their business conserves the woods by removing superfluous and dying trees. Some of these far-seeing men have studied the systems of forestry abroad, and are adapting them to the very different conditions of timber-cutting in our own forests. The spruce in the Adirondacks is dying rapidly, and its removal is a matter of the highest importance to the preservation of the woods. Proper legislative restrictions, with intelligence and vigilance on the part of the lumbermen, would make the business of wood-cutting conservative of the public interests in this noble park.

Thoreau says that a broad margin of leisure is as beautiful in a man's life as in a book. It is perhaps the most penetrating charm of winter life in the Adirondacks that it conveys a sense of the amplitude of nature and of man's life enfolded in it. One feels himself continually in the presence of a power so deep and great that all its processes are hushed into silence, and something of its own beautiful security enters into the soul. The stillness of the woods on a winter day, the vastness of the sky, the spaciousness of a snow-bound world allay the fever of life, calm the pulses of its unrest, and assure one that he too is part of this eternal order which nature keeps inviolate.

THE MADONNA.

By Ellen Burroughs.

THE years may enter not her shrine;
  Forever fair and young she stands,
  And with her gracious, girlish hands
Folds tenderly the child divine.

Her lips are warm with mother-love
  And blessedness, and from her eyes
  Looks the mute, questioning surprise
Of one who hears a voice above

Life's voices,—from the throng apart,
  Listens to God's low-whispered word
  (Strange message by no other heard)
And keeps his secret in her heart.

Sweet maiden-mother, years have fled
  Since the great painter dropped his brush,
  Left earth's loud praise for heaven's kind hush,
While men bewailed him, early dead,—

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Yet mothers kneel before thee still
  Uplifting happy hearts; or, wild
  With cruel loss, reach toward thy child
Void arms for the Christ-love to fill.

Time waits without the sacred spot
  Where fair and young the mother stands;
  Time waits, and bars with jealous hands
The door where years may enter not.

SQUIRE FIVE-FATHOM

By H. C. Bunner.

THERE had been a heavy rain the night before, and I was playing with sand and water in the deep trench between the road and the lower wall of my father's garden, and enjoying it as much as a boy of eight years can enjoy anything without the company of other boys. A swift stream of clear water rushed down this sandy gutter, and made for me a far-western river, on whose bank I was constructing a fort to defy the hostile Indians. I had selected a grassy promontory, jutting out into the stream, and had pulled all the grass out by the roots and levelled the earth, and was beginning on my fortifications, when I observed with alarm the dissolution of the point of my site, which, no longer held together by the fibrous grass roots, was rapidly turning into black mud and going down the current in a cloud.

I tried to stem the flood with a flat stone set on end; but it would not stay on end, and I was contemplating the necessity of a change of base for my military operations, when the end of a thick walking-stick was thrust between my face and the water, and I heard a tremulous, eager old voice cry earnestly:

"Farther up—farther up, my lad—there—there where you have it now—set off the current ever so little—ay, that's it! Now build your sea-wall—good boy!"

I obeyed him mechanically, and in a few seconds saw the stream swirl off from my point, leaving it in a safe space of calm water. The Indians on the other shore must have felt gloomy forebodings.

I looked up. A tall, gaunt old gentleman, with a Roman nose and a delicate mouth, with deep wrinkles about it, as though he drew his lips together a good deal, stood and looked hard at the water. He did not look at me at all; but I looked hard at him—at his sad old face, his shabby brown broadcloth coat, the great rusty black satin stock about his neck, and his napless beaver hat with its rolling brim.

He stared at the water for a moment or two, gave an odd sort of half-choked sigh, and passed on his way.

That was the first time Squire Five-Fathom spoke to me.

The town where I lived and fought Indians was called Gerrit's Gate. (For the benefit of a generation that pronounces Coney Island and Hoboken as they are spelled, that knows not oely-koeks, and that desecrates suppawn by calling it mush, let me say that Gerrit to the eye is Garrit to the ear.) The story of Gerrit's Gate is the story of Myndert Gerrit and his son, the old

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gentleman who helped me in my civil-engineering.

Myndert Gerrit came from Schenectady to found the place. He was a rich man by inheritance, and he had more-

"That was the first time Squire Five-Fathom spoke to me."

over inherited pride, ambition, and a high temper—a mental and spiritual outfit which put him sadly out of place in a conservative old midland town. I do not know just what was his quarrel with Schenectady; but I know he bought his square mile of "military lots" on the shore of Lake Ontario with the avowed intention of building up a town that should be to Schenectady as a mountain to a hill—and that should incidentally outrival Rochester and Oswego. He said, and indeed it seemed, that the finger of heaven had pointed out the place.

As he stood on the hill to the southwest of his new purchase, Myndert Gerrit saw before him three wooded promontories stretching out into the lake—Near Point to the east, Far Point to the west, and Middle Point, shorter by half than its neighbors, nestling between them, and dividing a large bay into two snug harbors. Middle Point must have been, centuries ago, as long as the others, but it had been fighting a slowly losing battle with the mighty current from the west that swept inward from Far and out again past the end of Near Point. This current made entrance to the western harbor difficult—even dangerous—but the eastern it was an easier matter to reach, and, once in, the largest ship on the lake could lie in safe water while the northwester went by Far and Near and the current hammered away at Middle, making a poor foot a year out of the firm, root-bound soil. And at the head of this little haven the land lay in a low plateau, forming a natural levee.

Here came Myndert Gerrit, in 1822, with his only son (he was a widower) and his whole household, including ten free negroes, formerly his slaves. The son was then a man of thirty, unmarried and devoted in all things to his father. They were constant companions, and as far as I could learn, they cared little for other society. Gerrit reserved the high eastern promontory for his own mansion. He laid the foundation that year, while he and his people lived in log-cabins. During the summer he surveyed the level land, and staked it out for streets. In the fall he went to New York, and he returned the next spring, leading a caravan of some twenty families, and bringing with him the machinery for a saw-mill and a grist-mill. It was a long and tiresome journey: a great labor of transportation; but, by water and by wagon, they made it in about a month.

Laborers came from neighboring villages (or rather settlements) and ground was broken without delay. They cut a good road running two miles to the eastward, where it opened up a branch of Gravelly River, which gave them flat-boat navigation to the line of the Grand Canal, as they called the Erie, at that time within a year or two of completion.

The mansion on Near Point was finished in September, and the two Gerrits went to live in it. Standing at his west window late one afternoon, he looked out and saw a sight that filled him with pride. Middle Point was shorn of every tree, and bristled only with surveyor's stakes. Only the great gaps in the earth showed where the twisted roots

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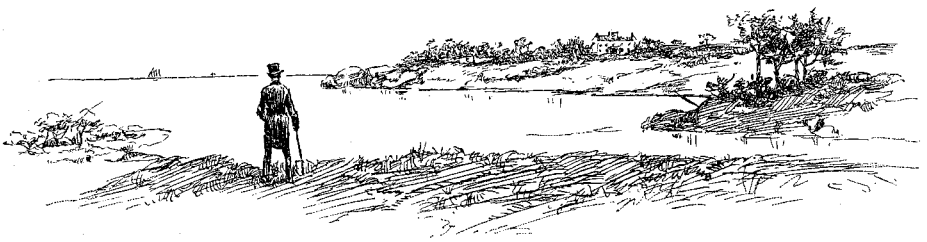

"Myndert Gerrit saw before him three wooded promontories stretching out into the lake."

had been, and these were growing into larger holes, that marked the sites of houses to be. Up in the streets back of the levee a few light structures had already arisen. Two or three temporary docks stretched out into the quiet blue waters of the harbor. Myndert Gerrit looked longest at Middle Point, now a low table of land with water on both sides. A street—or what was to be a street—ran down its middle, from the water to where, at the mainland, it joined the great road that stretched away through the woods to the river—to the great world—to trade and life and fortune.

"Now," he said to his son, "my part is done. I have made all ready for them. Now we may begin to look for returns."

Ay, Myndert Gerrit, your part is done, and it was done when you uprooted the first tree and dug the first well on Middle Point. Look from your window to-day in the red fall sunset, and see if you can, in your fancy, the town of your love and hope. See the glister of the evening sun on the low roofs of houses, on steeple and spire rising serenely above them! See it redden the chimneys of homes and set its dazzling blaze in the window-panes. Hear, if you can, in your thought, the sound of people moving about the streets, of children's voices at play, of clanking anvils, of horses' feet on the roadways, of creaking cordage and flapping canvas where your laden ships lie at their docks with their white sails emblazoned by the warm light of the west! See it—hear it—be glad of it in the pride of your heart: rejoice in the town in which you have sunk all your wealth and the heritage of your son! For when you wake to-morrow you will awake from a dream, your returns shall be water and the wind of the north; your house shall be taken from you, and in a little while you shall have no part or lot in this home of your own choosing—save in six feet of earth above your face.

That night Myndert Gerrit heard the northwester come roaring down from the Canada forests; but he paid no heed to it. He had heard it many a night before. It might knock at his headland gates till it wearied, for all he cared.

But the next morning at five o'clock, his son, looking pale and frightened, came to his bedside, and told him he must go at once to the town—so they called it already. He dressed himself and hastened to Middle Point, and there he found all the towns-people gathered. They stood in little knots, or wandered about trying to make out the full extent of the damage. Their faces were pale, and showed ghastly in the gray and doubtful light. A chill of alarm and apprehension had seized them. They looked suspiciously and almost resentfully at the old man and his son. What had these two men brought them to?

Myndert Gerrit saw his great mistake with his eyes, but his heart at first refused to accept the truth. He was like a man who sees death for the first time, knows it is death, and yet cannot make it real to his own mind that the blood will no more flow in the cold veins, that the heart shall not beat again; that breath and life have gone out together. At first he went about bravely, showing the people how a jetty here, and a dyke there, and a sea-wall in a third place would put all to rights; but even before his hearers had seen that the remedy was far beyond any means that they possessed, he himself knew that the danger to come was not to be met by any scheme of his devising. The greater

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part of the Point was still there, but fifty yards were gone from the further end, and the unprotected earth was still crumbling into the turbid current. The cellars were full of water, and along the western side deep gullies ran up to the line of the main street. The framework and foundation of the Point were gone; it was a mere bank of earth before that violent and uncontrollable inland ocean.

When he saw this, he went back to his house and locked himself in his room, and not even his son saw him until the next day. Then he appeared again, and tried, for a little, to save the day by moving his settlement further back. But the panic was too strong for him; the people would have none of him or of his settlement. Some of them were for going back to their old homes; but the most went over to Far Point and bought land there, for Gerrit paid back to every man what his land had cost him. Then he took to his bed, and died on New Year's day, leaving his son to straighten out the tangle of his affairs. This task, prosecuted with the sternest economy and industry, occupied seven years. At the end of the seven years, he had paid off every cent that his father owed, and he himself was able to live on a pitiful remainder of their great fortune, just enough to pay for what little he ate and drank. He lived rent free in one of the old cabins on the level land. That marshy strip was his yet, for no one cared to take it from him.

Middle Point was gone entirely. A low earth bluff marked its landward end. The water had crept up, urged by the current, that now set far in, and out along Near Point, and a shallow inlet ran far up into what had been the levee. On the edge of this inlet, among the low trees and underbrush at the base of the high point on which his father's house had stood, old John Gerrit dwelt in his little log-cabin, that had once been the temporary shelter of his father's negroes. He was fifty years old when the sad work of his life was done; and, knowing of no other work for himself, having no other aim in life, he sat himself down to live life out without troubling his neighbors.

. . . . . .

A quarter of a century passed between the wreck of the Gerrit fortunes and the days when I first saw the old man, who had once been the young man of the house, walking about the streets of Gerrit's Gate in those unaccountable rusty clothes of his, which, though he changed them often enough, never looked new or fresh. Gerrit's Gate, in the meanwhile, had thriven, after a fashion, in the very teeth of fortune, and in spite of being settled upon the site despised of Myndert Gerrit. In my boyhood it had a couple of grain-elevators (which changed hands every year or so), a steam saw-mill, a lumber-yard, and a patent-medicine factory. It had old residents and new residents, a conservative party and a progressive party. Need I say that the progressive party was divided from its opponents on the question of getting such an appropriation from Congress as would stimulate the town's consumptive prosperity with the glow of commercial health, and make her the Metropolis of the Northern Lakes?

What I have here set down of John Gerrit's early history I gathered in part from my father, in part from John Gerrit himself. But it was not until after the old man's death that I learned why the old folks of the town called him Squire Five-Fathom. It seemed, an old lake sailor told me, that the water off the end of what had been Middle Point stood just thirty feet deep, and the ridge of rock that had formed the Point's foundation was marked "Five-Fathom Point" on old charts—marked as a dangerous spot, where the current had seized more than one storm-driven ship and cast her against the stony shore.

But what I had heard was quite enough to fire a boy's imagination, and from the day he first spoke to me, Squire Five-Fathom was to me a figure of romance and mystery who got tangled up in my dreams with Old Mortality and Robinson Crusoe and Ethan Brand—I had no "Jack Popaways" or "Young Gold-Coiners" to read about in my lone provincial youth. I stood at the gate to watch him as he went past the house every morning toward the town, on the pitiful little errands of his commissary. How long he made those errands—how much ground he contrived them to cover! Many a time, in later years, I

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"His son, looking pale and frightened, came to his bedside."

have seen him going from shop to shop, and even wandering in search of street stands, that he might buy the one apple that seemed to him best worth a "penny."

Thus I worshipped, for a long time, in silence and at a distance. Then came a dull, cloudy, summer Saturday afternoon, when my parents went to Catullus Corners, a town some miles down our little branch railroad, for the funeral of some aunt or cousin, and I was left alone, in charge of an Irish handmaiden, who presently swore me to secrecy, and herself went off to a christening. She told me, as she departed, that if I stirred "off the block"—my usual limits of solitary excursion, set by paternal decree—the banshee of the family would catch me. But, ah! I was beyond the day of faith in the banshee, and the Celtic wraith had no terrors for me. I hung awhile on the gate, waiting for some wandering boy, that I might lure him in to play with me; but no boy came. As I look back now, it seems to me that boys must have been very scarce at Gerrit's Gate. Perhaps they were all fishing on that day, for it was cloudy and still. All I know is, they came not. I looked up and down the road. I walked to the east corner and back, and then to the west corner, and then temptation seized me. It was only a couple of hundred yards down the dusty high-road to the head of the lane that led down to the inlet. There, in the mysterious, enchanting thickets by the water's edge lay the dwelling of the one human being of my acquaintance who looked as though he had come out

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of one of those books which were far more real to me then than real life.

Far off, the clock in our kitchen struck three. Three long hours before my father and mother should return! Three long hours of a lonely summer afternoon

"Three minutes later I was running down that bough-roofed avenue."

—and only a feeble and inadequate conscience of eight years' growth to stiffen my moral backbone and nerve me to heroism and renunciation! One stray, momentary glimmer of sunlight flashed through the clouds, and lit up the leafy entrance to the lane.

Three minutes later I was running down that bough-roofed avenue, my pace gradually slowing, for the gleam of sunlight was gone, and it was dismally dim under the trees. But the delicious thrill of illicit adventure was in all my small body, and by and by I was out of the dim shade and on the broad open path that the pot-hunters had trodden all around the inlet. Then I saw below me its shallow reaches of water, paved with round stones, and bordered with bushes. Then, almost before I knew where I was, the log-cabin lay almost under my feet, between the path and the edge of the inlet.

There were bushes all about it, except for a little space in front. A mountain-ash, at one end, towered above it, and tossed high in the air its bunches of reddening berries. In my memory of that guilty hour, the smell of the mountain-ash is stronger than the picture of the dark cabin, the dull sky, and, to the northward, the gray, uneasy lake, restless even in that heavy, storm-breeding calm.

I stole cautiously down into the little clearing, and viewed my field of exploration. Smoke rose from the chimney; a smell of broth on the fire overcame the rank, raw smell of the ash-berries. I was too deeply steeped in crime to attempt to resist an irrational impulse which came over me, and I walked up to the door and knocked loudly. Then I stood there with my heart beating hard, like a repeated echo of my knock. Would he come to the door? What would he say? What should I say? Would he speak pleasantly to me? Would he talk to me of his strange history? Should we stray into delightful confidences? Could I trust him with certain speculations which I had long nursed concerning the treasures of Captain Kidd? What was before me—the magic vista of romance, or the bitter ignominy of a snub?

The door opened, and the tall figure of Squire Five-Fathom leaned over me. Between his legs I saw the fire on the cabin hearth. All else was a smoky darkness. He looked down at me, and his great dark eyes stared, startled, questioning, out of their deep sockets. My hand was in all human probability the first that had knocked at his door in a quarter of a century. Even the tax-collector left him alone.

"What do you want, *little boy?*" he asked, in a voice that seemed to come from the ground underneath him.

Inwardly I was something dashed; but the spirit of my impulse was not to be overcome.

"I have come to call," I said, and I said it firmly.

His eyes, still troubled with the wonder of lonely old age at any unusual thing, looked me all over. Slowly he seemed to comprehend that I was but a natural, mortal boy. His voice had lost its startled tone of depth and had come back to the quaver of old age when he spoke again, asking my name. I

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"'It was very kind of you to call—very kind, indeed,' said the Squire."

gave it, and he repeated it in an accent of recognition mixed with reserve, which I noted at the time, without understanding it at all. But I have not forgotten that delicate inflection, and I know now that my grandfather and his father were warm friends, and that their sons knew each other only by name.

However, if Squire Five-Fathom remembered anything of this sort, he checked his memory suddenly, for he drew back with a courteous bow, invited me to enter, and asked me to be seated with a grace so fine and stately that before I had put myself on a low old-fashioned chair I had forgotten that I had ever been addressed as a "little boy."

While I talked with the Squire I looked furtively around the cabin. I saw first the great fireplace of logs and flat stones, where was a crane from which a pot hung simmering over a light wood fire. Then my eyes rose above the high mantel-shelf, and saw the old flint-lock shot-gun that had been Myndert Gerrit's, hanging on its hooks. Then, bit by bit, out of the dull gloom of the place, I picked the strange appointments

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of the last home of the Gerrits. Odd bits of make-shift fishing-tackle were all about; some nets hung on the wall over a mahogany sideboard with great claw-feet, on the top of which stood a brush and comb, and a poor little square of looking-glass. Opposite these things a pair of oars, wound with twine to cover many breaks, leaned against a lady's work-stand, with its faded green silk bag all in shreds and tatters.

Two miniatures, rimmed with thin bands of gold, hung over the Squire's bed, which was a hospital cot. The white spread was clean, but there were holes in it, and the edges were frayed. On this bed the Squire sat down, by the side of a heap of old clothes. We looked shyly at each other for nearly a minute before we began a formal and elegant conversation.

"It was very kind of you to call—very kind, indeed," said the Squire; "but unexpected—quite unexpected."

"Yes, sir," I replied, in all sincerity; "it was very unexpected indeed. I only made up my mind when I heard the clock strike three."

The Squire looked puzzled.

"Do you—do you make many calls?" he inquired.

"No, sir," I replied. Then, after reflection and self-examination, I added: "I think this is the first one I ever made."

The Squire somehow brightened up at this.

"I make very few calls myself," he said; "ve-ry few. In fact," he continued, in a burst of confidence like my own, "I don't think I've made a call in twenty-five years—twen-ty-five years!"

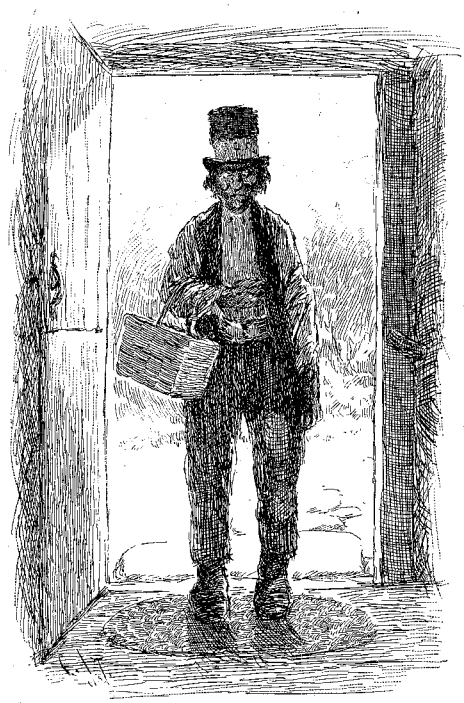
He had a habit of repeating words, by way of giving a gentle emphasis to his speech. That is a trick that rather belongs to old ladies than to old men. He had, in truth, something of an old lady's manner of talking, with an occasional hesitancy, as though he were not much in the way of using his tongue.

"It must be lonely for you, sir," I ventured.

"Lonely!" he repeated, in surprise, "why, no! Oh, dear me, not at all." Then he reflected. "Perhaps it *is*, though. I am not sure but that you are right. Yes, I suppose it *is* lonely. I had not thought of it, however."

He mused over this new idea for some moments.

"You see," he began again, "one has so much to think of—so *many* things to think of, that there is really no time to think of being lonely—aha!"—he



"'It's Abe,' said the Squire."

laughed a crackling, pleased little laugh—"d'ye see? no time to think of it—aha!"

He smiled over his little ghost of a joke, and I laughed too, for I saw he expected it. That broke the ice, and we became more friendly.

"Why," he said, "there's many a night—many and many a night—when I don't get to bed before half-past eight or nine. But then, you know, I lie awake a good deal, in the course of the night—thinking, too. I suppose that's what keeps me awake. It's wonderful what a deal of thinking there is in this life!"

He stopped to think over this, and I hastily took up the conversation, lest he should give over talking altogether.

"I suppose, sir," I said, "you are a great sportsman?" and I glanced at the gun on the wall.

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"Oh, no!" he returned, hastily, "I was fond of my gun, at one time; but I have lost the fancy. I have so much else to do—" Here his hand wandered involuntarily to the heap of clothes by his side—then it went quickly back to his lap. (I thought he colored faintly.) He looked at me and then at the clothes in irresolute hesitation, and at last said, anxiously:

"Would it disturb you if I were to continue my work? It need not interrupt our conversation in the least, I assure you."

"Oh, please don't stop for *me*, sir," I cried, much shocked at the idea. (It is within the memory of the present generation that it was once held improper for little boys to disturb the occupations of their elders.)

"Thank you," he said, gravely, and, lifting a faded coat from the heap, he laid it across his lap, and began sewing a worn velvet collar upon it.

"I must have it ready for Sunday," he said; "pray converse."

I stared at him and forgot my manners.

"Is it *your* coat, sir?" I asked.

"It *was* my father's coat," he replied; "but I have cut it over for myself, and it fits me very well—very well indeed."

Every child is something of a snob, and I do not think we can fairly blame the child. We must consider that he has only material standards of comparison; that a fine coat is to him clearly and naturally an object of admiration, while it may take a life-time to learn the beauty of an ethical virtue; that, moreover, he is, by the necessity of his condition, a dependent, a pauper, who has not yet worked for his freedom and his self-respect. I felt ashamed of my hero when I saw him making over his father's old clothes for himself.

But he was unconscious of my secret condemnation, and he went on cheerfully:

"I should prefer to patronize the tailor in the town—the little tailor from Germany, I mean—he is a worthy man, and it is our duty, of course, to encourage the industries of the place; but my income—owing to circumstances which occurred very long ago—very long ago—is limited, yes, quite limited."

Whatever I may have felt in my small secret heart, I was mannerly enough to keep it to myself, and even to feign an interest in the old gentleman's confidences—for he went on to tell me with some pride of his achievements in tailoring, and of the almost inexhaustible stock of garments which his father had left behind him—garments, he assured me, much finer, in fabric and workmanship, than anything that later days could produce. The interest at last became real, in spite of myself, and although I felt that my sympathies were low and reprehensible, when the Squire (with grave apologies for the informality of the act) took off his old coat and tried on his new-old coat, I helped him with conscientious criticism on the set of the back and the fulness of the skirts.

We got to be quite easy and friendly with all this, and when we heard a knock at the door, I hastened to save my host the trouble of opening it.

"It's only an Indian, sir," I reported, with easy contempt.

This may sound like a startling announcement; but it was no painted brave who stood before me. It was only a very old Reservation Indian, hideous and wrinkled. Yet he was no darker, no more coarse of hair, and but little dirtier than any one of the French Canadians who lived on the outskirts of the town. I knew him for an Indian only by his high cheek-bones and his tall hat. I regarded him with scornful disgust; but it was only because I conceived that to be the feeling which an American boy ought to bear toward a colored person who could not speak English, and who lived by selling baskets and feather fans and bunches of Seneca grass.

"It's Abe," said the Squire; "come in, Abe."

Abe came in, thrust an empty basket into the Squire's hand, and stood still and silent, regarding me. One of his eyes was wholly blinded by a cataract; the other, as if it were uncomfortably conscious of having to do double duty, rolled about in a gruesome way. With this eye Abe examined me; and there was no friendship in his look.

The Squire took the basket, and put into it some packages which he took

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from a corner cupboard, talking all the while in a tone of cheery affability, of which I thoroughly disapproved. The Indian responded only by half-audible grunts, which might have meant either Yes or No.

"Ah, Abe," said the old gentleman; "and how is Abe to-night? How is the back, Abe? Did you have any difficulty in finding your way?—it's getting dark." (I had noted this, as I opened the door, and I had a twinge of conscience.) "Here's the bacon, Abe, and the beans, and the tea—but I can't let you have more than a quarter of a pound—you'll have to put catnip with it. And you have a little sugar left, have you not?—ah, yes, a little sugar left—well, that will have to do for the present, till better times come, Abe."

Then, with a kindly pat on the back, Abe was dismissed; but on the threshold he paused and turned to say:

"Um biddle new house this side town."

"Yes, yes, Abe," said the Squire, with a smile on his lips and a sad look in his eyes, "it'll come, it'll come. They will recognize our advantages some day, never fear."

And Abe vanished into the stormy twilight that was fast settling down.

"Abe was my body-servant when I was—when I was a young man," said the Squire; "he taught me to shoot—yes, to ride and to swim. We were great friends, Abe and I. And now he is old and half blind, I—I—we help each other along — yes, help each other along."

I had taken my hat to go, but the Squire did not notice me. He had gone to the fire, where he lifted the lid of the pot to glance at its contents. Then he sat down on the low chair I had just quitted, and talked, half to me, half to himself. At first he recalled the days of his hunting and fishing with Abe, and lingered over their common scrapes and adventures. Then he began to speak of his father—in a lower tone, almost reverential in its fondness—and at last he began the story of the wreck of the old man's great ambition. I stood with my hat in my hand, ready to take my leave; but I could no more have gone home than if I had stood on Robinson Crusoe's Island, and looked over his shoulder at the footprint on the sand. I heard the patter of the first rain-drops on the one window of the cabin, and the growling of the distant thunder; I heard the full rush of the summer storm break upon us, and the rain pouring gusty torrents upon the roof, but I stayed and listened and forgot all things, for my excited spirit was back in Myndert Gerrit's world, in Myndert Gerrit's generation.

. . . . . .

"But it will all come back some day," he said, as he made an end of the story; "some day Congress will recognize the vast importance of this location, and build the pier we have asked for. And then it will be only a question of time—only a question of time—till they enclose the whole harbor. And then—and *then*—which is the better site—I ask you on your honor, sir, on your honor as a gentleman, which is the better—this, or *that?*"

He stretched out his long right arm and pointed to the new town, with an infinite contempt on his fine old face. His eyes glowed; his voice had grown deep and hollow, and firm once more.

"Some day we shall get the appropriation——"

"But we've got it now," I broke in, speaking for the first time.

"What—what do you mean, sir?"

"We got the appropriation yesterday. I heard Father say so last night—I mean, Mr. Tappan told Father."

He caught at the sleeve of my coat with his bony fingers.

"What do you say, sir? Say it again, sir!"

"I heard Mr. Tappan tell Father that we got the appropriation yesterday—yes, and he said something about three hundred thousand dollars, too!" I asserted, with vigor.

"Tappan!" he said; "they ought to know. You aren't mistaken? Say it again!"

His voice had now grown tremulous. He was standing erect, trembling with an excitement that frightened me. As well as I could, I repeated the brief conversation between the mayor of the town and my father. He heard me through, I thought, though his eyes glared straight ahead, as though he heard some distant sound. Then, when I ceased, he turned

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away from me and fell on his knees by the side of the bed, burying his face in his faded coat.

. . . . . .

He knelt there so long that I was frightened, and after a while I touched him gently on the shoulder. He arose

"He knelt there so long that I was frightened."

with a start, and I saw that he hardly knew where he was. Then his look fell upon me, and an expression of compunction came over his face.

"My poor boy!" he said; "I have been shamefully careless — shamefully careless. You should have been at home long ago. How have I treated the messenger of good tidings!" He smiled again, and this time not only with his lips. There was a light in his eyes that almost made me think him young.

"You cannot go home by yourself," he said; "you must let me go with you." With this he bustled about and brought from a corner a great mohair cloak, with a cape to it. The cape he took off, and fastened over my shoulders. Then he put on the cloak, and we set forth.

"I would ask you to stay and sup with me," he said, "but I fear your parents might be anxious—so we will postpone that pleasure—we will postpone it."

As we walked along, he held my hand, and occasionally patted it gently. He kept his face lifted somewhat toward the sky, although the rain beat on it. I thought it must be unpleasant for him; but when he glanced down at me I saw that he was smiling.

We came soon to the dark lane, and here he gently insisted upon carrying me. I made some protest; but he lifted me up, and I felt the muscles of his arm like a bar of iron under my thighs. His tall figure swayed a little; but he set a firm foot upon the slippery ground under the trees, and in a little while we were in the high-road. I got down then, and we walked together to my father's door. My heart was beating hard—harder than when I set out.

I am afraid it would have gone hard with me, for it was past six, and the maid was discharged, and my mother wellnigh in hysterics, and my father just setting out with a lantern to call the neighbors, when we arrived. But the Squire took so much blame upon

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himself, and pleaded for me with such courtly and gentle grace, that my parents contented themselves with harrowing my feelings, which were sore enough already, and so when my mother and I had wept enough, I was forgiven, and the Squire went back down the dark highway. He would not be persuaded to stay to supper. "His own was waiting," he said. Perhaps he found in his thoughts better company than we could offer him.

That evening I told my tale, and it excited interest enough to satisfy even a boy. When I came to the part about the tailoring, my mother drew in her breath as though she were in pain.

"Oh," she cried; "I wish we could do something for him—but I suppose——"

My father shook his head.

"We could only wouud him."

The comments of my parents on the whole story cleared my infant mind of one set of snobbish ideas, and I perceived that even old coats and Indians were entitled to respectful consideration from a white American boy who was still walking around in the clothes his parents had bought for him.

Nor was it long before Abe and I were friends. This friendship came as a corollary to my greater friendship for his patron. I was allowed to visit the Squire at all proper times and seasons, and there grew up between us a strong attachment. This association was of infinite value to me, and I humbly trust that it brought some pleasure into the dear old gentleman's life. It certainly drew him somewhat nearer to his fellowmen. On dark evenings he would walk home with me, and stay to chat with my father for a half-hour. Never could he be prevailed upon to share our evening meal, save on a formal invitation, delivered the day before. Then he would come in his best black satin stock and his favorite coat, and would hand my mother in to the dining-room with pomp and circumstance.

On one of these occasions we had a Distinguished Guest, a Travelled Celebrity at the house, who fell in love with the Squire's sweet and simple courtliness. "Madam," said the Celebrity to my mother, after Mr. Gerrit was gone; "I need no inducement to avail myself of the chance of accepting *your* hospitality; but were I invited to meet that gentleman who has just left, in the hovel of a Pawnee Indian, I would come, if I had to come from the Cape of Good Hope." This praise of my idol so filled my boyish heart that I lay awake half the night, thinking of it.

As the years went on the Squire and Abe took me into their united lives, and we formed a triple alliance. Poor Abe's part in this was but small. He lived on the Squire's slender bounty, and the only "help" he could give in return was a lively sympathy with his benefactor's ambition. Of this he knew more than I had thought possible. As I grew older, and acquired an intelligent comprehension of the hope that was the old Squire's life, I found that Abe had concentrated all the mental powers he possessed on that one subject.

When I was fourteen, the great pier was nearing completion. It ran northeastward from Far Point, and was to be supplemented by a similar structure extending due north from the eastward end of the town. From the mouth of the inlet we watched its daily growth, expectant of an end unforeseen by the builders.

It was the first warm day in June, and the three of us sat on the shore. Abe, with his head cocked on one side, so as to bring his work within the range of his good eye, was making a fleet of toy ships out of the chips washed to our beach from the distant lumber-yard. We watched him intently.

He launched eleven ships, and was setting the twelfth in the water when, of a sudden, he turned his one eye toward the lake, and with his trembling thin brown fingers pointed to a stake set amid heavy stones, a hundred feet from the shore. There the first ship of his fleet danced in the breeze—danced out to the stake—beyond it—into how many feet of smooth water I know not, for it had not gone two yards before the Squire was laughing and crying at once, I was shouting with all the strength of my lungs, and even the old Indian had raised his stiff arms above his head, and stood swaying them from side to side, thanking his Indian God after his Indian fashion.

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The great pier on Far Point had crawled out till it stemmed the current and turned it off from the shore. With every stone that should be laid, with every day's work, that terrible stream would be forced further and further out —further and further away from our level shore. Our day had come.

The engineers had builded better than they knew. The old Gerrit site had been such a thing of tradition, such a futile memory of the past, that it had been left out of the towns-people's calculations, and no one, save the Squire, had considered that the removal of the current from its low shore must bring it once more into usefulness. But Gerrit's site spoke for itself. The pier crawled out fifty feet further, that summer, and the water in the inlet began to sink. No longer fed by the resistless current, it fell away in scattered pools. In September I walked dry-shod where I had waded ankle-deep in June.

"Our time has come," the Squire said, his face beaming; "we'll buy the old house back, and when you come to pass the night with me, my boy, remember that your room is the little one over the front entry—you won't forget—eh?—you won't forget?"

It was true enough. Something that looked like fortune lay close ahead. The ship-captains brought the news of the shifted channel; the towns-folk came out to look at "the flats a-dryin' up;" hard-featured men of business discussed the ways and means of draining and filling in. By September there was no talk of building the second pier between the Squire's land and Gerrit's Gate—it was to go westward from the extremity of Near Point, and there was to be a Gerrit's Gate in very deed between the two breakwaters, wherethrough Prosperity should come from the North, scattering plenty from full hands.

Of course the lands should have been sold for taxes, over and over again; the Squire had but the simplest notions of business, and altogether he would have reaped little good of his fortune had not my father and a few of the older residents made a friendly league to protect him. He was deeply grateful to them, although he had not the slightest comprehension of what they did for him. They secured his property to him, and he sold his first lot in October, and marked it off on his father's map. He would recognize no later survey.

He sold one or two more lots, and then the sale stopped. Nobody was willing to invest money where it could only lie idle until the completion of the harbor-works gave the new port a positive value. This grieved the old gentleman's soul. He had begun to look upon his father's old house as his own; it seemed a hardship to be kept out of it another year just for the want of a few beggarly thousands of ready money. That was all that he needed. The present owner was ready and willing to sell. He was a prosperous Westerner, who had brought an ailing wife to Gerrit's Gate in the hope that the strong lake winds might strengthen her. They had, however, availed only to keep her within doors and make her fretful. Mr. Garbutt, for himself, was disgusted with the whole town. He despised its petty hopes, he laughed at its modest future; he called it old-fashioned and behind-the-times, and he openly expressed his desire to sell out at cost and go to some region where, as he expressed it, things was alive.

Fifteen thousand dollars would buy the whole Point, and the Squire made several attempts to get this money at a ruinous sacrifice. The friends who had saved him before stepped in and drove off the sharpers who would have taken advantage of him, and for the first time I saw the old man bitterly and unjustly angry. He was kept out of his house, he cried—why were they keeping him out of his house?

By November the Squire had become so fretful and unreasonable that his friends decided upon raising the money for him at their own risk. This took some time. Money was not plentiful in the town, and it was hard to negotiate a loan that must wait a year or eighteen months for its interest and arrears of interest. During the week required for this piece of financiering, I was deputed to keep an eye on my old friend, and I passed most of my time, out of school-hours, in the little cabin which the Squire had declared he would not quit

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until he took possession of his father's house.

The last day of my watch, I went to the post of duty with a heart less light than usual. For two days the old gentleman had been silent, dull, and depressed. I wished the financiers would hurry up, and let the Squire and me be happy and cheerful once more.

I was surprised to find the Squire cheerful, even gay. His depression had vanished; had I been a little older I might have suspected the feverish excitement that had taken its place. Being only a boy, I accepted it gratefully, and we set about cooking our supper. We had royal suppers nowadays. There was a hot, peppery fish-chowder that the Squire alone could make, a great slice of smoked eel, broiled to a rich golden brown, and baked potatoes, the best in the world—baked in the ashes. And new cider to wash it all down!

But though all was good, and I ate as a healthy boy should eat, the Squire hardly touched his food, and seemed to be in haste to make an end of the meal. When it was done, he changed his every-day coat for his best—the same old best coat—and took down his great cloak from its hook.

"Come, my boy," he said, excitedly; "come with me! I've triumphed at last—at last—at last!"

"What do you mean, sir?" I asked.

"I've got the money!" he shouted, almost like a madman: "they'll keep me out of my own house no longer. I've got the money. I sold the water-front to-day, my boy, and I've got the money, here, here, here!" and he slapped his breast-pocket with his trembling old hand.

"Sold the water-front?" I cried—"oh, sir——"

"Never mind, never mind!" he said, frowning; "there's more—there are acres and acres. And what do I care for it all? I'll have my father's house this night—this night—you hear me, sir!"

I loved him well, but I was only a boy, and I had neither the wit nor the strength to combat his resolution. I felt that my father should be sent for; but I knew that I could not find him in time to be of service. The Squire was determined to go to Mr. Garbutt that night and buy the house. I spoke of necessary papers; but he would have none of them. What did he care for papers? Let the lawyers see to the papers in their own good time. That was their work. He would pay his money, and own his house. He could not sleep in it; but he would sleep owning it.

The northwest gale was a tempest when we started up the hill. It was hard work to fight our way across its path; and the booming of the great waves far off at the end of the point frightened me, long as I had known that dreary sound.

When the great door of the house opened for us, and we stepped into the broad entrance hall, we were breathing hard, I from exhaustion, he, I verily believe, from sheer excitement. He looked about him with a wild, uncertain stare. Perhaps, for the moment, he thought it was a dream. Then he grasped my hand firmly, and stalked ahead of the servant into the drawing-room, a vast apartment where Mr. Garbutt sat in his velvet smoking-jacket, grand and lonely.

In Mr. Garbutt I found a friend. He was short, he was fat, he was vulgar in every stitch of his clothing; but he had brains in his big bald head, and a heart sound as the diamond on his breast. The Squire stated his errand, struggling between dignity and impetuosity, and Mr. Garbutt listened, at first in astonishment, and then with a quick understanding of the situation, which he promptly conveyed to me by a quick, significant twist of one eyelid. It was not even a wink; but I knew that he understood. When the Squire ended, he rose, politely.

"Set down, Mr. Gerrit," he said; "set down, sir. We folks out West do business putty lively, but we ain't got to your style of speed yet. This thing ain't to be done quite so quick."

The Squire forced himself to sit down.

"It must be done to-night, Mr. Garbutt," he began.

"It'll be done to-night," said Mr. Garbutt, reassuringly; "but it's got to be done business-like. I can't give you a deed——"

"Your word, your word, Mr. Gar-

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butt," cried the Squire; "your word is quite enough for me!"

"Ef I sh'd die to-night," said Mr. Garbutt, impressively; "my word ain't wuth shucks to my executors, without papers to back it. *I* know *them*, 'n' *you* don't. Now, you jest dror up to that little desk there, an' you write me a little sort of a letter, makin' me an offer for the prop'ty, an' I'll write a letter acceptin' your offer. Then I can stow your money away 'n' feel that all's business-like 'n' right. How's that?"

The Squire sat down at the gaudy little desk, and tried to write; but his hand trembled so that what he wrote (I have the sheet now) was but a tremulous scrawl that no man could read.

Meanwhile, Mr. Garbutt was addressing me in my capacity of guardian.

"Know your pa, don't I?" he said. "You kinder look after the old man, eh? Got sorter crazy on this business, ain't he? Well, you tell your pa that I'll lock the old man's money up safe for the night, an' he can call 'n' get it when he wants to. Oughter have some one appointed to take charge of him. Heard he sold out his whole water-front to-day to them swindlin' speculators from Buffalo. Well, I'll fix him up somehow to-night, and quiet him down a bit. Can you git him home?"

Mr. Garbutt kept his promise, and he managed matters with a skill at which I marvel as I look back upon it. When the Squire had finished his poor pretence of writing, the Westerner took the scrawled sheet, made an effective pretense of reading it slowly and critically, and then sat down at the desk and wrote a business-like acceptance, which he made me read, after the Squire had looked at it. He examined the drafts which the Squire tendered him, and laid them away in a gorgeously bedizened safe in the wall.

"There," he said, "that's settled. Possession in May, as per my letter. But if you don't conclude to close, Mr. Gerrit, it ain't no more than an option. Suit yourself. Anyways, we 'll wet the transaction."

He rang for a servant, and had a decanter of sherry and three heavy cut-glasses set on the table. We must each take a drink, to bind the bargain, he said.

We filled our glasses and lifted them. Mr. Garbutt and I were about to drink, when we saw that the Squire held his glass poised before his lips, and that he looked expectantly toward us. I did not understand what this meant; but Mr. Garbutt did.

"Thinks he's at home," he whispered to me, with a chuckle. Then he inclined his head toward the Squire.

"Your health, Mr. Gerrit," he said; and we both drank, and the Squire after us, bowing courteously.

"I don't blame you, Mr. Gerrit," said Mr. Garbutt, lolling back in a great velvet easy-chair, "for buying this piece of prop'ty, as a matter of fancy. It's a first-rate house, an' a good bit of land, I'll say *that* for it. But as for me, this town ain't 'live enough for me. Mrs. Garbutt, she mostly goes to bed long about eight or ha'-pas'-eight, an' I set here 'n' read Patent Office Reports till I go to sleep. If there's any society here, it ain't took the trouble to root *me* out."

Here he noticed that the Squire's glance was wandering about the room. The old man was looking at the unfamiliar furniture in a puzzled way.

"Things seem a kinder new, eh?" suggested Mr. Garbutt. "Well, I put some money into this here set. Rosewood, the hull of it. Good stuff—the best there was when I bought it. Maybe you'd like to take it off my hands?—well, no, I s'pose not. Come pretty high. *Well*, now! I hadn't thought of that. There's all your old traps up garret. Found 'em here when I come here, an' couldn't quite get a straight title to 'em with the house, so I packed up these. Plenty of room, says I—might 's well be filled 's not. I didn't jest feel safe to give 'em away—don't know as anybody 'd want 'em. First-rate furn'cher, too; but mahogany—old 's the hills—out 'f fashion. No sort of good to me."

"Did you say, sir," asked the Squire, with a suppressed earnestness that suggested a return of his earlier excitement, "that my father's furniture is now in the attic story? I should greatly like to see it, sir, I should greatly like to see it."

"Why, cert'nly," said Mr. Garbutt, rising, with an uneasy glance at me; "glad to have you see it if you want to;

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but I don't think you'll find any use for it. Putty well eaten up by this time, I guess."

It was clear that the Squire had set his mind on it, in spite of anything that his host could politely suggest, and as soon as Mr. Garbutt could procure a hand-lamp, we began the toilsome ascent of the back-stairs. Here the windows faced the north, and caught the fury of the storm. The external wall of the house fairly shivered as the recurrent blasts struck it, and the strong wind, coming in through the cracks of the windows, set our lamp flickering. I was second in our line, and, looking over my shoulder, I saw the Squire's familiar face distorted in the wavering light. Up and up we mounted, until we crawled through a narrow hole, and a smell of dry dust and seasoned wood told us that we were in the garret.

Mr. Garbutt lifted the lamp above his head. Its light illumined but a small space in that great chamber under the roof. It fell upon the old furniture of the old house—great pieces of solid mahogany, of broad and generous lines. The cushions were moth-eaten and faded to the color of the dust that covered the polished wood. Still there was a stern dignity about their dishonored forms: almost a sentient resentment of the indignity put upon them. "First-class furniture—in its time," said Mr. Garbutt, as if he felt the need of apology.

The Squire said nothing. He walked among the flickering shadows, and looked from one thing to another with a steady gaze. Once or twice he laid his hand on some table or chair, and I thought that he had a particular reason for doing so.

After he had seen all that lay within the light of Mr. Garbutt's lamp, he came back to where we were standing, and, laying his hand on my head, gently stroked my hair. He must have stood thus full a minute, while neither Mr. Garbutt nor I spoke. Then he turned aside, and going to the west window (he walked through the darkness as one who knows his way) he opened it and looked out. I followed him, and looked over his shoulder.

The Squire looked out upon the same view on which his father had gazed when the fortunes of the Gerrits were at their height. Only, now, he could see nothing of the plain of promise upon which his father had rested his eyes. All below us was hid in blackness. Looking toward the west, we could see the mad turbulence of the bay, and just beyond it a line of clear white—a line that came and went, was broad and dazzling for a second, and then narrowed into darkness. It was the sea breaking on the great pier.

As we stood there, we could hear nothing but the deafening roar of the wind as it rushed in great shuddering blasts through the window. Then, as the ear grew accustomed to the noise, we caught the tremendous undertones of the storm, and at last could distinguish the heavy fall of each successive wave upon the far-off pier.

I was gently drawing the Squire away when there came one of these falls so tremendous that it seemed as though the house shook in answer to it. We all stood still, and then came a second so awful that our very thoughts stood still, and we were like stunned men for the moment. When we turned our eyes to the window, we saw the line of white for the last time; a fainter sound of falling billows reached our ears, and we saw only the confused turmoil of dark waves where the pier had been.

. . . . . .

"Where is the old man?" Garbutt asked, a moment or two later: and we both listened. "Great God!" he cried, "where is he going?"

We could hear his footsteps going down the uncarpeted stairs, and we followed him as fast as we could; but he was outside before we got to the outer door at the foot.

Garbutt tried manfully to run; but he had no strength for such a race. I was strong and swift, for my age, and I ran at full speed down the winding path, and in the first flash of lightning saw the Squire far below me, rushing down the hillside, through the trees and over the rocks—taking, as I saw him, a leap that would have killed any sane man.

He was far ahead of me when I reached the level of the shore. I had lost him in the darkness, but a great wave rolled up a wall of light, and against it I saw the

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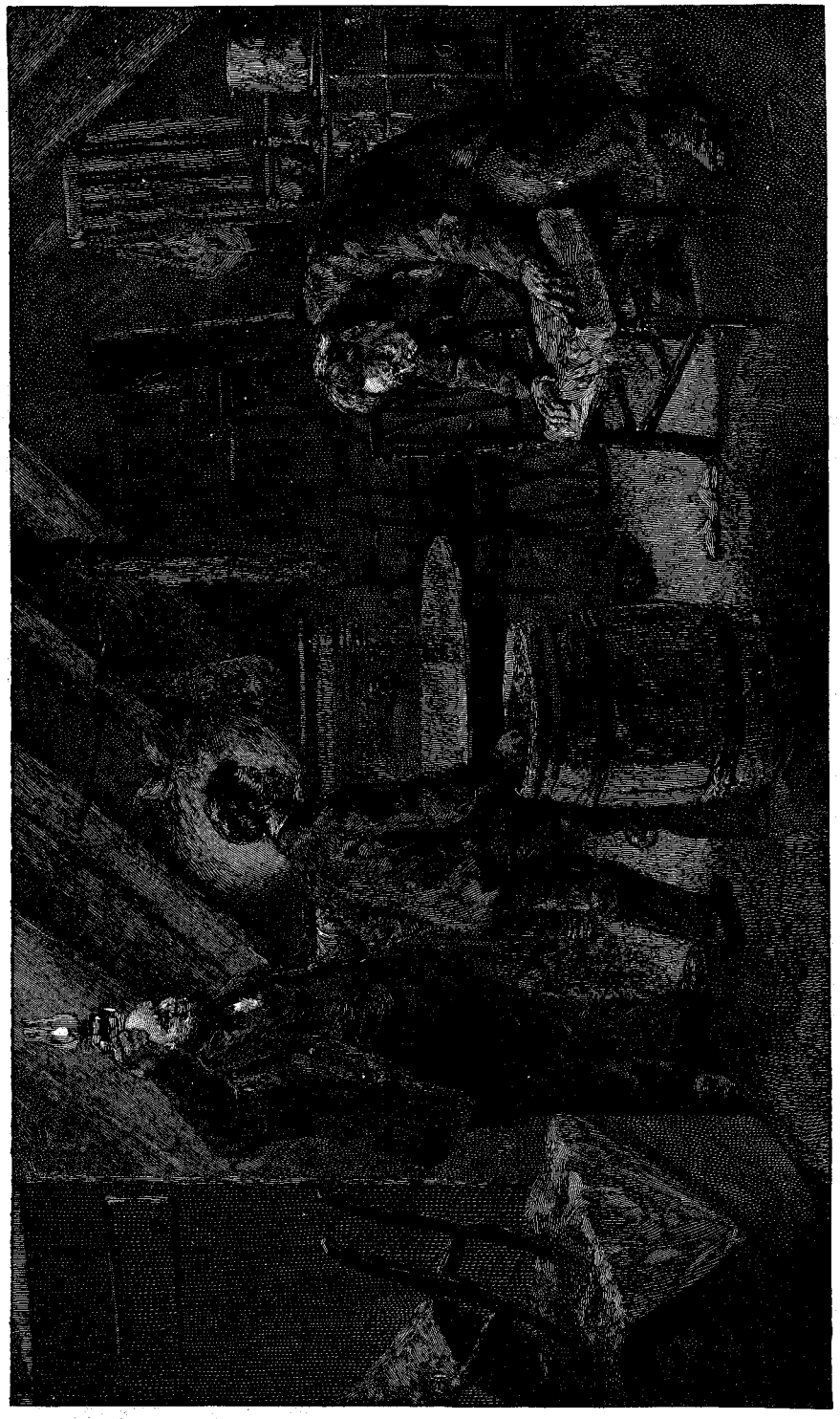

"He walked among the flickering shadows."

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Squire's form, with his arms raised high above his head. He ran upon the wave; I saw him beat his arms against it as if to drive it back, and then the wave melted into the night, and when the next wave came, I could not see him.

It was six o'clock in the morning when I again came to the place with the searching party. A dim sun shone from the east over the heaving waters. Against its light we saw Indian Abe coming up from the lake, along the edge of the flooded inlet, bearing on his back his master's body.

WHEN LOVE PASSED BY.

By Solomon Solis-Cohen.

I was busy with my ploughing,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "forsake thy drudging;
Life's delights are few and grudging;
What hath man of all his striving,
All his planning and contriving,
Here beneath the sky?
When the grave opes to receive him
Wealth and wit and honors leave him—
Love endures for aye!"
But I answered: "I am ploughing.
When with straight and even furrow
All the field is covered thorough,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I was busy with my sowing,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "give o'er thy toiling;
For thy moil thou hast but moiling:—
Follow me, where meadows fertile
Bloom unsown with rose and myrtle,
Laughing to the sky:
Laugh for joy the thousand flowers
Birds and brooks—the laughing hours
All unnoted fly."
But I answered: "I am sowing.
When my acres all are planted,
Gladly to thy realm enchanted
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I was busy with my reaping,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "thou planted'st grieving,
Ripened sorrows art thou sheaving.
If the heart lie fallow, vain is
Garnered store. Thy wealth of grain is
Less than Love's least sigh.
Haste thee—for the hours fast dwindle
Ere the pyre of Hope shall kindle
In life's western sky."
But I answered: "I am reaping.
When with song of youth and maiden,
Home the hock-cart comes, full-laden,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I had gathered in my harvest,
When Love passed by.
"Stay," I called—to her, swift speeding,
Turning not, my cry unheeding,—
"Stay, O Love, I fain would follow,
Stay thy flight, O fleet-winged swallow
Cleaving twilight sky!
I am old and worn and weary,
Void my fields and heart—and dreary,
With thee would I fly.
Garnered woe is all my harvest,
Sad ghosts of my dead hopes haunt me,
Fierce regrets, like demons, taunt me—
Stay!—I follow!"
Love passed by.

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OLD GLASS IN NEW WINDOWS

By Will H. Low.

WHEN the late Matthew Arnold, in the pursuit of the evasive quality of Distinction, questioned the German artist whom he found painting in the States concerning the condition of the Fine Arts here, it is probable that his inquiry was of too general a character to include a particular question as to what this young country had achieved in so old an art as glass-staining. Had he done so we may assume (basing our supposition on the recorded answer to Mr. Arnold's general inquiry) that the worthy German, gazing through the myopic spectacles which had served him so well in other directions, would have answered that in this, as in the other graphic arts, we had nothing to our credit. Nor could we complain of either question or answer, had they been made by these strangers within our gates, for here, at home, great numbers of cultivated people, including a large class of men directly interested, hold the same opinion.

And yet here in New York, and in the shadow of this indifference, the art of the glass-stainer, which in the hands of its more legitimate heirs in Germany, France, and England, by the grafting of elements antagonistic to its growth, had become a mere shadow of its former self, has acquired new vigor, and even now blossoms as the rose. That this art, which is so nearly allied to the old world of the past, should find its renaissance in the last years of the nineteenth century amidst the dust and clamor of our new-world mart is curious enough. But in a country where, in default of cathedrals inherited from ages gone by, our interest in the church is in part manifested by the fact that there are more than four thousand religious edifices of different denominations now in course of construction, this revival is more than curious; it becomes a question of eminent artistic importance. In the old world the field of the glass-stainer is virtually limited to the Roman Catholic Church and the Established Church of England. Here, with the widening of sect-distinctions, the churches of nearly all denominations are open to him, and it needs no gift of prophecy to foresee, in the near future, the clear sunshine gaining admittance to all our churches through colored glass, and carrying with it messages of faith and fortitude, of joyous hope and reverent memory.

To uphold frankly the theory that the stained glass now made in the United States is better than that obtainable elsewhere, and by reference to ancient standards to explain the reason for this belief, is the object of this paper; but first it becomes necessary to go back to the origin of stained glass as we know it.

Glass, colored either by mixture of coloring matter in its making, or by painting the glass already made with vitrifiable colors, was known to the Greeks; but although writers as ancient as Grégoire de Tours (544–595) speak with more or less detail of leaded glass, the earliest specimen that can be authenticated is that in a church at Neuweiler, in Alsace, which dates from the eleventh century. It would appear from its purely decorative character, and from its inherent limitations, which to this day surround it, that stained glass had arrived at its apogee at a time when the art of painting was just bursting from the

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Byzantine bud. Well on in the thirteenth century the Italian glass had accomplished more than the sister art of fresco, and the designs for the windows in the Duomo at Florence made by Taddeo or Agnolo Gaddi seem much more modern than their painting. The glass of this and the following century, much of which still exists, is notable for the subdued splendor of its color, and is almost (in the earlier specimens entirely) without painting. In fact it was not until the fifteenth century that elaborate glass painting was attempted, and from that period ensues a decadence in which the French and Germans, and to a great extent the English, still remain. For it is from the period of Raphael, when men began to paint freely and became high-priests at the altar of art instead of humble worshippers, that the mosaic of glass began to disappear and that transparent painting usurped its place.

Before this, the windows depending upon the actual color of the glass were made in a manner not unlike the common dissected map of our childhood. To make a window, a design was made, generally the simple figure of a saint, with a purely decorative background; pieces of glass of varying and appropriate colors were cut and placed in their proper places, and it only remained to bind these pieces firmly together by a ribbon of lead with a groove on either side, which was soldered at the junction of the pieces, and to place the whole in an iron frame, crossed at intervals by thin bars placed horizontally, to which the leads were fastened by wires. The result would be a stained-glass window somewhat resembling that of the thirteenth century, or, so little have methods changed, that of the present time. When this frame, filled with glass, was placed in the opening of the wall for which it was destined, it would be seen that the light coming through the transparent glass brought into dark relief the lead-lines, which thus served as the outlines of the various forms represented. This was the earliest development of stained glass.

In the two centuries that followed, painting with vitrifiable colors was resorted to in order to represent modelled surfaces, and commencing from rude and timid outlines to define the features of the face or the division of the fingers, painting was at last used with little discrimination on all portions of the window. Another of the limitations of the early glass-stainer, which was a blessing in disguise, was also to disappear with the mechanical improvement in the manufacture of glass. At first his glass was blown, not cast or rolled (indeed the latter method of fabrication is of late date), and therefore the glass came to him in small pieces, and as the mixture of the ingredients or the intensity of the fire would vary, so would the quality of the color. This gave him great variety of tint from which to choose, although it occasionally entailed arbitrary leading, such as, to take a common instance, a lead-line crossing the neck of a figure between the chin and shoulders, and thereby giving the saint a decapitated look. But by improvements in the fabrication of glass, larger pieces were obtainable, and always it would appear as though the makers had an ideal only admirable in a plate-glass window manufacturer, of making a sheet of glass uniform in color and texture. On these large sheets of glass the painter had full swing; more and more vitrifiable colors were invented; a process of cutting away the surface so as to make a design appear in light upon the darker body of the glass was devised; the colors became more and more uniform, until, proceeding rapidly, we reach this century—though in taking this arbitrary step, which the limits of an article such as this command, we must pass by much that is admirable.

Anyone who has lingered in the aisles of the old cathedrals, moved by the color of the glass, which is glowing and jewel-like, never garish or harsh, and then has turned, as we can do in some cathedral towns, to the modern fabric, and has seen how crude in color, how small in treatment, how uniform in texture, how manufactured, turned out by the *mêtre carré* it all is—such an one is apt to count glass-staining as one of the lost arts. The Continent is full of such places, where literally acres of stained glass are made each year. The designs are sometimes admirably drawn, though

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* * *

Leland

Memorial

Window,

by

John

La Farge.

* * *

* * *

Church

of the

Ascension,

New

York.

* * *

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somewhat too conventionally composed; the painting of heads and hands is of marvellous dexterity; while the drapery are generally overloaded with painting, the painting being universally done on a flat piece of glass, of which the original color remains for the high lights, the half-tones and shadows being obtained by vitrifiable pigments. England has profited rather more than France or Germany by the study of old examples, for while in the latter countries such study has resulted apparently in nothing more than a retention of certain archaic features in design and arbitrary leading, some of the English artists—Burne Jones notably—have designed windows in which the sentiment expressed is more personal, while they respect the limitations of their material more than the designers of the Continent. The English, also, by a systematic employment of semi-neutral tones, avoid the harsh primary reds, yellows, and blues of the German and French makers, and their glass, although unfitted for the strong light prevalent in our climate, has nevertheless a subdued

Stained-glass Window, "A Spring Scene"—designed by Louis C. Tiffany.
(In the residence of Wm. A. Slater, at Norwich, Conn.)

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Central Panel of Chancel Window, designed by Francis Lathrop.
(In Bethesda Church, Saratoga, New York. Spencer Trask, donor.)

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charm of its own. All of these countries, it is needless to say, have, until a comparatively recent date, furnished our churches with their windows, and opportunities to judge them are not lacking.

But a change was at hand, and if the result had been less good than we maintain it to be, the attempt at making stained glass in this country would still have been interesting from the spontaneity of its growth, from its resemblance to the manner in which, in the old days, painting sprung full-blossomed from the Florentine soil. It came about the Centennial year, the date from which our future Vasari, if we ever deserve one, will trace the first concerted art movement in this country. Before that time we had in more or less isolation men who perhaps under happier auspices would have developed more, who at any rate, in a community that was more in sympathy with them, would have found more employment for certain of their faculties.

To such a man, Mr. John La Farge, who had been known for years as a painter possessed of a deep-seated feeling for color and a largeness of sentiment in composition which had found expression only in easel pictures, was given, in the year 1876, the task of decorating Trinity Church, Boston. From this building, the work of Richardson by which he is best known, and which is perhaps the most cathedral-like of our churches, the transition to stained glass seems to have been a natural one; or possibly the moment was propitious, for no sooner was Mr. La Farge engaged in his first experimental glass than Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, who, like Mr. La Farge, was a painter by profession, became interested in the same direction. Under the impetus given by these two men—working in different ways—Mr. Tiffany's sense of color and feeling for ornament leading him rather toward the Orient, and Mr. La Farge remaining more true to classic influence—the first steps of glass-making were taken.

I say first steps advisedly, for at the commencement everything had to be done anew. The rays from the lamp of convention by which the makers of glass in Europe had guided their steps did not reach across the Atlantic, and the first windows were made by virtually reinventing the whole process. Makers of the commoner kinds of stained glass had long been established here, and the genius of the American mechanic had devised or adapted machines by which large sheets of colored glass could be rolled, sheets both broad and long, and of uniform color and depth throughout. These were admirable results of mechanical skill, but essentially inartistic. They furnished the first glass, but as they proved inadequate and as other colors and textures were imperatively demanded, the proprietor of a large glass-making establishment, I think in Brooklyn, grudgingly conceded the use of some of his material and men who, under the direction of our pioneer glass-stainers, made glass that was slightly better in quality. And then the interesting discovery was made that glass made by the one-man power, as we may say, in small quantities, of uneven thickness, and undoubtedly improved by happy accident (as when by a failure to make one color another, and perhaps better one, was obtained) was greatly more varied in tone and color than that made by modern improved processes. By this discovery, and by the consequent demand for such glass, a new field was opened for ambitious men, who from workmen became masters on a small scale, and it is from men such as these, constantly experimenting and working with a small force and by hand-power, that the best glass is still obtained. As uniformity had been the criterion of excellence, now variety obtained the palm, and it has kept it, until to-day the larger stained-glass-window manufacturers carry a stock of glass that in its variety of hue and shade far exceeds the range of the painter's palette.

Soon after the commencement of the new-old art came the introduction of the opalescent glass. The credit of its introduction has been a matter of controversy which need not enter here, and the claim has also been made that it was known to the old glass-makers, but, as far as I know, this claim is supported by little proof. The opalescent glass, which has formed so large an element in the beauty of American glass, is by itself somewhat porcelain-like in appearance;

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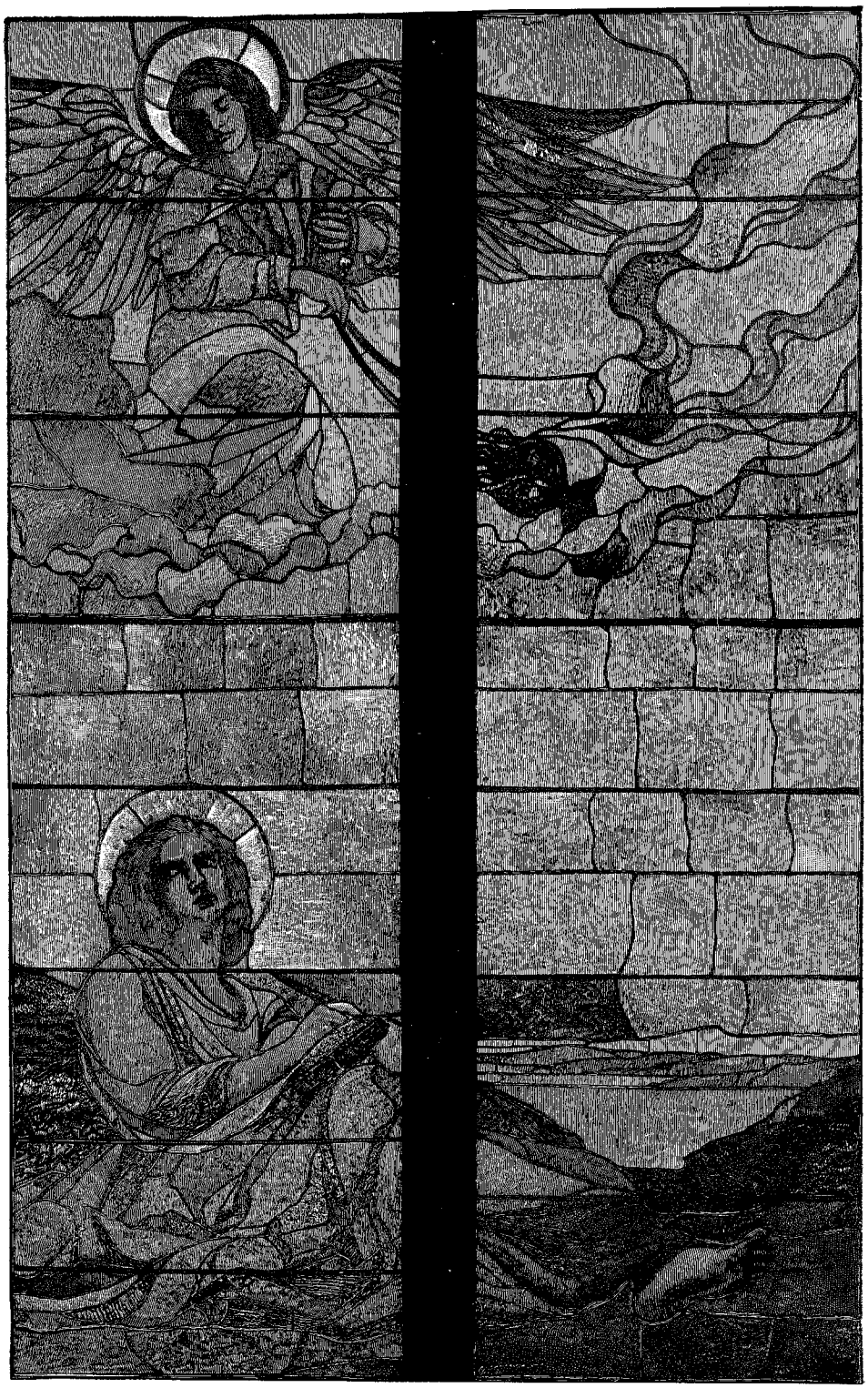

Window in Grace Church, Providence, R. I., representing "St. John in the Island of Patmos."
(Designed by Maitland Armstrong, and erected by Mrs. Byron Smith.)

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but against the light, and at certain angles, has much of the fire and the changing hue of the opal. It can be combined with any other color, which then partakes of the same characteristics. Used with discretion in a window it is capable of charming effect, lighting up and vivifying tones which by themselves would be sombre and quasi-opaque.

Mr. La Farge and Mr. Tiffany had from the commencement men who worked with them and very near them, and soon the number increased, until to-day, with the facilities which are common or nearly so to them all, there is a remarkable unity of merit in American glass, the differences being largely matters of taste or dependent upon the artistic merit of the original design. Here, of course, there can be the usual variety of opinion; but it is, I think, almost without parallel that the means employed to render the effect of the original cartoon should be so uniformly good. It is somewhat like a school of painting, where the technical execution of every artist should be the same, leaving only the difference which the temperament of the different men would impose in subject and sentiment. But this fair edifice was not built in a day. Many were the failures, many the paths diligently followed only to find that they ended in quagmires, before this uniformity of excellence, worthy to be classed as a school, was reached. In the effort to avoid the error into which the European makers had fallen, of depending too largely upon painting the glass, our early makers tried various expedients. The first and most natural of these was little else than an adaptation of the principle on which are made the familiar porcelain glass lamp-shades, with landscapes modelled on their surface. As the picture is seen in transparence it is necessary to make the darkest accents the thickest and most opaque portions of the glass, and proceeding in this manner, making thinner or thicker the glass as the intensity or the delicacy of the tone requires, a curious sort of bass-relief is made, which, placed in front of a light, appears to be painted on the surface.

With great effort heads and draperies were modelled in this manner and cast in glass, but the effect was never satisfactory; and having learned the lesson that one may be too much of a purist, our glass-makers now use vitrifiable colors when it is necessary. In the course of this experiment an advantage was gained by the making of what is now technically known as drapery glass. This is made from the glass, as it is thrown, in a melted state, upon a flat table of iron to be rolled into a disk. When the glass is spread out, very much like pie-crust, the roller by which it is spread keeping up the resemblance, the edges are seized by the glass-maker, armed with short tongs, who overlaps an edge, or pulls and twists it in various directions as his fancy may suggest. This glass when annealed and cooled reveals in great variety the flow and twist of folds of drapery, and when the artist-artisan, with the main direction of the lines of the draperies of the cartoon which he is following firmly fixed in his mind, visits the racks in which, row upon row, the disks of glass are stored, he is generally able to select pieces which, placed in the window, represent in the color of the glass, unaided by the painter's skill, the most subtile gradations of light and shade in the form of the drapery. For the heads, and indeed whenever it becomes necessary, recourse is had to the painter. Here the French and Germans, with their long experience, have been, until very lately, greatly our superiors. Painting upon glass is at the best a tedious mechanical process, and a clever piece of painting may be utterly spoiled in the "firing" which is necessary to vitrify the colors used. But already we have acquired experience, and some of our work is in effect as good as that done abroad, while the grade of artists employed is somewhat better, giving occasionally a more personal character to the work.

In fact as the art stands here to-day, it has kept a more distinctly artistic character than in the old world. In Europe, with governmental patronage, and with museums ready to receive works of a large size which such encouragement creates, it is an inferior class of artists, as a rule, who engage in making stained glass. Here, on the contrary, almost every man who has the technical equip-

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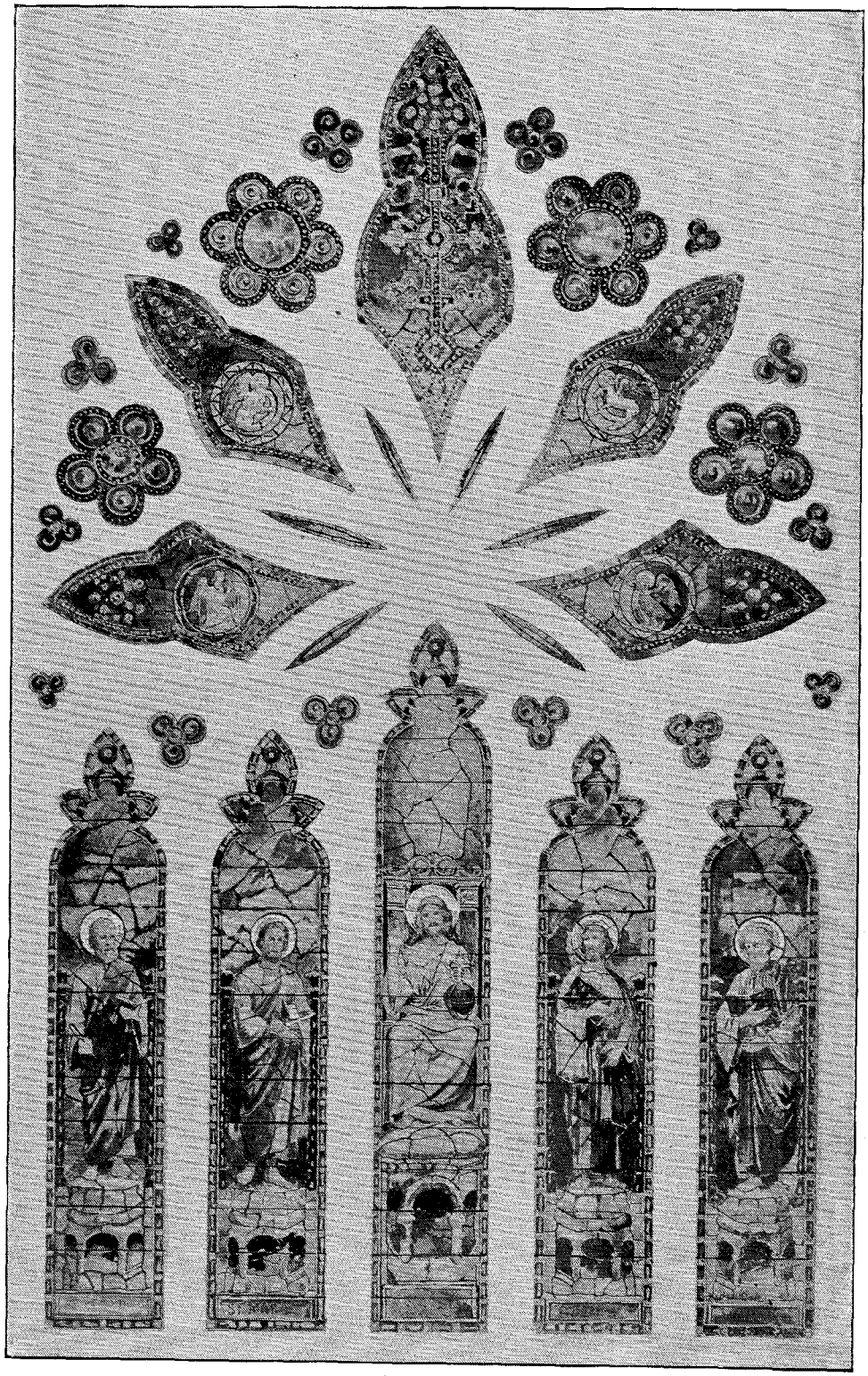

Memorial Window in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York, representing Christ and the Four Evangelists.

(Erected to the memory of the Rev. Robert Shaw Howland, D.D., by his successor, the Rev. D. Parker Morgan, and several members of the congregation; made by the Tiffany Glass Company from a cartoon by LYELL CARR.)

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Central Panel of a Window in Rock Creek Church, Washing-ton.

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Designed by Will H. Low.

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Erected by Gardiner G. Hubbard, 1888.

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ment to create large decorative work has been more or less engaged in designing for or making stained glass. In addition to Mr. La Farge and Mr. Tiffany, we have had Mr. F. D. Millet, Mr. Francis Lathrop, Mr. E. H. Blashfield, Mr. Elihu Vedder, Mr. G. W. Maynard, Mr. Robert Blum, and Mr. Kenyon Cox, —to name a few of our foremost figure-painters.

Given the extreme variety and richness of our glass, it has been possible to attempt subjects of such complexity of effect that we have gone beyond the limit by which the European glass-maker is restricted. Herein lies the ground for a reproach which is often aimed at our glass, generally by men of strict adherence to ecclesiastical formulæ. The reproach, which affects only glass for church purposes, is, in sum, that it is too vivid, too realistic, and has too great similarity to mere decoration, irrespective of the sacred character of the place for which it is destined. While the same reproach could be applied with equal justice to the whole Venetian school of painting—to which our glass is somewhat allied—there is a foundation for it in the fact that, from the limitations which restriction in the manufacture of glass imposed upon the old makers of church windows, a more conventional treatment and greater austerity of effect was usual with them. But as Viollet le Duc has pointed out, in the thirteenth century glass, where perspective is often grossly violated, this was not done in order to keep the window within the limits of mural decoration, but through sheer ignorance of the laws of perspective. In a similar vein, we may remark that in coming from the glowing windows of Santa Croce, in Florence, it is hard to believe that a thirteenth century glass-stainer would have willingly resigned the opportunities which come with the curious and beautifully variegated glass which we have at our command, and which enable us to approach somewhat nearer to the glories of sun and shadow, of tinted cloud or far-reaching horizon. The sad-colored harmonies of our English cousins seem too arbitrarily restrained, as does their deliberate archaism in making a lead-line—which is purposely kept as heavy as those in the old glass, although a lead-line always makes itself evident enough, and we have to-day much lighter lead at our service—cut across an arm or a fold of drapery where no actual need of construction calls for it.

To take an instance near at hand: in the city of Boston, in Trinity Church, we have some of the best English windows that have come to this country, designed by Mr. Burne Jones, and made in a nearly avowed competition with the glass by Mr. La Farge, in the same church. In the English work we have, undoubtedly, elements of beauty, such as go with the design of Mr. Burne Jones, but little else. Considered as colors, they hardly exist, while by their side the work of the American artist has a depth and richness which adds to the dignity and beauty of the design. That these English windows are more in the character of old work, as regards superficial features, such as the archaism referred to above, is true enough; but as old work has, as its most essential characteristic, great beauty of color, which is almost always absent in English work, there seems but little ground for a marked preference which certain of the clergy have for English glass. There is in this a question of design made in obedience to conventional law, which, with the freedom of men who feel called to do individual work, we upon this side of the water have neglected; but latterly attempts have been made, with success, to combine, in a design which is cognizant of ecclesiastical requirements, the elements of color inherent to American glass, and the skill which we have acquired in its use.

An example of such a design is given herewith, that of a window made by the Tiffany Glass Company for the Church of the Heavenly Rest of New York. It is of the familiar Gothic description, the design of which, while studiously conventional, is rendered interesting by a certain personality in the character of the figures, which were designed by Mr. Lyell Carr. This is as it should be, the windows by Mr. Burne Jones, for instance, being full of the characteristics of their designer while fulfilling the re-

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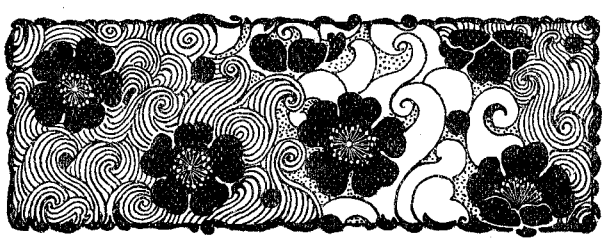
quirements of the church. But although adherence to convention is common to the German and French glass-stainers, there has not, to my knowledge, come to this country any window by them which is above the level of good mediocrity ; nor, indeed, are there men in these countries of the same relative artistic importance as the Americans who are engaged in designing and making stained glass.

But it is as a means of expression of artistic qualities which could hardly find their vent in any other direction, that our stained glass rises to the height of a definite achievement. The windows by Mr. La Farge in Trinity, that in the Ames Memorial at North Easton, and the sumptuous windows adorning the hall and stairway in the residence of the late William H. Vanderbilt, could only have been done by the fortuitous possession by a gifted artist of a material of surprising richness. In like manner the design by Mr. Tiffany which graces these pages was carried out much as a painter working with color made by pulverizing gems might have done it. This exceeding wealth of color, aided by the network of the lead-lines, carries with it, moreover, a certain solidity of impression that keeps our most audacious experiments thoroughly within the realm of mural decoration ; so that, despite the lamentations of our pseudo-archaic critics that we occasionally represent too much distance, our glass seems more on the plane of the wall into which it is set than most of the thinner and clearer glass of foreign manufacture.

But this plea for greater public recognition of our most truly national achievement in the arts of design must draw to a close. While it is not intended to call attention to individual works in general, brief mention may be made of Mr. Francis Lathrop's dignified figure of Christ in the window in Bethesda Church, Saratoga, of Mr. Maitland Armstrong's window in Grace Church, Providence, characterized, as is all Mr. Armstrong's work, by good taste and a somewhat more strict adherence to approved methods than some of his brother artists, though the designs reproduced here tell their own story. Excellent work has also been done by Mr. Frederic Crowninshield, Mr. John Johnston, Mr. Prentice Treadwell, Mr. Frank Hill Smith, and others, mere registration of this fact must suffice. But in conclusion I may say, as I commenced, that here is to-day an art practised with much of that originality which our foreign critics call for as a manifestation of the American spirit. That this should be fostered and encouraged would appear to go without saying ; that it is properly so encouraged is not as yet the case ; but if anyone of those interested in the actual erection of a stained-glass window will dispassionately study the subject, and learn what is being done here and elsewhere, the conclusion will be forced upon him that here is an art that is native, and that has taken root from a small beginning ; that even now the vigorous young trunk spreads forth its blossoming branches to delight and make proud the land where the arid waste has become the fair garden.



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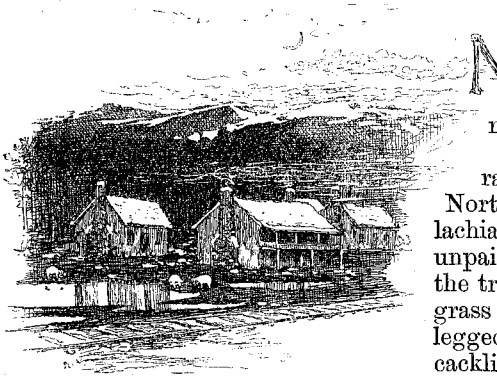
AT THE STATION.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.



NOTHING could well be more commonplace or ignoble than the corner of the world in which Miss Dilly now spent her life.

A wayside inn, near a station on the railway which runs from Salisbury, in North Carolina, up into the great Appalachian range of mountains; two or three unpainted boxes of houses scattered along the track by the inn; not a tree or blade of grass in the "clarin';" a few gaunt, long-legged pigs and chickens grunting and cackling in the muddy clay yards; beyond, swampy tobacco fields stretching to the encircling pine woods. For Sevier Station lay on the lowland; the mountains rose far to the west, like a blue haze on the horizon. The railway ran like a black line across the plain, and stopped at their foot at a hamlet called Henry's; thence an occasional enterprising traveller took "the team" up the precipitous mountain road to Asheville, then a sleepy village unknown to tourists.

Nothing, too, could have been more commonplace or ignoble than Miss Dilly herself: a pudgy old woman of sixty, her shapeless body covered with a scant, blue homespun gown, with a big white apron tied about where the waist should have been; a face like that of an exaggerated baby, and round, innocent blue eyes, which, when they met yours, you were sure were the friendliest in the world. Miss Dilly always wore a coarse white handkerchief (snowy white, and freshly ironed) pinned about her neck, and another tied over her ears, for she had occasionally a mysterious pain, commonly known to us as neuralgia, but which the Carolinian mountaineers declare is only caused by being "overlooked" by someone who has an evil eye.

"They tell me it must be so," Miss Dilly would say. "But, of course, my dear, it was done by accident. Nobody would hurt a person thataway, meanin' it. An' it's a mighty tarrible thing to have that kind of an eye! I hope the good Lord don't let any poor soul know that he has it."

Miss Dilly had had this pain only since she had lived in the lowland. It had almost disabled her. She was born in the mountains—up on the Old Black—and she fancied if she would go back to them she would be cured. But her younger brother, James, owned this farm and inn, and when their mother died, twenty years ago, he had agreed with Preston Barr that he should have both, rent free, if he would give Dilly a home and the yield of one field of tobacco yearly. James then set off to the West to make his fortune. Letters at first came regularly. But it was ten years now since she had heard from him.

Nobody ever heard a groan from Miss Dilly when the attacks of pain came on. "When the good Lord gives you a load to cahry, I reckon 't ar'nt the clean thing to lay it on other folks' shoulders," she would say, laughing. She shut herself up, therefore, in her own chamber, and would let nobody in, though everybody at the inn, from Squire Barr himself to Sam (the black cook, ostler, and chambermaid), besieged the door.

A gloom like that of a funeral overhung the whole clarin' when Miss Dilly had one of her spells. After the passing of the two trains a day it was the one topic of interest.

"I've knowed wimmen as was younger," old Colonel Royall would say,

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solemnly wagging his head and winking his bleared eyes; "but Aunt Dilly is the jokingest and most agreeable of her sex in this part of Cahliny, to *my* thinkin'."

"Yes," Squire Barr would answer, nodding gravely. "And how any human fiend can lay the devil's look on her, passes me!"

When the attack was over she would come down, pale and pinched about the jaws, but smiling, kissing and shaking hands all round as if she had come back from a long journey.

The Squire invariably addressed her with ponderous gravity, after this fashion:

"Ef it be so, Aunt Dilly, 's you think goin' back to yer home on th' Old Black 'd give you ease, say the wohd. I cahn't pay you rent in money, foh Godamity knows, I've got none. But in traffic, tobacco, cohn, an' millet—it'll be all sent up reg'lar. Though what we'd do without you all, passes me!"

At which Mrs. Missouri Barr would look at Miss Dilly with tears on her gaunt cheeks, and the girls would hang about her, patting her, and the Colonel would declare with an oath that "the whole clarin' had been powerful interrupted while you all was gone."

These were the happiest moments of Miss Dilly's happy life. She would explain carefully to them, for the thousandth time, her feeling on the matter. "'T seems to me ef I was in the old place, facin' Old Craggy, 'n the Swannanoa a-runnin' past the door, 'n could go set by father 'n mother every mornin', whar they're lyin' among the rowan trees, I'd get young agin 'n lose this torment. But then, what 'd James think ef he'd come back hyar ready to cahry me to his home in Colorado or them furrin countries? Me gone, after my promise to wait? 'N it would go hard too to leave you, Preston, 'n Missoury, 'n the girls, 'n Sam, 'n all—very hard!"

The girls always surprised Miss Dilly with a good supper on these recoveries, and the Colonel and Squire Preston felt it their duty to go to bed drunker than usual, in sign of joy.

At other times, life at Sevier Station was stagnant enough. Miss Dilly sewed or knit in her own room, sitting at the window where she could see the six men of the village sitting in a row in the gallery of the inn, smoking. She called them her boys, and when one chanced to have the rheumatism or tooth-ache or a snake-bite, clucked about him like an old hen over an ailing chick. All the children in the hamlet were free of her room: there was always one at least with her, listening to her old Bible stories. Neither they nor Miss Dilly were at all sure how far exactly Palestine was from Carolina; indeed, Dilly had a dim conviction that the mountains on which her Lord walked and suffered and died as man were part of the mountains yonder, which were all the world that she knew.

There was no church near the station; there were not even the monthly "pra'ars" which keep up the religious and social life of the mountains. Miss Dilly with her Bible and her incessant innocent talk of "the good Lord" was all the pope or preacher known to these people, the only messenger sent to show them how to live or to die.

In the morning the train passed the station, going up to Henry's; in the afternoon it came down; it halted for five or ten minutes each time. These brief pauses were the end of life for the population of Sevier Station; the whole twenty-four hours merely led up to them. When the train came in sight, the six men, the women, children, pigs, and chickens dropped the work they had in hand and waited, breathless. It came up out of the great busy world and swept down into it again—a perpetual miracle—leaving them in silence and solitude. Miss Dilly was always at her post by the window to see it go by. The conductor and engineer had learned to watch for the wondering old baby face, and often threw to her a little package of candy or a newspaper. Her heart thumped with terror and delight as the wonderful thing rushed past her. If she could only ride on the cars once, only for a mile! This was the one secret ambition of her life.

Sometimes, but very rarely, the train was belated and stopped long enough for the passengers to take supper. Then excitement rose to fever height. Mrs.

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Barr, the girls, Preston, even the Colonel were busy in the kitchen, cooking and scolding Sam. Miss Dilly, who could do nothing, hurried to the parlor, in fresh apron and handkerchiefs. It was a stuffy little room with plaited rugs on the floor, a chromo of the death-bed of Washington on the wall, and a red-hot stove in the middle. But the passengers who were waiting for supper, to Miss Dilly's mind, were all dear good folk who had come up from the world to talk to her awhile. She took the keenest interest in them all: nursed the babies, pulled out some candy from her pocket for the children, ran for a drink for the tired, dusty women, or sat listening eagerly to the talk of the men, now and then asking a timid question. "And you really been at New Yohk, sah? Dear me! I doan know what anybody thet has bin at New Yohk wants to come to the mountings foh. No, I never travelled. Much, that is. I was once at Asheville, foh two days. I reckon New Yohk is differint. But Asheville is a vehy large town, sah. You suhtinly ought to visit it."

It was singular to see how they all, women, children, and men, seemed to understand Miss Dilly at once, and treated her with a tender kind of respect. She usually felt quite intimate with them all before the evening was over, and when they entered the train and were swept out of sight would stand looking after them, the tears in her eyes.

"The dear friends hardly come till they go again," she would say to the girls.

One stormy night in winter the train was delayed two hours beyond its time. A child of one of the passengers had been taken sick, near Henry's; the train was stopped, and a man who was said to have considerable skill in physic was sent for, two miles distant. The passengers waited willingly. They were in no hurry; nobody in Carolina was ever in a hurry in those days. Everybody was anxious to help the baby, and proposed his own favorite remedy, brandy being the most popular.

There were only two men in the car who did not join the group about the sick child. They sat side by side on a back seat; one of them, a swarthy, middle-aged man, with eyes like those of a stupid, affectionate dog, stooping forward, listening eagerly to its moans and the advice of the crowd.

"Poor little kid!" he said, earnestly. "I reckon it's its head as is wrong. I had a boy once. He only lived to be seven. It was the head as ailed him. The brain, sah. Enormous! Ef that little fellah had lived he'd have made his mark in the world, alongside of Alick Stephens."

"Died at seven?" said his companion with an inarticulate murmur of sympathy. "Well, sah. Him thet's above, He knows. It's all foh the best."

"Not foh me; not foh me!" with a fierce growl, after which he was silent. Presently he said: "Captain, I used to quiet my boy a-strokin' of his temples. Ef they'd try it on the baby——"

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Judson," said the other man, with sudden gravity, "thet I cahn't let you try it yohself. But duty, sah——"

"I didn't think of doin' it myself!" exclaimed Judson, angrily. "You don't suspect me of a trick? Dy'e think I'm a sneak?"

"God forbid! No, no, Mr. Judson. I know a high-toned gentleman when I see him. When Sheriff Roylston give me this commission he says: 'Treat Mr. Judson as a high-toned gentleman.' And as such I reco'nized you. And as such I treated you."

Judson made no answer. He had dropped back into his seat and pulled the wide-rimmed hat over his brows.

The child by this time was asleep; the passengers crept softly back to their places, and the train was again in motion. As, an hour later, it rushed along through the gathering twilight, Judson glanced out of the windows from side to side with a terrified apprehension on his face.

"Isn't this the old Sevier plantation?"

"Yes. Consid'able altered since the railway was laid."

After a few minutes Judson again broke the silence. "Thah was a house jest beyond the Branch hyah. 'T used to belong to a family named—Holmes."

"Yes. Station's nigh thah now. Holmes house's took as inn. Squire Barr's the proprietor, sah."

"Any of the Holmeses livin' thah?"

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asked Judson in a tone which made Captain Foulke turn and look at him curiously.

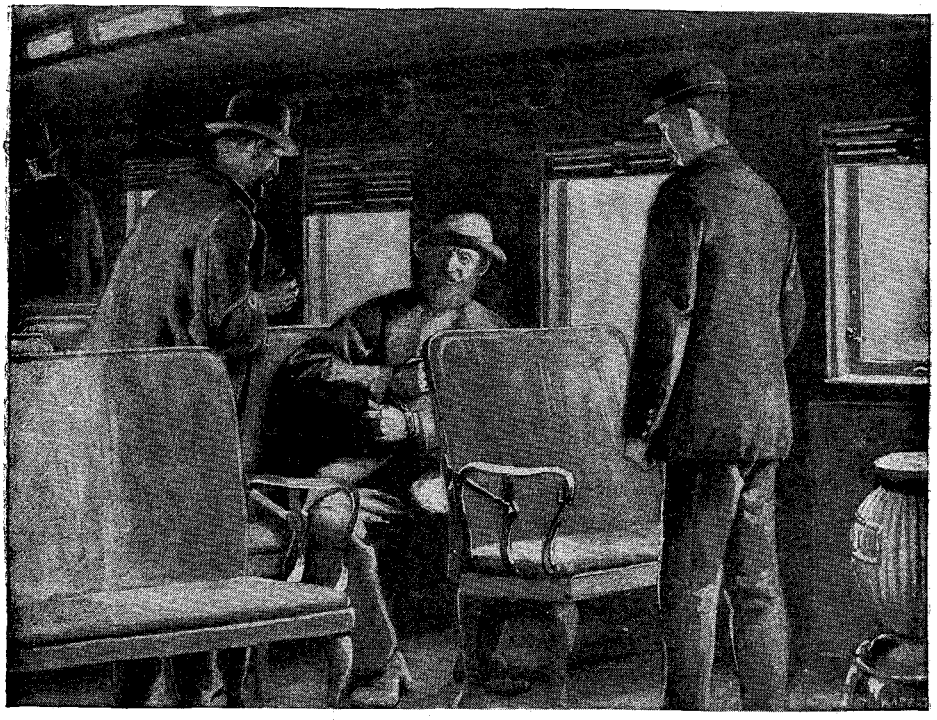
"Miss Dilly. She resides with the Squire. Colonel James Holmes, he's gone out West thataway. I hear as he's made a fortin out thah. So I've heered. I never knowed Colonel James myself. I belong down in the piny woods kentry. I've heered, though, as he was a powerful agreeable gentleman. Very free an' friendly. The folks hyahbouts think a heap of the Colonel yet, though he's bin gone a good many year."

"Do they?" said Judson, with a queer intonation.

"Friend of yours, may be?" asked the Captain, curiously. Judson's back was turned toward him; he was staring out into the darkening fields. He did not answer for a moment.

"No. He was no friend of mine," he said at last in a tone which made Captain Foulke keep silent. He was the last man in the world to annoy or suggest unpleasant subjects to Mr. Judson, or any other gentleman who was in difficulty.

The engine gave a shriek. The conductor, who had been dozing near the stove, got up, yawning.



"I cahn't get out hyah! Thah—thah are folks in thet house thet know me."

"Sevier Station, gentlemen," he suggested, mildly. "Train stops hyah foh supper."

The train ran bumping along the track and stopped. The passengers rose and made their way out leisurely. In the noise, they did not hear an altercation that was going on at the back of the car. Judson had stiffened himself back in his seat.

"My God! I cahn't get out hyah! Thah—thah are folks in thet house thet know me." He panted for breath with sheer terror; his eye gleamed dangerously. Foulke and the conductor stood over him anxiously. For the first time the conductor saw that he was handcuffed.

"Yes," explained Foulke rapidly, in a whisper. "Bringin' him to Raleigh from Tennessee, on riquisition from Governor

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to stand his trial for manslaughter. Mr. Judson!" raising his voice; "let me make you acquainted with Captain Arny. Mr. Judson," he proceeded in a hurried, deprecating tone, "hes come with me clar from the Nantahela range, whah I—whah I—met him, and has give me no trouble whatsoever. He has conducted himself like the high-toned gentleman which Sheriff Roylston——"

"—I will make no trouble now," panted Judson. "Only let me stay in the car. Foh God's sake, Captain!"

The deputy sheriff and conductor exchanged perplexed glances.

"Come, come, Mr. Judson," said Arny, authoritatively, "Captain Foulke must have his supper 'n somethin' warmin'. So must you. See hyah now!" wrapping the gray shawl which was common in use among men at that time about the prisoner so as to conceal his arms, and pulling his hat well over his brows. "Yoh own wife wouldn't know yoh, sah. Come now. You can sit in the parlor if yoh doan keer to take supper. On yoh parole, sah."

Judson hesitated, looking through the lighted windows of the inn with a terrified yet longing eye. Figures moved dimly within.

"I'll go," he said, starting forward. "I'll sit thah. I'll not try to escape, so help me God."

. . . . . .

What with the sick baby and the tired mother, Miss Dilly had much to do that evening. She soon, however, had both of them comfortably disposed in her own room for the night, and then hurried down to see if any one else needed her.

"Why, Squire," she said, bustling into the kitchen, "thah's a gentleman alone in the parloh, eatin' nothin'."

"He's ailin', Miss Dilly. Never mind him. He doan want nothin'."

But Miss Dilly was not used to leave ailing people alone. She made ready a steaming cup of tea.

"I'm so sorry yoh feelin' porely, sah," she said. "Won't yoh take this, jest to warm yoh?"

"No," said the man, gruffly. Miss Dilly, unused to rebuff, stood hesitating. The lamplight shone full on her gray hair and kind blue eyes.

"Don't go," said Judson. "Stay with me. It will only be for a few minutes. I'll never see you again."

Something in the voice startled the old woman. She looked at him, raised her head, listening, and then, recollecting herself, sat down, laughing.

"Thet's just what I allus say to myself," she said. "The folks come up hyah, 'n stay jest long enough foh me to find they're dear friends, 'n go, 'n I never see them again."

"And yoh're satisfied with sech friends as the cars bring yoh every day?" he sneered, savagely.

Miss Dilly drew herself up with a certain dignity. "They're all my friends, as I said. But I have my own people, sah. Blood of my blood and bone of my bone. The dear Lord sent them an' me into the world together."

"Who are they?" he said in a lower tone.

"Our family? Thar's my brother, sah, Colonel James Holmes. I'm waitin' hyah for him now. I'm expectin' him every day. An' my father 'n mother: they're up on the Old Black. An' thah's a child in our family," she added with a proud rising of the voice. "He's my brother's son. He is sech a boy 's yoh never hear of now, sah. He was jest seven when he—went away."

She turned her head, the tears creeping down her withered cheeks.

The prisoner half rose, with a muttered exclamation.

"What's that? Who——" cried Miss Dilly. "I beg yoh pardon, sah, I thought I heard a name——"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing—nothing. I thought yoh said a name that I used to be called at home—mother an' Jem an' all of them. I haven't heard it foh years. I reckin it was talkin' of them made me fancy it. I'm afeerd my mind's gettin' foolish stud'in' about Jem, an expectin' him."

"An' yoh think he'll come?"

"I know it," said Miss Dilly, quietly. "Squire Barr, sometimes he says: 'Maybe the Colonel's merried a rich wife, in some of those big Western towns, and hes done forgot us all.' An' the girls, I know they're afeered he's dead. But he'll come. Every day since he went away I've asked the Lord to send him back: so he—*hes to come.*"

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"The lamplight shone full on her gray hair and kind blue eyes."

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Judson did not speak for some time. His jaws sank deeper in the mufflers about his neck. He said at last:

"An' when he comes, I reckon yoh'd be pleased to hear of the rich wife and grand house?"

Miss Dilly winced. "Ef Jem's home is like thet, it's all right. I'd go if he wants me. But what I've thought I'd like——" She hesitated.

"What?"

"Ef we could go back, jest our two selves to our house on the Old Black, an' him' an' me live thah together a few year before we went away——"

The man's head dropped on his chest. He was so still that she jumped to her feet frightened.

"Yoh're very porely! I'll bring something—I've gum camphor in a jar of whiskey——" She laid her hand on his arm.

At that moment the passengers came in from supper, Arny and Captain Foulke, who had kept their eyes on the prisoner through the open door, foremost. They thrust themselves between him and Miss Dilly.

"Come, Mr. Judson, take somethin' warmin'."

They talked loudly, bustling about him, that she might not see the handcuffs. The passengers crowded out of the door, going to the train.

Judson with a fierce gesture motioned the men aside. "I must speak a word to her." He crossed the room to where Miss Dilly stood.

"Doan yoh git tired prayin' foh him! For God's sake doan git tired! An' maybe he kin come back!"

. . . The train was gone, and Miss Dilly went about her work, stupefied. Why had she talked of Jem and his boy to this man? She never spoke of them to strangers. It seemed as if the good Lord had made her do it to-night.

She prayed for her brother that night as she never had prayed before. She did not know why she did it. Nothing in this gruff stranger had reminded her of saucy, affectionate Jem.

But when everybody in the inn was in bed and asleep, she crept on to the porch and stood looking out into the gray, fathomless night. Somewhere out in that great unknown world—he was. He might be in that grand house—he might be sick and starving among beggars; but wherever he was, he must come back to her. Her childish, faithful soul went out in an agony of supplication.

"Lord, bring him back to me. To me—*me!*"

The fog was thick and cold, and Miss Dilly was used to the warmest corner of the house. But it seemed to her that she must go out into the open wide night to come nearer to him. He was there alive, needing her. "Lord, bring him back to me," she cried.

. . . . . .

The people at the station noticed a change in Miss Dilly after that night. She had always been kind, but now she was tender to every living thing she could reach, with the tenderness which a mother shows to a sick child. She had always been cheerful, but now she was breathlessly anxious to make every one about her happy and merry.

"I reckon," said Colonel Royall, shaking his head, "she's a ripenin' fur the end. The doors is openin' an the glory's a shinin' down on her."

An uneasy dread seized the station when this opinion was made known. Everybody whispered and kept an anxious watch on Miss Dilly's coughs and appetite. Mrs. Barr, who was a dribbling woman as to mind, at last told her what they feared.

Miss Dilly laughed a sound, healthy laugh.

"It's not death at all that's comin', Missoury," she said. "It's Jem! The Lord isn't deaf. Nor hard of heart. Neither hes he gone on a journey, as the prophet says. He'll send my brother back to me. I'm thinkin' of it continovally now. If one of you's sick I think—what if that was Jem? An' I try to help you. And if another one's downhearted, I think, what if that was Jem? An' I try to cheer him up. That's the truth, Missoury. It isn't death, it's Jem."

"If the Lord shud disappoint her after all," the Squire muttered with bated breath when he heard this report from his wife.

Summer came, and winter, and summer again, until two years had gone by.

Judson had stood his trial and been convicted and served out his brief term

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of imprisonment. The day he received his discharge, the warden of the prison, as usual, spoke a few kind words of warning and counsel to him at parting. He was startled when Judson, who was noted as a reticent, gruff man, answered him formally:

"Sah, yoh're quite right. I'd been runnin' down, steady for ten year. Down. Sudden, one day, like a flash of lightnin' across my path, I was made to know of a woman—who shall be nameless hyah—who hed loved me an' believed in me all my life. Thet has made a different man of me. Sah, she's kep' a holt on me! She's tied me to God with her pra'ars! I cahn't get loose!" he cried with a nervous gulp in his throat.

"Sah, I thank yoh foh yoh words. I'm goin' to her to try to be the man yoh say. I'm goin' to trust to her an' God to pull me through!"

Before he left, the warden gave him more advice. "Take your own name, Judson," he said. "I suspect you are now under an alias. Say nothing to this woman of your past life. Begin afresh where it is not known, and may God bless you, sah."

This was in October.

Christmas, that year, brought, as usual, a stir of delightful excitement to the inn. Sevier Station knew nothing of the high significance which modern thought attaches to the great festival of the Christian Year. It was the day, however, on which Colonel Royall sent, before breakfast, a bumper of foaming egg-nog to every white man and woman in the clarin'. Every negro who asked for it had "a warmin'" of whiskey, at the Colonel's expense. It was the day, too, on which Squire Barr gave his annual tremenjous dinner of turkey and chicken pie, at which the six families of the village all sate down together. Mrs. Missoury Barr, also, made a practice of sending dishes of roast pork and hominy, or 'possum stewed in rice and molasses, or some such delicacy, to every negro cabin. There was a general interchange of gifts: brier-wood pipes, or pinchbeck scarf-pins, or cakes of soap in the shape of dog's heads, all of which elegant trifles had been purchased from travelling peddlers, months before, and stored away for the great occasion. Miss Dilly, you may be sure, was quite ready for Christmas. Her locked drawer was full of socks and mufflers knitted by herself, all of bright red, as "bein' more cheerin'." Nobody was forgotten in that drawer, from the Squire to the least pickaninny in the quarters.

There was a vague idea throughout the clarin' that the day was one in which to be friendly and to give old grudges the go-by: the Lord (with whom Aunt Dilly was better acquainted than the rest) was supposed, for some reason, to be nearer at hand on that day than usual, though not so near as to make anybody uncomfortable.

Father Ruggles, the jolly old Methodist itinerant, was up in the mountains, and had sent word he was coming down for his Christmas dinner.

"He'll ask a blessin' on the meal, thank Heaven!" said Mrs. Missoury with a devout sigh.

The Squire hurried with the news to find the Colonel.

"It'll be a big occasion," he said, triumphantly. "Father Ruggles 'll be equal to a turkey himself. I depend on you foh makin' de coffee, Colonel. Sam's that eggsited now he doan know what he's about."

"Suhtenly, suhtenly! But really, Mrs. Missoury 'd better double de supply of mince-pie," he suggested, anxiously. "Father Ruggles is tahrible fond of mince."

Preparations went on with increasing force and vigor. They reached full completion the day before Christmas. Then the station paused to take breath before the great event.

Father Ruggles arrived at noon, and in five minutes had shaken hands with everybody, black and white, and put them all in good humor with him, themselves, and each other.

"A doan like Miss Dilly's looks," he said, lowering his voice, when he and the Colonel and Squire were seated together in high conclave on the gallery. "She's blue 'n peaked about the jaws. Old age, heh?"

"Not a bit of it!" rejoined Preston, quickly. "She's a young woman, comparatively. It's Jem. Colonel James. She's done tired out waitin' on that man. These last two year she's took to expect-

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in' him every day. She watches the train night 'n mornin'. It 'ud make yoh sick to see her old face when it goes by."

"Natuhlly," the Colonel struck in pompously, "we want to make Miss Dilly happy to-morrow, long o' the rest. She doan forget none of us in her knittin's an buyin's' I'll warrant! I says to the Squire hyah, 'suppose de clarin' com-bine, 'n buy somethin' wuth while—a cheer or new calico or somethin'.' But he says, 'Whah's de use?' he says, 'she wants nothin' but her brother. Kin we give her her brother?' So thahs how it is!" filling his pipe, with a gloomy nod.

The men glanced furtively at Miss Dilly, who, in her blue gown and white apron, stood in the yard below feeding a noisy flock of chickens.

The sun going down through a frosty sky threw red lights upon the vast white plains and the cluster of little gray houses huddled closely together. Their hoods of feathered, crusted snow made them almost picturesque,

Across the road came a black, paunchy figure. It was Nutt the carpenter, who kept the post-office in a box in his shop.

"What ails Jabez?" wondered the Colonel. "Somethin's happened."

Nutt hurried up the steps. "Mail's in, gentlemen. Two circulars an' this letter. Foh Miss Dilly. I just run over with it; I thought——"

"When she saw the writing on the envelope she turned and went to her own room and shut the door."

"Quite right, quite right!" exclaimed Father Ruggles. "It may be——"

The men all rose in their excitement. "Do you give it to her, Squire," said the old minister. "You've been her best friend."

Miss Dilly came up the steps. The Squire handed her the letter without a word. His red, pudgy face fell into queer grimaces as he watched her.

"Foh me! A letter! Foh——?"

The blood stopped in her old body as she took it, smiling but very pale. When she saw the writing on the envelope she turned and went to her own room and shut the door.

The news spread. In ten minutes the whole clarin' was gathered on the gallery.

"It may not be from Colonel James at all," suggested Jabez. "It may be on business."

"Business! Doan be an ass, Jabez Nutt," said the Colonel.

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The station waited breathless.

She came out at last, her face shining with a great inward peace.

"Jem," she said to them in a low, quiet voice, "has gone back to our house on the Old Black, an' put it an' the farm to rights, and him an' me is to live thah together. He's comin' to-night on the train."

Nobody spoke. The tremendous tidings took their breath.

"An'—an' when is yoh a-goin', Miss Dilly?" gasped Sam, who was the first to recover.

"Not jest rightaway. He'll stay hyah a week, to see his old friends," she said. "An'—thah's the train!" Then she broke down and began to tremble and cry. The women gathered about her and cried too, while they smoothed her hair and re-pinned her handkerchiefs.

The men hurried down to meet the train.

"What an occasion to-morrow'll be!" panted Squire Barr. "It's nothin' short of providential that the Colonel shud come on this Christmas. Father Ruggles hyah 'n all. The station kin give him a suitable reception. Ef the turkeys only hold out! I count on you foh the coffee, Royall."

"You kin. But it isn't victuals I'm keerin' foh, sah," said the Colonel, with a quaver of genuine feeling in his voice. "It's thet pore soul yonder. Godamighty hes sent her her Christmas gift, shore. Hyar's the train, gentlemen!"

It rolled up the track, stopped.

A short, heavy man, with gray hair and a kind, resolute face, came out on the platform.

"Thet's him! Thet's Jem!" shouted the Colonel. Then they all broke into a rousing cheer, pressing round him, waving their hats, and shaking his hand, after the hearty Southern fashion.

"She's up thah, Colonel," said the Squire. "Go right away up, sah. She's been waitin' a long time."

TELL ME SOME WAY.

By Lizette Woodworth Reese.

Oh, you who love me not, tell me some way
Whereby I may forget you for a space;
Nay, clean forget you and your lovely face—
Yet well I know how vain this prayer I pray.
All weathers hold you. Can I make the May
Forbid her boughs blow white in every place?
Or rob June of her rose that comes apace?
Cheat of their charm the elder months and gray?
Aye, were you dead, you could not be forgot;
So sparse the bloom along the lanes would be;
Such sweetness out the briery hedges fled;
My tears would fall that you had loved me not;
And bitterer tears that you had gone from me;
Living you break my heart, so would you dead!

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THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

II.

ON that day, I was sitting in my room a little before supper, when John Paul burst open the door with no civility of knocking, and told me there was one below that wished to speak with the steward; sneering at the name of my office.

I asked what manner of man, and what his name was; and this disclosed the cause of John's ill humor; for it appeared the visitor refused to name himself except to me, a sore affront to the major-domo's consequence.

"Well," said I, smiling a little, "I will see what he wants."

I found in the entrance hall a big man very plainly habited and wrapped in a seal cloak, like one new landed, as indeed he was. Not far off Macconochie was standing, with his tongue out of his mouth and his hand upon his chin, like a dull fellow thinking hard; and the stranger, who had brought his cloak about his face, appeared uneasy. He had no sooner seen me coming than he went to meet me with an effusive manner.

"My dear man," said he, "a thousand apologies for disturbing you, but I'm in the most awkward position. And there's a son of a ramrod there that I should know the looks of, and more by token I believe that he knows mine. Being in this family, sir, and in a place of some responsibility (which was the cause I took the liberty to send for you) you are doubtless of the honest party?"

"You may be sure at least," says I, "that all of that party are quite safe in Durrisdeer."

"My dear man, it is my very thought," says he. "You see I have just been set on shore here by a very honest man, whose name I cannot remember, and who is to stand off and on for me till morning, at some danger to himself; and to be clear with you, I am a little concerned lest it should be at some to me. I have saved my life so often, Mr. — I forget your name, which is a very good one—that faith, I would be very loath to lose it after all. And the son of a ramrod, whom I believe I saw before Carlisle . . ."

"O, sir," said I, "you can trust Macconochie until to-morrow."

"Well, and it's a delight to hear you say so," says the stranger. "The truth is that my name is not a very suitable one in this country of Scotland. With a gentleman like you, my dear man, I would have no concealments, of course; and by your leave, I'll just breathe it in your ear. They call me Francis Burke: Colonel Francis Burke; and I am here at a most damnable risk to myself, to see your masters—if you'll excuse me, my good man, for giving them the name, for I'm sure it's a circumstance I would never have guessed from your appearance. And if you would just be so very obliging as to take my name to them, you might say that I come bearing letters which I am sure they will be very rejoiced to have the reading of."

Colonel Francis Burke was one of the Prince's Irishmen, that did his cause such an infinity of hurt and were so much distasted of the Scots at the time of the rebellion; and it came at once into the mind, how the Master of Ballantrae had astonished all men by going with that party. In the same moment, a strong foreboding of the truth possessed my soul.

"If you will step in here," said I opening a chamber door, "I will let my lord know."

"And I am sure it is very good of you, Mr. What is your name," says the Colonel.

Up to the hall I went, slow footed. There they were all three, my old lord in his place, Mrs. Henry at work by the window, Mr. Henry (as was much his

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custom) pacing the low end. In the midst was the table laid for supper. I told them briefly what I had to say. My old lord lay back in his seat. Mrs. Henry sprang up standing with a mechanical motion, and she and her husband stared in each other's eyes across the room; it was the strangest, challenging look these two exchanged, and as they looked, the color faded in their faces. Then Mr. Henry turned to me; not to speak, only to sign with his finger; but that was enough, and I went down again for the Colonel.

When we returned, these three were in much the same position I had left them in; I believe no word had passed.

"My lord Durrisdeer no doubt?" says the Colonel, bowing, and my lord bowed in answer. "And this," continues the Colonel, "should be the Master of Ballantrae?"

"I have never taken that name," said Mr. Henry; "but I am Henry Durie at your service."

Then the Colonel turns to Mrs. Henry, bowing with his hat upon his heart and the most killing airs of gallantry. "There can be no mistake about so fine a figure of a lady," says he. "I address the seductive Miss Alison, of whom I have so often heard?"

Once more husband and wife exchanged a look.

"I am Mrs. Henry Durie," said she; "but before my marriage my name was Alison Graeme."

Then my lord spoke up. "I am an old man, Colonel Burke," said he, "and a frail one. It will be mercy on your part to be expeditious. Do you bring me news of—of——" he hesitated, and then the words broke from him with a singular change of voice—"my son?"

"My dear lord, I will be round with you like a soldier," said the Colonel. "I do."

My lord held out a wavering hand; he seemed to wave a signal, but whether it was to give him time or to speak on was more than we could guess. At length, he got out the one word—"good?"

"Why, the very best in the creation!" cries the Colonel. "For my good friend and admired comrade is at this hour in the fine city of Paris, and as like as not, if I know anything of his habits, he will be drawing in his chair to a piece of dinner.—Bedad, I believe the lady's fainting."

Mrs. Henry was indeed the color of death, and drooped against the window frame. But when Mr. Henry made a movement as if to run to her, she straightened with a sort of shiver. "I am well," she said, with her white lips.

Mr. Henry stopped, and his face had a strong twitch of anger. The next moment he had turned to the Colonel. "You must not blame yourself," says he, "for this effect on Mrs. Durie. It is only natural; we were all brought up like brother and sister."

Mrs. Henry looked at her husband with something like relief or even gratitude. In my way of thinking, that speech was the first step he made in her good graces.

"You must try to forgive me, Mrs. Durie, for indeed and I am just an Irish savage," said the Colonel; "and I deserve to be shot for not breaking the matter more artistically to a lady. But here are the Master's own letters; one for each of the three of you; and to be sure (if I know anything of my friend's genius) he will tell his own story with a better grace."

He brought the three letters forth as he spoke, arranged them by their superscriptions, presented the first to my lord, who took it greedily, and advanced towards Mrs. Henry holding out the second.

But the lady waved it back. "To my husband," says she, with a choked voice.

The Colonel was a quick man, but at this he was somewhat nonplussed. "To be sure," says he, "how very dull of me! To be sure." But he still held the letter.

At last Mr. Henry reached forth his hand, and there was nothing to be done but give it up. Mr. Henry took the letters (both hers and his own) and looked upon their outside, with his brows knit hard as if he were thinking. He had surprised me all through by his excellent behavior; but he was to excel himself.

"Let me give you a hand to your room," said he to his wife. "This has come something of the suddenest; and

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at any rate, you will wish to read your letter by yourself."

Again she looked upon him with the same thought of wonder; but he gave her no time, coming straight to where she stood. "It will be better so, believe me," said he; "Colonel Burke is too considerate not to excuse you." And with that he took her hand by the fingers, and led her from the hall.

Mrs. Henry returned no more that night; and when Mr. Henry went to visit her next morning, as I heard long afterwards, she gave him the letter again, still unopened.

"O, read it and be done!" he had cried.

"Spare me that," said she.

And by these two speeches, to my way of thinking, each undid a great part of what they had previously done well. But the letter, sure enough, came into my hands, and by me was burned, unopened.

To be very exact as to the adventures of the Master after Culloden, I wrote not long ago to Colonel Burke, now a Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, begging him for some notes in writing, since I could scarce depend upon my memory at so great an interval. To confess the truth, I have been somewhat embarrassed by his response; for he sent me the complete memoirs of his life, touching only in places on the Master; running to a much greater length than my whole story, and not everywhere (as it seems to me) designed for edification. He begged in his letter, dated from Ettenheim, that I would find a publisher for the whole, after I had made what use of it I required; and I think I shall best answer my own purpose and fulfil his wishes by printing certain parts of it in full. In this way my readers will have a detailed and I believe a very genuine account of some essential matters; and if any publisher should take a fancy to the Chevalier's manner of narration, he knows where to apply for the rest, of which there is plenty at his service. I put in my first extract here, so that it may stand in the place of what the Chevalier told us over our wine in the hall of Durrisdeer; but you are to suppose it was not the brutal fact, but a very varnished version that he offered to my lord.

ACCOUNT OF THE MASTER'S WANDERINGS.

From the Manuscript of the Chevalier de Burke.

. . . I left Ruthven (it's hardly necessary to remark) with much greater satisfaction than I had come to it; but whether I missed my way in the deserts, or whether my companions failed me, I soon found myself alone. This was a predicament very disagreeable; for I never understood this horrid country or savage people, and the last stroke of the Prince's withdrawal had made us of the Irish more unpopular than ever. I was reflecting on my poor chances, when I saw another horseman on the hill, whom I supposed at first to have been a phantom, the news of his death in the very front at Culloden being current in the army generally. This was the Master of Ballantrae, my Lord Durrisdeer's son, a young nobleman of the rarest gallantry and parts, and equally designed by nature to adorn a court and to reap laurels in a field. Our meeting was the more welcome to both, as he was one of the few Scots who had used the Irish with consideration, and as he might now be of very high utility in aiding my escape. Yet what founded our particular friendship was a circumstance by itself, as romantic as any fable of King Arthur.

This was on the second day of our flight, after we had slept one night in the rain upon the inclination of a mountain. There was an Appin man, Alan Black Stewart (or some such name,* but I have seen him since in France), who chanced to be passing the same way, and had a jealousy of my companion. Very uncivil expressions were exchanged; and Stewart calls upon the Master to alight and have it out.

"Why, Mr. Stewart," says the Master, "I think at the present time, I would prefer to run a race with you." And with the word claps spurs to his horse.

Stewart ran after us, a childish thing to do, for more than a mile; and I could not help laughing as I looked back at last and saw him on a hill, holding his hand to his side and nearly burst with running.

* *Note by Mr. Mackellar:* Should not this be Alan *Breck* Stewart, afterwards notorious as the Appin murderer? The Chevalier is sometimes very weak on names.

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"But all the same," I could not help saying to my companion, "I would let no man run after me for any such proper purpose, and not give him his desire. It was a good jest, but it smells a trifle cowardly."

He bent his brows at me. "I do pretty well," says he, "when I saddle myself with the most unpopular man in Scotland, and let that suffice for courage."

"O, bedad," says I, "I could show you a more unpopular with the naked eye. And if you like not my company, you can 'saddle' yourself on some one else."

"Colonel Burke," says he, "do not let us quarrel; and to that effect, let me assure you I am the least patient man in the world."

"I am as little patient as yourself," said I. "I care not who knows that."

"At this rate," says he, reining in, "we shall not go very far. And I propose we do one of two things upon the instant: either quarrel and be done; or make a sure bargain to bear everything at each other's hands."

"Like a pair of brothers?" said I.

"I said no such foolishness," he replied. "I have a brother of my own, and I think no more of him than of a colewart. But if we are to have our noses rubbed together in this course of flight, let us each dare to be ourselves like savages, and each swear that he will neither resent nor deprecate the other. I am a pretty bad fellow at bottom, and I find the pretence of virtues very irksome."

"O, I am as bad as yourself," said I. "There is no skim milk in Francis Burke. But which is it to be? Fight or make friends?"

"Why," says he, "I think it will be the best manner to spin a coin for it."

This proposition was too highly chivalrous not to take my fancy; and strange as it may seem of two well-born gentlemen of to-day, we spun a half-crown (like a pair of ancient paladins) whether we were to cut each other's throats or be sworn friends. A more romantic circumstance can rarely have occurred; and it is one of those points in my memoirs by which we may see the old tales of Homer and the poets are equally true to-day, at least of the noble and genteel. The coin fell for peace, and we shook hands upon our bargain. And then it was that my companion explained to me his thought in running away from Mr. Stewart, which was certainly worthy of his political intellect. The report of his death, he said, was a great guard to him; Mr. Stewart having recognized him, had become a danger; and he had taken the briefest road to that gentleman's silence. "For," says he, "Alan Black is too vain a man to narrate any such story of himself."

Towards afternoon, we came down to the shores of that loch for which we were heading; and there was the ship but newly come to anchor. She was the *Sainte-Marie-des-Anges*, out of the port of Havre-de-Grace. The Master, after we had signalled for a boat, asked me if I knew the captain. I told him he was a countryman of mine, of the most unblemished integrity, but, I was afraid, a rather timorous man.

"No matter," says he. "For all that, he should certainly hear the truth."

I asked him if he meant about the battle? for if the captain once knew the standard was down, he would certainly put to sea again at once.

"And even then!" said he; "the arms are now of no sort of utility."

"My dear man," said I, "who thinks of the arms? But to be sure we must remember our friends. They will be close upon our heels, perhaps the Prince himself, and if the ship be gone, a great number of valuable lives may be imperilled."

"The captain and the crew have lives also, if you come to that," says Ballantrae.

This I declared was but a quibble, and that I would not hear of the captain being told; and then it was that Ballantrae made me a witty answer, for the sake of which (and also because I have been blamed myself in this business of the *Sainte-Marie-des-Anges*) I have related the whole conversation as it passed.

"Frank," says he, "remember our bargain. I must not object to your holding your tongue, which I hereby even encourage you to do; but by the

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same terms, you are not to resent my telling."

I could not help laughing at this; though I still forewarned him what would come of it.

"The devil may come of it for what I care," says the reckless fellow. "I have always done exactly as I felt inclined."

As is well known, my prediction came true. The captain had no sooner heard the news, than he cut his cable and to sea again; and before morning broke we were in the Great Minch.

The ship was very old; and the skipper although the most honest of men (and Irish too) was one of the least capable. The wind blew very boisterous, and the sea raged extremely. All that day we had little heart whether to eat or drink; went early to rest in some concern of mind; and (as if to give us a lesson) in the night the wind chopped suddenly into the northeast, and blew a hurricane. We were awaked by the dreadful thunder of the tempest and the stamping of the mariners on deck; so that I supposed our last hour was certainly come; and the terror of my mind was increased out of all measure by Ballantrae, who mocked at my devotions. It is in hours like these that a man of any piety appears in his true light, and we find (what we are taught as babes) the small trust that can be set in worldly friends. I would be unworthy of my religion if I let this pass without particular remark. For three days we lay in the dark in the cabin, and had but a biscuit to nibble. On the fourth, the wind fell, leaving the ship dismasted and heaving on vast billows. The captain had not a guess of whither we were blown; he was stark ignorant of his trade, and could do naught but bless the Holy Virgin: a very good thing too, but scarce the whole of seamanship. It seemed our one hope was to be picked up by another vessel; and if that should prove to be an English ship, it might be no great blessing to the Master and myself.

The fifth and sixth days we tossed there helpless. The seventh, some sail was got on her, but she was an unwieldy vessel at the best, and we made little but leeway. All the time, indeed, we had been drifting to the south and west, and during the tempest must have driven in that direction with unheard-of violence. The ninth dawn was cold and black, with a great sea running, and every mark of foul weather. In this situation, we were overjoyed to sight a small ship on the horizon, and to perceive her go about and head for the *Sainte-Marie*. But our gratification did not very long endure; for when she had laid to and lowered a boat, it was immediately filled with disorderly fellows, who sang and shouted as they pulled across to us, and swarmed in on our deck with bare cutlasses, cursing loudly. Their leader was a horrible villain, with his face blacked and his whiskers curled in ringlets: Teach, his name; a most notorious pirate. He stamped about the deck, raving and crying out that his name was Satan and his ship was called Hell. There was something about him like a wicked child or a half-witted person, that daunted me beyond expression. I whispered in the ear of Ballantrae, that I would not be the last to volunteer, and only prayed God they might be short of hands; he approved my purpose with a nod.

"Bedad," said I, to Master Teach, "if you are Satan, here is a divil for ye."

The word pleased him; and (not to dwell upon these shocking incidents) Ballantrae and I and two others were taken for recruits, while the skipper and all the rest were cast into the sea by the method of walking the plank. It was the first time I had seen this done; my heart died within me at the spectacle; and Master Teach or one of his acolytes (for my head was too much lost to be precise) remarked upon my pale face in a very alarming manner. I had the strength to cut a step or two of a jig and cry out some ribaldry, which saved me for that time; but my legs were like water when I must get down into the skiff among these miscreants; and what with my horror of my company and fear of the monstrous billows, it was all I could do to keep an Irish tongue and break a jest or two as we were pulled aboard. By the blessing of God there was a fiddle in the pirate ship, which I had no sooner seen than I fell upon; and in my quality of crowder, I had the

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heavenly good luck to get favor in their eyes. *Crowding Pat* was the name they dubbed me with; and it was little I cared for a name so long as my skin was whole.

What kind of a pandemonium that vessel was, I cannot describe, but she was commanded by a lunatic, and might be called a floating Bedlam. Drinking, roaring, singing, quarrelling, dancing, they were never all sober at one time; and there were days together, when if a squall had supervened, it must have sent us to the bottom, or if a king's ship had come along, it would have found us quite helpless for defence. Once or twice we sighted a sail, and if we were sober enough, overhauled it, God forgive us! and if we were all too drunk, she got away, and I would bless the saints under my breath. Teach ruled, if you can call that rule which brought no order, by the terror he created; and I observed the man was very vain of his position. I have known marshals of France, ay, and even Highland chiefs that were less openly puffed up; which throws a singular light on the pursuit of honor and glory. Indeed the longer we live, the more we perceive the sagacity of Aristotle and the other old philosophers; and though I have all my life been eager for legitimate distinctions, I can lay my hand upon my heart, at the end of my career, and declare there is not one—no, nor yet life itself—which is worth acquiring or preserving at the slightest cost of dignity.

It was long before I got private speech of Ballantrae; but at length one night we crept out upon the boltsprit, when the rest were better employed, and commiserated our position.

"None can deliver us but the saints," said I.

"My mind is very different," said Ballantrae; "for I am going to deliver myself. This Teach is the poorest creature possible; we make no profit of him and lie continually open to capture; and," says he, "I am not going to be a tarry pirate for nothing, nor yet to hang in chains if I can help it." And he told me what was in his mind to better the state of the ship in the way of discipline, which would give us safety for the present, and a sooner hope of deliverance when they should have gained enough and should break up their company.

I confessed to him ingenuously that my nerve was quite shook amid these horrible surroundings, and I durst scarce tell him to count upon me.

"I am not very easy frightened," said he, "nor very easy beat."

A few days after, there befell an accident which had nearly hanged us all; and offers the most extraordinary picture of the folly that ruled in our concerns. We were all pretty drunk: and some bedlamite spying a sail, Teach put the ship about in chase without a glance, and we began to bustle up the arms and boast of the horrors that should follow. I observed Ballantrae stood quiet in the bows, looking under the shade of his hand; but for my part, true to my policy among these savages, I was at work with the busiest and passing Irish jests for their diversion.

"Run up the colors," cried Teach. "Show the ——s the Jolly Roger!"

It was the merest drunken braggadocio at such a stage, and might have lost us a valuable prize; but I thought it no part of mine to reason, and I ran up the black flag with my own hand.

Ballantrae steps presently aft with a smile upon his face.

"You may perhaps like to know, you drunken dog," says he, "that you are chasing a king's ship."

Teach roared him the lie; but he ran at the same time to the bulwarks, and so did they all. I have never seen so many drunken men struck suddenly sober. The cruiser had gone about, upon our impudent display of colors; she was just then filling on the new tack; her ensign blew out quite plain to see; and even as we stared, there came a puff of smoke, and then a report, and a shot plunged in the waves a good way short of us. Some ran to the ropes and got the *Sarah* round with an incredible swiftness. One fellow made for the rum barrel, which stood broached upon the deck, and rolled it promptly overboard. On my part, I made for the Jolly Roger, struck it, tossed it in the sea; and could have flung myself after, so vexed was I with our mismanagement. As for Teach, he grew as pale as death, and incontinently went down to his cabin. Only

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twice he came on deck that afternoon; went to the taffrail; took a long look at the king's ship, which was still on the horizon heading after us; and then, without speech, back to his cabin. You may say he deserted us; and if it had not been for one very capable sailor we had on board, and for the lightness of the airs that blew all day, we must certainly have gone to the yard-arm.

It is to be supposed Teach was humiliated, and perhaps alarmed for his position with the crew; and the way in which he set about regaining what he had lost was highly characteristic of the man. Early next day, we smelled him burning sulphur in his cabin and crying out of "Hell, hell!" which was well understood among the crew, and filled their minds with apprehension. Presently he comes on deck, a perfect figure of fun, his face blacked, his hair and whiskers curled, his belt stuck full of pistols; chewing bits of glass so that the blood ran down his chin, and brandishing a dirk. I do not know if he had taken these manners from the Indians of America, where he was a native; but such was his way, and he would always thus announce that he was wound up to horrid deeds. The first that came near him was the fellow who had sent the rum overboard the day before; him he stabbed to the heart, damning him for a mutineer; and then capered about the body, raving and swearing and daring us to come on. It was the silliest exhibition; and yet dangerous too, for the cowardly fellow was plainly working himself up to another murder.

All of a sudden, Ballantrae stepped forth. "Have done with this play-acting," says he. "Do you think to frighten us with making faces? We saw nothing of you yesterday when you were wanted; and we did well without you, let me tell you that."

There was a murmur and a movement in the crew, of pleasure and alarm, I thought, in nearly equal parts. As for Teach, he gave a barbarous howl, and swung his dirk to fling it, an art in which (like many seamen) he was very expert.

"Knock that out of his hand!" says Ballantrae, so sudden and sharp that my arm obeyed him before my mind had understood.

Teach stood like one stupid, never thinking on his pistols.

"Go down to your cabin," cries Ballantrae, "and come on deck again when you are sober. Do you think we are going to hang for you, you black-faced, half-witted, drunken brute and butcher? Go down!" And he stamped his foot at him with such a sudden smartness that Teach fairly ran for it to the companion.

"And now, mates," says Ballantrae, "a word with you. I don't know if you are gentlemen of fortune for the fun of the thing; but I am not. I want to make money, and get ashore again, and spend it like a man. And on one thing my mind is made up: I will not hang if I can help it. Come: give me a hint; I'm only a beginner! Is there no way to get a little discipline and common sense about this business?"

One of the men spoke up: he said by rights they should have a quartermaster; and no sooner was the word out of his mouth, than they were all of that opinion. The thing went by acclamation, Ballantrae was made quartermaster, the rum was put in his charge, laws were passed in imitation of those of a pirate by the name of Roberts; and the last proposal was to make an end of Teach. But Ballantrae was afraid of a more efficient captain, who might be a counterweight to himself, and he opposed this stoutly. Teach, he said, was good enough to board ships and frighten fools with his blacked face and swearing; we could scarce get a better man than Teach for that; and besides, as the man was now dis-considered and as good as deposed, we might reduce his proportion of the plunder. This carried it; Teach's share was cut down to a mere derision, being actually less than mine; and there remained only two points: whether he would consent, and who was to announce to him this resolution.

"Do not let that stick you," says Ballantrae; "I will do that."

And he stepped to the companion and down alone into the cabin to face that drunken savage.

"This is the man for us," cries one of the hands. "Three cheers for the quartermaster!" which were given with a will, my own voice among the loudest,

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and I dare say these plaudits had their effect on Master Teach in the cabin, as we have seen of late days how shouting in the streets may trouble even the minds of legislators.

What passed precisely was never known, though some of the heads of it came to the surface later on; and we were all amazed as well as gratified, when Ballantrae came on deck with Teach upon his arm, and announced that all had been consented.

I pass swiftly over those twelve or fifteen months in which we continued to keep the sea in the North Atlantic, getting our food and water from the ships we overhauled, and doing on the whole a pretty fortunate business. Sure no one could wish to read anything so ungenteel as the memoirs of a pirate, even an unwilling one like me! Things went extremely better with our designs, and Ballantrae kept his lead to my admiration from that day forth. I would be tempted to suppose that a gentleman must everywhere be first, even aboard a rover; but my birth is every whit as good as any Scottish lord's, and I am not ashamed to confess that I stayed Crowding Pat until the end, and was not much better than the crew's buffoon. Indeed it was no scene to bring out my merits. My health suffered from a variety of reasons; I was more at home to the last on a horse's back than a ship's deck; and to be ingenuous, the fear of the sea was constantly in my mind, battling with the fear of my companions. I need not cry myself up for courage; I have done well on many fields under the eyes of famous generals, and earned my late advancement by an act of the most distinguished valor before many witnesses. But when we must proceed on one of our abordages, the heart of Francis Burke was in his boots; the little egg-shell skiff in which we must set forth, the horrible heaving of the vast billows, the height of the ship that we must scale, the thought of how many might be there in garrison upon their legitimate defence, the scowling heavens which (in that climate) so often looked darkly down upon our exploits, and the mere crying of the wind in my ears, were all considerations most unpalatable to my valor. Besides which, as I was always a creature of the nicest sensibility, the scenes that must follow on our success tempted me as little as the chances of defeat. Twice we found women on board; and though I have seen towns sacked, and of late days here in France some very horrid public tumults, there was something in the smallness of the numbers engaged and the bleak, dangerous sea-surroundings that made these acts of piracy far the most revolting. I confess ingenuously I could never proceed, unless I was three parts drunk; it was the same even with the crew; Teach himself was fit for no enterprise till he was full of rum; and it was one of the most difficult parts of Ballantrae's performance, to serve us with liquor in the proper quantities. Even this he did to admiration; being upon the whole the most capable man I ever met with, and the one of the most natural genius. He did not even scrape favor with the crew, as I did, by continual buffoonery made upon a very anxious heart; but preserved on most occasions a great deal of gravity and distance; so that he was like a parent among a family of young children or a schoolmaster with his boys. His likeness to the first was even laughable, when he would sometimes condescend to divert our leisures with his sleight of hand, an art to which he was singularly given. What made his part the harder to perform, the men were most inveterate grumblers; Ballantrae's discipline, little as it was, was yet irksome to their love of license; and what was worse, being kept sober, they had time to think. Some of them accordingly would fall to repenting their abominable crimes; one in particular, who was a good Catholic and with whom I would sometimes steal apart for prayer; above all in bad weather, fogs, lashing rain, and the like, when we would be the less observed; and I am sure no two criminals in the cart have ever performed their devotions with more anxious sincerity. But the rest, having no such grounds of hope, fell to another pastime, that of computation. All day long they would be telling up their shares or glooming over the result. I have said we were pretty fortunate. But an observation fails to be made: that in this

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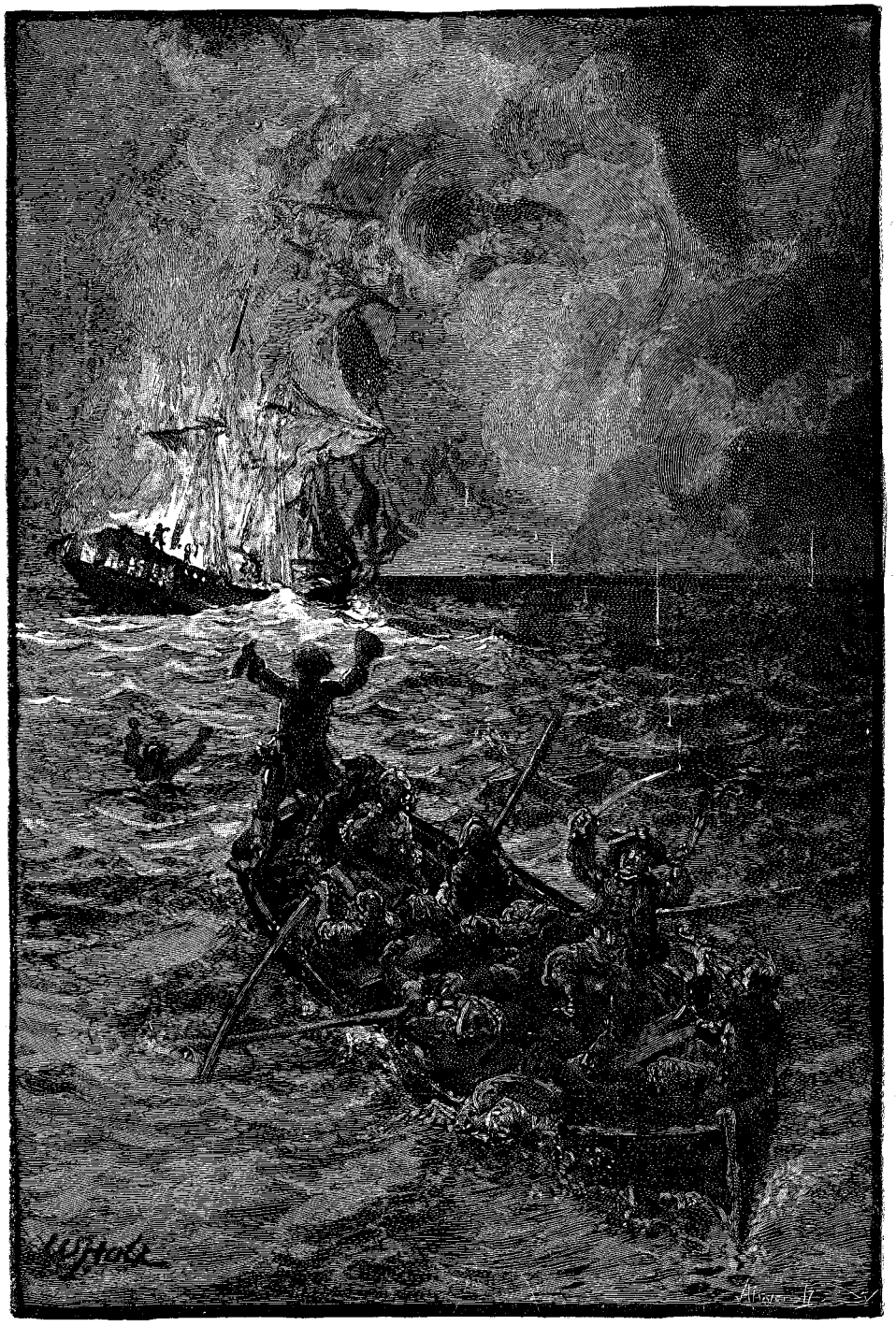

"The bleak, dangerous sea-surroundings that made these acts of piracy far the most revolting."

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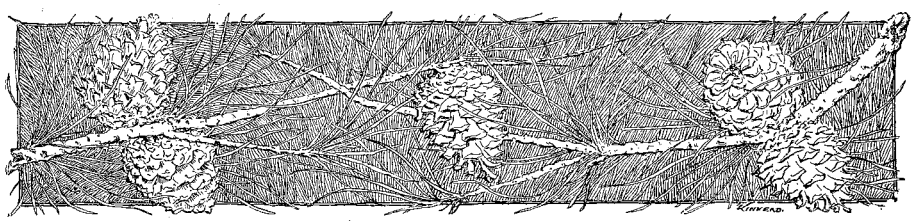
world, in no business that I have tried, do the profits rise to a man's expectations. We found many ships and took many; yet few of them contained much money, their goods were usually nothing to our purpose—what did we want with a cargo of ploughs or even of tobacco?—and it is quite a painful reflection how many whole crews we have made to walk the plank for no more than a stock of biscuit or an anker or two of spirit.

In the meanwhile, our ship was growing very foul, and it was high time we should make for our *port de carrénage*, which was in the estuary of a river among swamps. It was openly understood that we should then break up and go and squander our proportions of the spoil; and this made every man greedy of a little more, so that our decision was delayed from day to day. What finally decided matters was a trifling accident, such as an ignorant person might suppose incidental to our way of life. But here I must explain: on only one of all the ships we boarded, the first on which we found women, did we meet with any genuine resistance. On that occasion, we had two men killed, and several injured, and if it had not been for the gallantry of Ballantrae, we had surely been beat back at last. Everywhere else, the defence (where there was any at all) was what the worst troops in Europe would have laughed at; so that the most dangerous part of our employment was to clamber up the side of the ship; and I have even known the poor souls on board to cast us a line, so eager were they to volunteer instead of walking the plank. This constant immunity had made our fellows very soft, so that I understood how Teach had made so deep a mark upon their minds; for indeed the company of that lunatic was the chief danger in our way of life. The accident to which I have referred was this. We had sighted a little full-rigged ship very close under our board in a haze; she sailed near as well as we did—I should be nearer truth if I said near as ill; and we cleared the bow-chaser to see if we could bring a spar or two about their ears. The swell was exceeding great; the motion of the ship beyond description; it was little wonder if our gunners should fire thrice and be still quite broad of what they aimed at. But in the meanwhile the chase had cleared a stern gun, the thickness of the air concealing them; and being better marksmen, their first shot struck us in the bows, knocked our two gunners into mince meat, so that we were all sprinkled with the blood, and plunged through the deck into the fore castle, where we slept. Ballantrae would have held on; indeed there was nothing in this *contretemps* to affect the mind of any soldier; but he had a quick perception of the men's wishes, and it was plain this lucky shot had given them a sickener of their trade. In a moment they were all of one mind; the chase was drawing away from us, it was needless to hold on, the *Sarah* was too foul to overhaul a bottle, it was mere foolery to keep the sea with her; and on these pretended grounds, her head was incontinently put about and the course laid for the river. It was strange to see what merriment fell on that ship's company, and how they stamped about the deck jesting, and each computing what increase had come to his share by the death of the two gunners.

(To be continued.)



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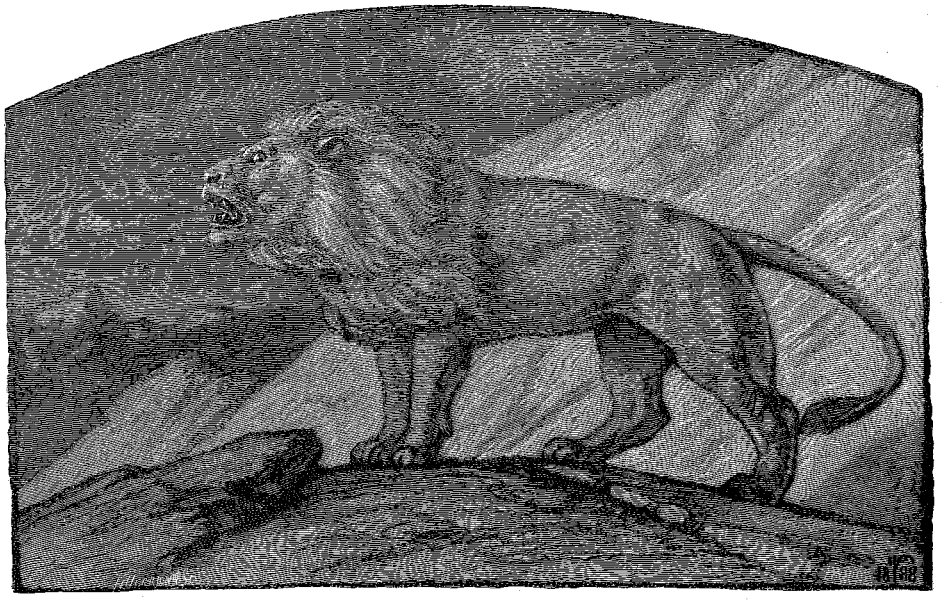

THE LION OF THE NILE.

A MYSTERY OF CHAMPIONSHIP.

WHELPED on the desert sands, and desert-bred
From dugs whose sustenance was blood alone—
A life translated out of other lives,
I grew the king of beasts: the hurricane
Leaned like a feather on my royal fell;
I took the Hyrcan tiger by the scruff
And tore him piecemeal; my hot entrails laughed,
And my fangs yearned for prey. Earth was my lair;
I slept in her waste places without fear;
I roamed the jungle depths with less design
Than e'en to lord their solitude; on crags
That cringe from lightning—black and blasted fronts
That crouch beneath the wind-bleared stars, I told
My heart's fruition to the universe,
And all night long, roaring my fierce defy,
I thrilled the wilderness with aspen terrors,
And challenged death and life.
Still near to man—
For to his miracles and teeming proofs
I felt my presence kindred—'round his homes
In the hushed dusk I prowled, and harmed him not. . .
I came by night to where Cephrenes' slaves
Had left their tools, building his pyramid—
The deposition of immortal longings
Against the fate of change,—not less of those
Who served the guiding mind and found therein
Their own accomplishment. . . I saw red lights,
And horses numberless—the world was won!
The world was late: Hephæstion he was dead,
And stars regretful crossed the revelry
Of Alexander, drunk in Babylon.

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Hid in the musky shadows, above Thebes,
I heard the stoutest of the truculent three
To whom the knives of Brutus and the rest
Triparted Cæsar's world, with Ptolemy's daughter
At midnight on the low and loitering Nile,
Cry "Kiss me, Egypt!" there beneath the stars,—
And cry "All else is but an interlude
To the great play of Love!" I heard her gibing:
"She smiled—Octavia, when you told her this?"
The fighter bit his lip: "Thou namest our wife
And Cæsar's sister: less we wish her not,
Nor will not for the earth—nay, not for thee!"—
I might have sprung upon them as they passed,
Yet would not, but the low and luted waves
And amaranth boughs to the far Nubian hills
Resounded the up-roar of my approval;
A shout replied, lights gleamed, and hurrying feet
Romped the low deck, urging the barge ashore.
I lingered, for the spell was on my being;
A horse charged on me, and a barbéd spear
Stung in my flank; I leaped on the tame brute
And clutched him quivering till he fell and died,
Entranced as of the greatness that effaced him;
Then, with my fore foot spurning, back I glared
(While all the sprites of Art took note of me),
Till a quick shaft out of the fated hand
Pierced eye and brain, and, all my sense confused,
I breathed my heedless force into the ground,—
Yet not, at last, until the cygnus down
Of a queen's palm lay soothing on my side,
And a queen's lips had sighed reproachfully,

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"Were I Antonius I could name a name!"—
"Julius!" he murmured: and they mused apart.

Aye—I had many names, and many forms.
'Twas I that, upright, helmed in beaten brass—
My beard half-reft, plucked of my trenchant claws,
And in their stead a weltering cut-and-thrust,
Strode through Corioli gates and heard them clang
Between me and all aid:—one taunt I breathed
Toward Tiber's spawn without, who failed my leading,
Then single-handed fenced the Volces back,
And cut my way to Rome. And other time:

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Human I stood upon the raked arena
Beneath the pennants of Vespasian,
While seried thousands gazed—strangers from Caucasus,
Men of the Grecian isles, and Barbary princes,
Who saw not that I fought the counterpart
Of that I had been—the raptorial jaws,
The arms that wont to crush with strength alone,
The eyes that glared vindictive. Fallen there,
Vast wings upbore me; from the treacherous peaks
Whose avalanches swirl the valley mist
And whelm the Alpine cottage, to the crown
Of Chimborazo, on whose changeless jewels
The torrid rays recoil with ne'er a cloud
To swathe their blistered steps, I rested not,
But preyed on all that ventured from the earth,
An outlaw of the heavens. But evermore
Would death release me to the jungle shades,
And there came forth my Samson locks again
In the old walks and ways, till 'scapeless fate
Won me as ever to the haunts of men,
Luring my lives with battle and with love.

Was that in dream? Nay, rather this the dream:
That these of ancient heart and widest mould,
And deepest life and patience, now conspire
To make this reminiscent verse a phase
Of the world's championship.—Let be what may.
The gods are dreary as the worshippers:
As the wide cycles tire they too have changed.
Faint 'neath its newest garb of charity
Flutters the heart divine in these last years,
And low the purple trails, and justice stoops
To mercy weaker than the sin forgiven;
Yet the patrician pride, the red disdain
Self-sustenant—more gracious in its scorning
Than e'er, alas! Christ-love in piteous tears,
Remembers me on the Judean banners,
O'er lands Levantine rampant without peer:
The shuddering wilds grew firm; the haggard cliffs,

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Where conscience flings her troubled victims down,
Caught peace from my sane eyes; e'en vulgar life,
That knows no other boast, was great through me.

And still my worship lives in longing hearts,
Human or brute or bird—for these are one
In love and longing, as my sphinxes know
That couch beside the brooding of the River.
Many are the altars but the flame is one:
Of every hell the misery is fear,
And every heaven is mockery but mine.

Is thy tongue blunter than the Spartan mob's—
Thy thick breast-muscle hungry for hot blows?
Feelest thou in crowds the catamountain crouch
That longs to leap among the heads 'o the throng,
Or worst thy way through threatening contumely?
Doth thy pulse, rushing through the pose of Ajax,
Confront the lurid blood of the strong gods
As one with them at last—and one with Him,
The longest wing in heaven, the deepest crown,
Who, ever-vanquished, fighting as he falls,
Still proves himself immortal with the good?
Lo! It is I—the Lion of the Nile:
The mystery of the winged human brute
Couchant—the CHAMPION spirit of the world.

IN order to find the man who above all others gave an impulse in the right direction to the new art of the Christian world, who created an epoch in art, we must go behind the magnificent paganisms of Michael Angelo, behind Raphael and Da Vinci, to him who revealed the true path to a consummation of which he was but the beginning, to Sandro Botticelli. Before him Giotto, Fra Filippo, and the earlier masters had been content to express a wonderfully sincere and deeply pious feeling in a stiff and strictly conventional manner, the patrons for whom they painted being chiefly holy people, monks and nuns, asking nothing in their artistic darkness save that the feeling of sacrifice and sorrow, the individual property of their faith, should be plainly shown; and while nothing can be more powerful than their representation of the sufferings of the Saviour and the saints, distantly based upon the most sad and ascetic faces of the monks whom they saw about them, and nothing more beautiful at times than their artless conceptions, however falsely expressed, of the Madonna and her attendant angels, yet from an artistic point of view they left more undone than they accomplished. With Botticelli came a new and grand era: retaining all that his predecessors had shown of true feeling, he accentuated a thousandfold their ideas of celestial beauty and purity, and he first saw the necessity of giving a more truthful form to the symbols by which the ideas of Christianity were to be expressed; to him then belongs the glory

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of having completed the art, of having added truth to feeling. This great step, this almost discovery, unseen and unsympathetic critics have attributed not

to him but to others whose paths were thus made easy. How easy it was then for a Filippino, a Ghirlandajo, or a Raphael to arise, and how much better if Michael Angelo had listened more to the devout and simple lessons of Christianity which Botticelli taught, in the creation of his *Christian* works, instead of being blinded by Greek beauty and the perfections of pagan art, which led him far away from any religious feeling, and lost him in a maze of heathen gods and goddesses and unutterably beautiful allegorical conceptions.

No man, however great, can paint as did Botticelli, without the living and ever-present belief in the truths of Christianity. In this feeling he sought what was to him the purest and most perfect type of womanly beauty, idealizing and elevating it by his art and sincerity into what has become, even to scholarly unbelievers of the nineteenth century, one of the most sacred symbols of a compara-

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tively dead faith. This type of woman is still to be seen in the streets of Florence: the same pearly skin, golden hair, and deep gray eyes, teaching us, upon observing closely, how faithful he was even to the slight fulness about the eyes, the slender form, and a certain touching grace,—but search a thousand years, and not one of his Madonnas will ever be found: the feeling of sacred purity, of divine motherhood, is not, nor ever was, in the streets of Florence.

Head of the Madonna, from "The Coronation of the Virgin" in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

No bit of realism was too small for him; nothing was slurred or conventionalized in the essentials of his pictures—the heads and hands; and his superb modelling shows that he, equally with us, understood "atmosphere." Take for example his "Round Madonna" of the National Gallery; can anything be more perfect in drawing and modelling? How fine is the action—this is not the work of conventionalism, of the school of Giotto; this is pure realism. No better proof of his truth can be given than his works of mere portraiture, which were acknowledged to be perfect by his contemporaries. The greater the painter, the more pronounced and individual is his work, and no more peculiar individuality exists in art than that of Botticelli. He gave the world what it asks from each of us—what we have and what no one else has: each one of his works worthy of him (and no really great painter is ever uniformly good) is just so much of his heart, as unlike all which preceded as which followed him. He used color, much as Michael Angelo later used muscular form, as an idealism; the pale purity of his Madonnas and angels, the radiant colors of his accessories, the

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touching introduction of white as a refinement of purity necessary to the full realization of his feeling for the "Mother of God," the golden glancing lights in the hair, the charming color of roses, whose delicate texture seems only to make his figure more ethereal, and the deeper and more dignified tones of his draperies, which supply relief and give value to his more transient color—all are a material and essential part of his creations. So important does this idealization of color appear to be, that none of his greatest heads have dark eyes; an harmonious gray or violet is his usual choice, lest the simplicity of his color scheme be interrupted by the introduction of a dark spot; nor are there any faces half background—the human head was far too dignified to be used merely as decoration.

The Figure of Spring from the "Birth of Venus."

A painter is more or less the reflex of his time. Nor is our master free from the errors of his day: the success of Cosimo Rosselli, with his gaudy red and blue pictures, liberally supplied with gilding, which so pleased the taste of the greatest authority, that of Sixtus IV., had a most serious effect upon him; and while the art of landscape owes much to him, since he first found the light in the sky, yet his distances are hard and his out-door foregrounds more symbolical of grass and flowers than a serious rendering of nature.

The mannered form of his draperies and the introduction of gold in these and other accessories—even the hair of his figures—were demanded of him by his patrons, and are the legacy of Byzantine art, the true parent of painting.

Botticelli was not a realistic painter

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as we understand the word; nor did he, as his celebrated Venetian successors, paint the portraits of his noble patrons in different poses of adoration, and among them a soulless, lifeless figure of a woman with an infant, and call it all a "Madonna;" nor (as Caravaggio later) did he paint a brutal group of models, and give them a high-sounding religious name. When he has named his picture perhaps the greatest of his works. It has more soul, a more elevated religious symbolism, and at the same time more absolute truth, more fidelity to nature, than any other. It consists of four figures: the central and dominant figure, and idea, is that of the Virgin, a delicate, pale woman, filled with the feeling of sweetest piety; and the two supporting figures, of St. John and an angel,

"The Annunciation," Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

a Madonna, what he has painted is the most beautiful of all the truths of Christianity, and only that—that of a humanly divine motherhood. The central figure is a woman, as was the historical Virgin; she is a goddess, as she was to him and to his world: you do not have to look into the corner to find a more or less well painted group as a reason for the picture.

The National Gallery "Madonna" is are among the most graceful creations of the human mind. It is simple in construction, almost to a fault, the color well restrained, no landscape suggested, no gorgeous accessories—a simple, noble, divinely beautiful representation of an equally divine and noble idea.

This picture is in great contrast to a "Coronation of the Virgin" in the Uffizi in Florence, in which he seems to have given free rein to his sense of

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The Louvre "Madonna."

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the beautiful and luxurious, and yet there is not a single note of vicious taste. In this the Madonna, of the most ethereal beauty, sits with an infant upon her knees, bending gracefully forward, serene and blessed. Around her hover a circle of joyous angels; the two at either extreme form an arch with their arms, holding a crown over her head; three others gaze in artless benignity upon an open book over which she holds a pen; and while it is painted with a wealth of delicious color—flashes of pale rose and turquoise, gold and green, with floating, diaphanous draperies—yet the whole color scheme is kept subservient to the central idea and sentiment. The glow of light upon the face of the Mother is one of the most masterly things in art, and serves to focus attention upon the real intention of the work. It is upon these two pictures that Botticelli must be judged—not but that there are many and varied excellences in much of his other work, but on them he has shown his ultimate strength in his peculiar province.

The Uffizi "Annunciation" is more comprehensive and more ambitious in composition: two full-length figures; the Virgin kneeling at her devotions is suddenly aware of the presence of God's messenger, and turns with bowed head and outstretched arms, meekly and gracefully accepting the great blessing. The action of flying, or alighting after flight, is most charmingly expressed in the pose of the angel and in the floating lines of his garments; in color it is dull, owing to the smoke of the altar candles which burned before it for three centuries, and to injudicious restoration; and perhaps it is not entirely by the master's hand; yet it shows a great grasp of the truths of nature, and breathes a most marked religious sentiment.

Botticelli seems to have deeply felt the beauty of nature and endeavored to place his figure "out-doors," as in the Louvre "Madonna;" and though he has evidently in this case not studied his head in the open, yet the charm of nature is freely given in the rose blossoming hedge and the foliage in the background, relieved as it is against a brilliant sky of pale turquoise. With all our knowledge of to-day, the "values" of this landscape could not be better expressed; the composition is most natural and original, and were it not for the lack of truth in the "values" of the figures, and for the intense piety of the sentiment, it might have been painted yesterday. In this picture the infant Saviour is particularly well and feelingly given, which was not usual with Botticelli. He seems always to have concentrated himself upon the Madonna, as the central and important element of his work, and to have given his whole soul to the realization of that figure.

It would be asking too much to expect that Botticelli could have remained entirely outside of the current of classical thought, so ripe in his time, due to the revival and discovery of the remains of a great refinement; and yet he did to an extent. He did not fill his pictures with broken columns or restored Roman buildings, and his heart was evidently not in the Venuses and allegorical pictures his patrons called upon him to paint. It is not as a pagan painter that he excelled, and yet there are passages in some of his later and heathen work which the world could ill spare, notably a certain wonderfully truthful figure of Spring in his "Birth of Venus," a most graceful conception, with flying, flower-embroidered garments; but in this, almost the latest of his works, is plainly shown a great advance. This figure *is* studied in the open, and no better effect of suffused out-door light was ever painted upon a human face. In his large representation of "Spring," at the Academy in Florence, painted for one of the Medici, wrongly and blindly called his best work, he has painted a group of the Graces with so much feeling and so tender a grace that they seem to be Madonnas masquerading in mythology; he was far too serious and pious to be able to let himself down to such work. He simply could not understand any gods but the gods of the Christians, and the beauty he gave to them is as unique in its way, and as different from Greek beauty, as the foundation of Christianity is different from the scheme of Heathenism.

A true painter should be judged from his work only. He then shows all there is of him for good or evil; he cannot

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then disguise his soul. Botticelli's temperament, so judged, shows him to have been of the highest artistic nature—impulsive, pious almost to fanaticism (history tells us he was one of the Piagnone of Savonarola)—and to have possessed an overwhelming love of the beautiful. In him there was no power of apostolic rebuke; he inspires no feeling of terror, nor portrays the hysterical horror of the crucifixion. He points out the "primrose path" to Heaven, and wins by gentleness. He chose for his theme the most tender of all the doctrines of his faith, a subject most commonly painted by all that brilliant concourse of *Cinquecentists* before and after him; yet never in any manner was his conception *approached* by any of them. His creations of the Madonna are more perfect in piety, more Christian in sentiment, and more truthful in detailed perfection than any the world has ever seen, and always painted with an originality and freshness characteristic of only the greatest of masters.

There was never a question in his work; he instinctively avoided the commonplace; no matter with what fidelity he attempted to present nature, animate or inanimate, his temperament made it easy for him to render it with the appropriate sentiment. His genius was of the best order, and his place in art should be in the rare atmosphere of the greatest heights; but he speaks in so gentle a note, in such quiet tones, that only the gifted can hear them. While he lived he was at one time called the most considerable painter of Florence, and yet he died in poverty, dependent upon the bounty of his patron. Like a true artist he had no time for the commonplace things of life, and though his work was widely sought, he was often idle for a long time, knowing that when the creative faculty is weary, work is but an unworthy sham.

Even in his Florence to-day, in the great Pitti gallery, one of his most sincere and perfect works hangs in an obscure corner, while all down that succession of splendid rooms, in the centre of the walls, and in the best and quietest lights, hang the works of Del Sarto and Raphael and their inferiors. But in the English National Gallery, where ten years ago Botticelli's Madonna was hanging high up and in obscurity, it is to-day enshrined upon a screen, in the best place in that magnificent gallery, and is admired by thousands. This incident is evidence of the return to true art under the influence of the "New Renaissance"—that of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

BE KIND TO THYSELF.

By E. S. Martin.

Comes the message from above—
"As thyself, thy neighbor love."
With myself so vexed I grow—
Of my weakness weary so,
Easier may I tolerate
My neighbor than myself not hate.

Take not part of thee for whole.
Thou art neighbor to thy soul;
The ray from Heaven that gilds the clod
Love thou, for it comes from God.
Bear thou with thy human clay
Lest thou miss the heaven-sent ray.

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MEMORIES OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

By Lester Wallack.

THIRD PAPER.

Macready.

I HAVE frequently been asked, both by interviewing people and by my friends, what my method of study is, almost every actor having a method; and apropos of this there comes in an anecdote about Macready. He always objected to a redundancy of gesture, and once said to my father: "My dear Wallack, you are naturally graceful; I am not. I know that in gesture I do not excel, and facial expression is what I principally depend upon. In fact, I absolutely make Mrs. Macready tie my hands behind my back and I practise before a large glass and watch the face." My father replied: "Well, Macready, I suppose that is all very good, but did you ever try it with your legs tied?"

But in answer to this question which has been so often asked concerning my method of study, I may say that the first thing is to get a thorough knowledge of the play. At first I generally studied the other parts even a little more than I thought of my own; and when I came to my own I studied it scene by scene to get the words perfect. I did not think so much of what I was going to do with them until I got them so correctly that I could play with them in two or three different ways. Having one scene in my head I would go to the next, there being perhaps two or three scenes in one act. I would then go to work to perfect the first act as a whole. My first thought was to try to get the author's meaning; to pay that respect which was his due by carefully following his text. Having done that, I worked on the different modes of expressing the author, picked what I thought was best, etc., and then put that act by. Suppose we had four acts, for instance; I would then study the second after the same fashion, and so on, using the same method all through with the four. I studied alone, of course, at first; but when I thought myself sufficiently *au fait* I would get Mrs. Wallack, or one of my sons, to hear me in the part, and then play it in two or three different ways in order to see how it affected them. While I was perfect in the room, the moment I got upon the stage at rehearsal the positions, uses of furniture, etc., interrupted all this. The use of these had to be blended properly with what I had done before. With a chair here and a table there, and the footlights here and the audience there, I had to study how all this could be worked in so as to make as perfect an *ensemble* as possible.

I do not know the systems of other artists, but that was mine. Of course, after all this preparation, when I came

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before the audience things would suggest themselves to me in the very midst of what I was doing—inspirations, if I may use so fine a word; and I then sometimes got effects I did not dream of when studying, because I was playing before the audience and found out their mood. I do not think I ever sacrificed my study very much to the caprice of my audience. I have done it at times perhaps, and to a certain extent in cases where I could execute just as gracefully (though not quite so correctly) and with equally telling effect. Ease of study depends a great deal upon whether the author is a practical playwright. The motives of the old writers were so clear, and their mode of illustrating their meaning was so thorough that they were a great deal easier, at least to me, than the more modern dramatists. There is a sort of power about them which seems to communicate itself. Personally I think that Shakespeare is almost the easiest study; perhaps because of my being accustomed as a boy to see Shakespeare's plays; but he always impresses himself upon one as he is read, and we are more likely to get greater ease of words. I always found Sheridan a very easy study, but I have had more difficulty, curious to say (and I think many of my profession, at least the best of them, will bear me out in this), in studying the extremely modern school of writers than I ever had with the older ones. In speaking Tom Robertson's lines for instance, one is talking "everyday" talk. It looks very easy, but it is most difficult, for if you are illustrating Sheridan or Shakespeare you are speaking in a language that is new to you, which on that account impresses you all the more; whereas if you have a speech from Tom Robertson or Boucicault you can give it just as well in two or three different ways. You cannot in Shakespeare find any words to improve the text, but if you say "How *do you do* this morning," or "How *are you* this morning," one is just as good as the other, and yet, as a rule, to give the author textually is both proper and just.

Tom Robertson.

As to my study, of course it depended upon how often I had seen a part and how familiar I was with the piece. *Don Felix*, for instance, I had seen my father play frequently, and naturally it was comparatively easy with me. But take *Don Cæsar de Bazan*. Some time after my father's death I was requested to play *Don Cæsar*, a character he had made peculiarly his own, and of which he was the original in the English language. It was fourteen or fifteen years since I had played it, and I said to Mrs. Wallack, "Before I look at this part again I want you to see if I remember anything of it." I not only recollected the words, but I did not miss a syllable. She laid down the book in perfect astonishment. It seemed to come upon me directly, as though I had performed it the night before. This gift of memory has been always of inestimable service to me.

With regard to self-consciousness on the stage, I have often noticed that actors are blamed for this as a fault; and when I happened to see a criticism upon myself, which seemed based on anything like reason, and was written by anybody worth listening to, or was worth reading, or worth thinking of over again, I would do a little self-questioning upon the subject, and ask myself exactly what it meant, and how I should treat, in my own mind, the argument of the writer. I found, particularly in comedy, that if an actor is not self-conscious it is simply because he has not studied his effects. For instance, if I am preparing to play a comic part I calculate necessarily where I think the points will tell, or, to use a common phrase, where "the laugh will come in," as it must come in if one is going to be comic. And in doing that, of course, there must be self-consciousness. I have studied a line, for example, which I felt would "go with a roar," and if the laughter came, there was the self-consciousness. I was perfectly conscious that I had been very funny; I had studied to be

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so, and I was so. There never was, in my opinion, a *raconteur*, from Charles Lamb or Theodore Hook, down to Gilbert à Becket or H. J. Byron or Thackeray or Dickens, or any of these men who spoke and told anecdotes at a dinner-table, there never was one of them that was not conscious that he was going to be funny. He may have made a mistake and missed it sometimes; but as a rule he enjoyed the story with the audience. Tragedy and comedy are very different. If a man is playing a serious part he is wrapped up in it, to the utter exclusion of the audience; but the moment the comedian has uttered his first line, and the laugh comes, there is a sort of *en rapport* between himself and the audience, and the thing *must* go. It is a matter which Charles Mathews and I very often made the subject of our conversations, of which we had a great many, and he thoroughly agreed with me. I said to him: "Now, Charles, suppose yourself in one of those great parts in which no one can approach you; do you mean to say you play as well with a dull audience as with a bright one?" "No," he replied, "it is out of the question to play if the audience don't go with you. You cannot play a part with spirit; and for me it is simply impossible."

A comedian can never forget his audience as much as a tragedian can. I am giving merely the experience of *one* comedian, but I know perfectly well it is the feeling of many. I know that John Gilbert would say the same, and that Blake felt the same. If I am studying in my room a serious part I become very intense, and do not think of the applause; but if I am studying a comic part I want to feel the fun myself—then I feel sure of my audience. In fact, to sum the matter up, the actor wants the audience in comedy a great deal more than in a tragic part.

He must never, however, appear to be conscious of his clothes. Take a man like Montague, for instance; he was charming in trousers and coat and "cigarette parts," wore the dress of our day with the ease of a thorough gentleman; but put him in costume and he was gone, miserably conscious that he was awkward and out of place. Now Mr. Bellew, on the other hand, is better in doublet and hose. His appearance is romantic, he is naturally graceful, and the costume of other days suits him admirably. Apropos of this I must tell you of the elder William Farren, who was the greatest old-man comedian I ever saw. When Boucicault wrote "London Assurance," his audiences had never seen Mr. Farren in anything but knee breeches, silk stockings, diamond buckled shoes, and so on. His

Montague.

friends thought he could never play *Sir Harcourt Courtly*, but he went to Stultz, the great tailor then—the Poole of the day—and ordered the most correct style of modern costume. His dressing was absolutely perfect, and his manner was as perfect as his dress. One would suppose that he had never worn anything but frock-coat and trousers or an evening dress all his professional life. *Sir Harcourt* should be made up exactly as a young man. Later actors have made it too evident to the audience that they wear a great bushy wig. Farren was faultless in the part, the veritable elderly young man of real life, the man who had left off taking snuff because it was not the young thing to do at all; the man to be seen daily, even yet, in White's and at the club windows.

Talking of "London Assurance," I remember standing behind the scenes at the Haymarket one night during the run of Bulwer's "Money," then at the

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very zenith of its first and great success, when someone came hurrying in and announced, "An enormous hit at Covent Garden! The third act is over

C. W. Couldock.

and it is tremendous; if the other two acts go in the same way it is an immense go." This was "London Assurance." I saw it the second night. It was really the first time that the perfection of the modern boxed-in scenery was displayed to the public. It was most beautifully done; I can see the whole thing now, the scenes and everything. It was, as I have said, something quite novel, and was, of course, a great success. When the curtain went down on the first act, the first night, there was dead silence. It is a very ineffective ending, and the scene was simply an ante-room, in which there was no chance for very great display; but when the curtain rose on the second act, the outside of "Oak Hall," there was an enormous amount of applause, and that act went with the most perfect "snap." The audience was in good humor from the moment of the entrance, as *Lady Gay*, of that most perfect actress, Mrs. Nisbit, for whom Boucicault wrote the part. He describes her as the seventh daughter of an earl, the baby of the family, married to a man considerably older than herself. Mrs. Nisbit's tall, lovely figure, her baby face, her silvery laugh, carried the whole house; while the contrast with Keely, who was the original *Dolly*, was delicious. He was a country squire of about forty years of age, dressed to perfection in his top-boots, etc. The fault of all later *Dollys* is that they are made to look and act too young. The first cast of "London Assurance" was a wonderful one throughout, even to the actor who played *Cool*, Mr. Brindal, and to the afterward celebrated Alfred Wigan, who played *Solomon Isaacs* and had about four words to say. That *ensemble* was one of the most perfect I ever saw. It had for that time a very great run, and it built up the declining fortunes of Covent Garden.

As to what Brougham had to do with the play, I have heard Charles Mathews on the point, I have heard Boucicault on the point, and I have heard John Brougham himself on the point. There is very little doubt that Brougham first suggested the idea; and there is no doubt that he intended the part of *Dazzle* for himself. Charles Mathews was the original *Dazzle*. So far as I know, Mr. Brougham, for a certain sum of money, conceded to Mr. Boucicault his entire rights in the comedy. John was far less officious in the matter than his friends were. They invented all sorts of tales; but there is no question that the success of the whole thing was due to Mr. Boucicault, to his tact and cleverness, and to the brilliancy of his dialogue. The speech we technically call "the tag" of the play was written for *Max Harkaway*, and of course was con-

Sara Stevens.

sistent with the character of the honest old Squire, but Farren insisted upon speaking it. Here is this old man, this *Sir Harcourt Courtly*, who has been trying all the time to impress upon everybody what a virtuous thing vice is, who

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has been plotting to run away with his friend's wife, who has all through been showing that he is a man totally without principle, making this very moral speech at the end. They represented to him that it was inconsistent, but he insisted upon it. Boucicault, who was a young man just rising, felt flattered as a young author to have all these great people acting his play, and was not in a position to do what he would certainly do now, say "I won't have it;" and consequently had to give in to Farren.

Frederick Conway.

On one occasion Drury Lane was in a very bad way, and when they were making engagements for the next season, Farren was asked if he would not, in consideration of the poor business, come down a little in his salary. He said: "Certainly not, sirs; Mr. Jones and all these people can be replaced, there are others in the market; but suppose for a moment, if you please, the market to be a fish-market, that you must have a cock-salmon, and that there is but one cock-salmon to be had. You will have to pay for the cock-salmon. Now, gentlemen, in *this* market *I* am the cock-salmon!"

Therefore Mr. Farren, who really was unrivalled at that time as the leading comic old-man actor of certain parts that required certain gifts, a certain manner, etc., carried his point. There was no appeal from him at all; if they wanted to keep him they had to give him what money he asked, and also let him do what he liked with the parts he acted. He was known as "The Cock-salmon" as long as he lived.

When Lord Lytton wrote "Money" my father was engaged in the Haymarket Theatre, and was acting with Macready. One day he came to the house and said: "Jack, here is a great chance for you. You can read 'Money,' the play which they say is going to out-celebrate 'The School for Scandal.' They want to ring me into it, but I do not see anything in it I can do." When I had read the manuscript I exclaimed, "Good Heavens, it will take three weeks to play it once through." It was terribly long, and certainly it would have taken a good six hours. My father said: "Macready and Bulwer want me to play *Captain Dudley Smooth*. I have read the part but have not read the play, so you can tell me what you think of it." Well, I sat up all night over it, and felt it a tremendous compliment to have a chance to read the comedy which was to set the whole town on fire. My father then read the play and told Sir Edward and Macready that he could not see himself in the part, and that he was perfectly sure he could not do it justice. Macready said: "Will you let me read the part to you as *I* conceive it?" My father, of course, consented, and Macready came to the house for that purpose, and when he had finished my father said: "I can see the merit of the part, but I do not see the merit of Mr. Wallack in it. Do you think Sir Edward would allow me to make a suggestion?" Macready said he thought so, and my father continued: "You have the very man for the part in the theatre—Wrench." The result was that Wrench was the original *Smooth* and played it admirably. The first night the piece seemed to the audience unconscionably long, and some of the very scenes that afterward became most celebrated and most liked were hissed. I do not know why; probably it may have been because of Sir Edward's personal or political enemies who were in the house, or perhaps the audience thought it too bold a departure from the old style. At all events there was a good deal of doubt about its success. But it was continued; people got used to it; Mr. Webster pushed it, and the consequence was that it began to

Samuel Lover.

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grow popular after about the twentieth night, and it was destined to enjoy a long or great run. Years afterward, when Macready was in this country, he was asked to play the part of *Alfred Evelyn*, and he was reported to have replied, "I

Tom Taylor.

will *not* play that damned 'walking gentleman' any more."

There are very few people now living, strange to say, who remember much of Macready's acting. I do not know why, because it is not so long ago that he retired, but I think that some description of his style and method would be interesting here.

I was struck one day at rehearsal by a little altercation, although not a very ill-natured one, between two members of my company, one a lady and the other a gentleman. The lady said: "Mr. Wallack, may I request Mr. Blank not to reply too quickly upon the ends of my speeches?" I turned to him and said: "Do not be quite so quick in your cues." He replied: "I see what you mean, Mr. Wallack, but I have not been used to these Macready pauses." I was puzzled to know what was meant by "Macready pauses," but the thing passed by, only to occur again when another gentleman of my company, who was relating an anecdote, said: "Well, she made one of those 'Macready pauses,'" and then I began to think seriously what the phrase might mean, and on the next occasion, which was the third time I had heard it, I said: "Stop," my patience being rather exhausted; "what do you mean by 'Macready pauses?' All you people, who have never seen Mr. Macready, but have merely heard of him as an eminent tragedian, seem to have a ridiculous idea about this; tell me what you mean by 'Macready pauses?'" They replied: "Well, we have always heard that phrase used, Mr. Wallack." I replied that Mr. Macready was no more given to making unnecessary pauses than any other actor I ever knew, and that if he did make a pause there was a purpose in it, a meaning and a motive, which was always evident by its effect on the audience. There never was a man more effective than Mr. Macready, and in certain of his famous parts, since acted by other eminent artists, I have never seen anybody to equal him. Sir Frederick Pollock gives no idea of his acting at all. He does not show where Macready made his great effects. Macready, if he was anything in the world, was a student, and a great characteristic of his acting was that he was always *in earnest;* he never was guilty of what is called playing to his audience. The elder Kean sometimes did this; but Macready never. His eye and his heart and his mind and his feeling were always with the author, always what the French call *en scene.* I remember in a play called "Nina Sforza," in which Miss Faucit and my father supported him, one speech of his that greatly impressed me. His profile was toward the house as he stood facing the actor upon the stage; and looking directly at his enemy he uttered the most bitter of speeches as an aside, making his audience understand fully that what he seemed to speak he only thought. I do not remember any other actor who could have accomplished this as he did it. He had a marvellous command of voice. His even-speaking, in its way, was the most melodious I ever heard. In a whirlwind of passion I have known many voices more powerful and quite as effective, but I remember nothing in really classical acting nearly so beautiful as Macready in what we used to call "even-speaking." In this piece of "Nina Sforza" my father played a part called *Raphael Doria.* The drama was

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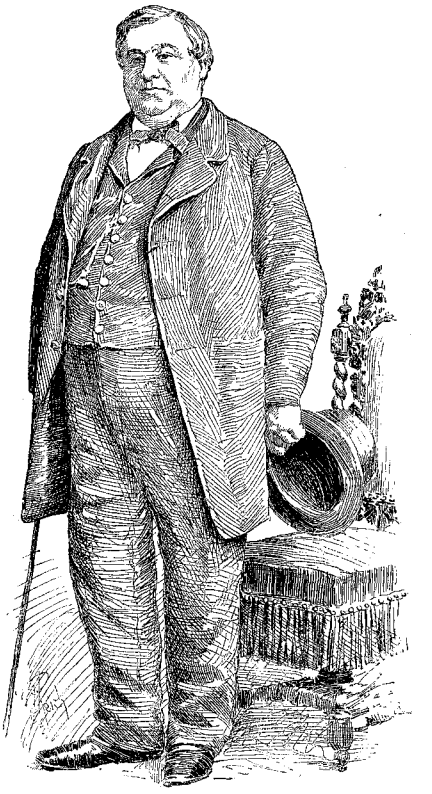
founded on the feuds of the *Dorias* and the *Spinolas*, in which the *Dorias* had been victorious and had completely ruined their enemies. This man, *Ugone Spinola*, had been pardoned by *Doria*, who had made a sort of companion of him out of pity and because he had ruined him, and *Spinola* followed *Doria* everywhere, ministered to his pleasures, tempted him to do everything that was evil, and, in fact, was insidiously leading him to his ruin. In one scene of the play Macready as *Ugone* had a soliloquy that was superbly given, the lines, as well as I remember them, beginning :

"Oh Doria, Doria,
When wilt thou pay me back the many groans,
The tears, I've wept in secret.
. . . . . .
When the red conduits ran Spinola blood
And all our old ancestral palaces
Were charred and levelled with the cumbent earth,
In irrepárable and endless shame."

During this entire speech he played with his dagger in a nervous, semi-unconscious manner, drawing it half-way out of its sheath, and letting it fall back, to be half-withdrawn again, this action, simple as it appeared, emphasizing most significantly the vengeful spirit of the words he uttered. It was a well written play. Helen Faucit was excellent in it, and my father had a very fine part.

I remember one night when walking home with my father from the Haymarket Theatre, after the performance, which had been the play of "Virginius," that I asked him if he thought anything could be finer than Macready's acting of the titular part. He replied : "My boy, you cannot excel perfection !"

I stood in front of the Astor Place Opera House on the night of the famous Macready-Forrest Riot, where the crowd was thickest, with my back to the railings of Mrs. Langdon's house ; and when the military—the Eighth Company of the Seventh Regiment—came up, there were, curious to say, a great many women in the crowd. After the second volley was fired I heard a cry from behind me, and turned to see a man seated on the railings of Mrs. Langdon's house. He had been shot, and with a groan toppled over to the ground at my feet. I afterward saw him lying dead at the hospital. After the firing I left the porch of the Union Club, then in Broadway, where I had taken refuge, with a "man about town," well known as "Dandy Marks." He was very well known about town at that time. We stopped at a restaurant on Broadway and found there a crowd made up of all sorts of people discussing this riot. The town was in a fearful condition, and for several days after was like a city in a state of siege. Some were saying it was a rascally thing that the people should be shot down and murdered in the streets, and others were arguing that the military had only done their duty. Marks naturally was all on the side of the military, because he commanded a troop of horse,



Charles Peters, the original Binney in "Our American Cousin."

which dressed after the English Tenth Hussars, and was composed of young men of the best families in the city. One debater got so extremely excited

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discussing the riot that the tears ran down his face, and at length, in a sort of frenzy, he took off his coat and began "letting out" at everybody around him, no matter whether his victims were on his side of the question or not. He hit here, and there, and cracked right, left, and centre, clearing the whole place in a very few moments. When the thing was over Marks was not to be found; and I had retired early myself.

Forrest in the engagement during which the riots occurred played *Macbeth*, and when the lines came, "What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug will scour these English hence?" the whole house rose and cheered for many minutes.

Fredericks, an actor who died recently, was an exceedingly good-looking, tall, and finely built man. He was an Irishman and of a rather cynical and

Joseph Jefferson.

jealous nature. Macready, who was always rather dictatorial, worried Fredericks a good deal at rehearsals, and Fredericks, on Macready's last visit here, chanced to see him play *Othello*. Now it is a fact that the great tragedian's appearance in "Othello" was very opposite to, and very much belied, the beauty of his acting. He wore a big negro-looking wig, and a long gown, in which he was very awkward; indeed he looked more like a very tall woman than a soldierly man. Fredericks was afterward at a party at which there was a great deal too much praise of Macready floating about to please him; and at last he was appealed to for his opinion, and said: "I have nothing to say about the man's acting! But he *looked* like an elderly negress of evil repute, going to a fancy ball!"

Mr. Bancroft Davis, an old friend of my father's, came to him one day with a play which Mr. Tom Taylor, of London, who knew nothing of American theatres or American dramatic possibilities, had sent out to this country for a market. Mr. Davis wished to have it produced at our house. I read the manuscript, was struck with its title, "Our American Cousin," but saw that it contained no part which could compare with the titular one, created by Mr. Taylor no doubt with an idea of pleasing theatre-goers on our side of the Atlantic as well as his. I told Mr. Davis that it was hardly suited to our requirements, that it wanted a great Yankee character-actor, that Mr. Joseph Jefferson—then a stock actor in Miss Laura Keene's company—was the very man for it, and advised its presentation to her. Mr. Davis replied, "At any rate I have done what my friend Mr. Taylor wished; I have given you the first choice." I said, "I think it is only right to tell you that if the play is to make a success at all Jefferson is the man to make it." He took the play to Miss Keene, who read it. She did not see any great elements of popularity in it, but she thought that it might do to fill a gap some time, and she pigeon-holed it. She was just then busy getting up a Shakespearean revival, "Midsummer Night's Dream." She had Mr. Blake with her, and Mr. Jefferson, as well as Mr. Sothern, who was engaged to play such parts as I was playing at the other house. She was taking great pains with the "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which these people were all to appear; but it so happened that her scene-painters and her mechanics disappointed her with regard to the time in which she could produce it, and she found that this would delay her quite

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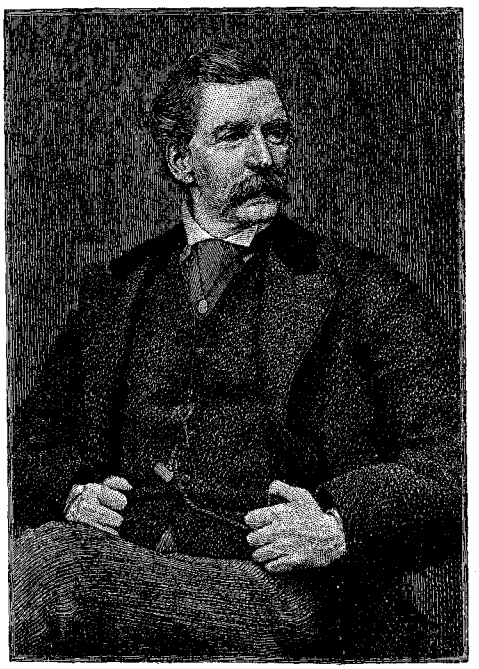
two weeks. Then she bethought her of the "American Cousin," and she cast Mr. Blake for *Binney the Butler*, Mr. Couldock for *Abel Murcot*, Sara Stevens for *Mary Meredith*, Mr. Sothern for *Lord Dundreary*, with Mr. Jefferson, of course, for *Asa Trenchard*. Blake positively refused the part of *Binney*. Sothern, on looking over *Lord Dundreary*, found it was a part of forty or fifty lines, a sort of second old man; at least that was the view he took of it, and he went to Miss Keene, laid it upon her desk, and told her that he absolutely declined to play it. "You engaged me for Mr. Lester Wallack's parts, and I cannot possibly consent to undertake a thing of this sort." Miss Keene did not know what to do; she thought the play was a weak one, and she wanted all her best talent in it, though Sothern was not considered a great man then. Finally she appealed to his generosity, and asked him to do this thing as a mere matter of loyalty to her. At last he said, "Well, Miss Keene, I have read the part very carefully, and if you will let me 'gag' it and do what I please with it I will undertake it, though it is terribly bad." Miss Keene said, "Do anything you like with it, only play it," and then Sothern set about to think how he should dress it. That was a time when the long frock-coat was in fashion—a coat that came down almost to the heels and was made like what is now called an Albert coat; a coat that *Punch* took hold of and caricatured unmercifully. It happened that Brougham had borrowed from me the coat in which I had played a part called *The Debilitated Cousin* in "Bleak House," and with true Irish liberality, and without thought that it was the property of somebody else, he generously lent it to Sothern; and that was the garment in which Sothern first appeared as *Lord Dundreary*. Jefferson was the star, but as the play went on, week after week, *Asa Trenchard* became commonplace, and up came *Lord Dundreary*. Sothern added every night new "gags;" he introduced the reading of *Brother Sam's* letter, etc., until at last nothing else was talked of but *Lord Dundreary*. After Sothern had worn it pretty well out here he went to London. On the first night "Our American Cousin" made such a dead fiasco at the Haymarket that Buckstone put up a notice in the greenroom: "Next Thursday: 'She Stoops to Conquer.'" Charles Mathews, who was in front, went behind and said, "Buckstone, you push this piece." "But it is an offence to all the swells." "Don't you believe it," replied Mathews; "you push it, and it will please *them* more than anybody else." Buckstone was induced to give it further trial, and the consequence was four hundred consecutive nights. Sothern told me that Buckstone cleared thirty thousand pounds by it.



E. A. Sothern.

During my long career I have naturally been brought into contact with some of the most interesting men of my own profession and of the world at large. I saw a great deal, for instance, of Samuel Lover when he was in America in 1848. He was advertised to appear at the Broadway Theatre, and when he attempted to play in his own piece, "The White Horse of the Peppers," he was certainly the most frightfully nervous man I ever saw in my life. There was a great house because of the natural curiosity to see the poet in his own play. He was a very intimate friend of my

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father's. I stood in the wings when he came down as *Gerald Pepper*. The costume was the military dress of a cavalier of the time of James II., the scene of the play being the Revolution—William III. coming over and turning James II. out of the country—and *Gerald Pepper* was one of the Irish who remained faithful to the Stuart king. His feathers on this occasion were stuck in the back of his hat, his sword-belt was over the wrong shoulder, one of his boots was pulled up over his knee, and the other was down over his foot. He looked as if somebody had pitchforked his clothes on to him, and he was trembling like a leaf. I induced him to put a little more color in his face, took his hat off, and adjusted the feathers properly, put his sword on as it ought to go, fixed his boots right, and literally pushed him on to the stage. Of course there is no harm now in saying that it was one of the worst amateur performances I ever saw in my life, and I don't think Lover ever acted after that uncomfortable night.

Maurice Power, a son of Tyrone Power, played an engagement in New York at about the same time. Tyrone Power was perhaps the greatest delineator of Irish character of the middle and peasant class that has ever been seen. His melancholy death in the lost steamer President will be well remembered by all who take an interest in theatrical affairs. A son of the Duke of Richmond, who had delayed his return to England for the sake of accompanying Power in the same vessel, was also lost, and I can well remember the many applications to my father, who it was well known had made the voyage to America and back so very often, for his opinion upon their chances of escape. It was his painful duty at last to convey to Mrs. Power the melancholy news that all hope was lost. It was the more touching perhaps from the fact that when he entered the house on his sad mission he was confronted by all the little gifts that the children had prepared as surprises for their father when he should arrive. The sympathy and good feeling that was shown afterward in England was as general as it was unusual; and the thoughtful kindness of Lord Melbourne, who was then Prime Minister, was exhibited in a very marked manner. Almost his last act before he resigned the premiership was the gift to Power's eldest son, William Tyrone Power, of a commission in the army Commissariat Department. I remember very well the glee with which young William Power came to announce to our family the gratifying news. He was well versed in languages, speaking German, Italian, and French; the consequence was that his promotion was unusually rapid. He served all through the Crimean War, and became finally Sir William Tyrone Power, and absolute chief of the English Commissariat Department. It is not often that patronage is so wisely and successfully bestowed.

A very different man from Power was Mr. Goffé, "the man-monkey," a capital performer in his own way, although naturally very low in the professional scale. Frederick Conway, who always stood upon his dignity as the representative of high and noble parts, togaed Romans and the like, was getting on famously in this country when he chanced to meet one night in a theatrical bar-room Goffé, with whom in his humbler days and in the old country he had had intimate social and professional relations, playing with him in some of the smaller provincial towns, and upon pretty even terms. Goffé was delighted to meet his old companion and addressed him thus: "Well now is it? yes it *is* Convay! Why, Convay, old man, how are ye?" "I beg your pardon, sir, I do not recognize you," said Conway. "Oh come, I say now, none of that, that won't do, let's take a glass together," said Goffé. There were some very swell members of the profession around them, and Conway felt exceedingly uncomfortable, but he replied: "I will certainly imbibe with you, sir; I have no objection." "I heard you were in America, but I didn't think I'd meet ye. Well, now we are together here, Mr. Convay, can't we make something hup?" "I do not understand, sir," said Conway. "I have, at your request, just taken something *down*, and I think that is all that is necessary between us." "No, you don't see what I mean," persisted Goffé; "there's money for both of us; suppose we 'ave a benefit together. You do a Roman part.

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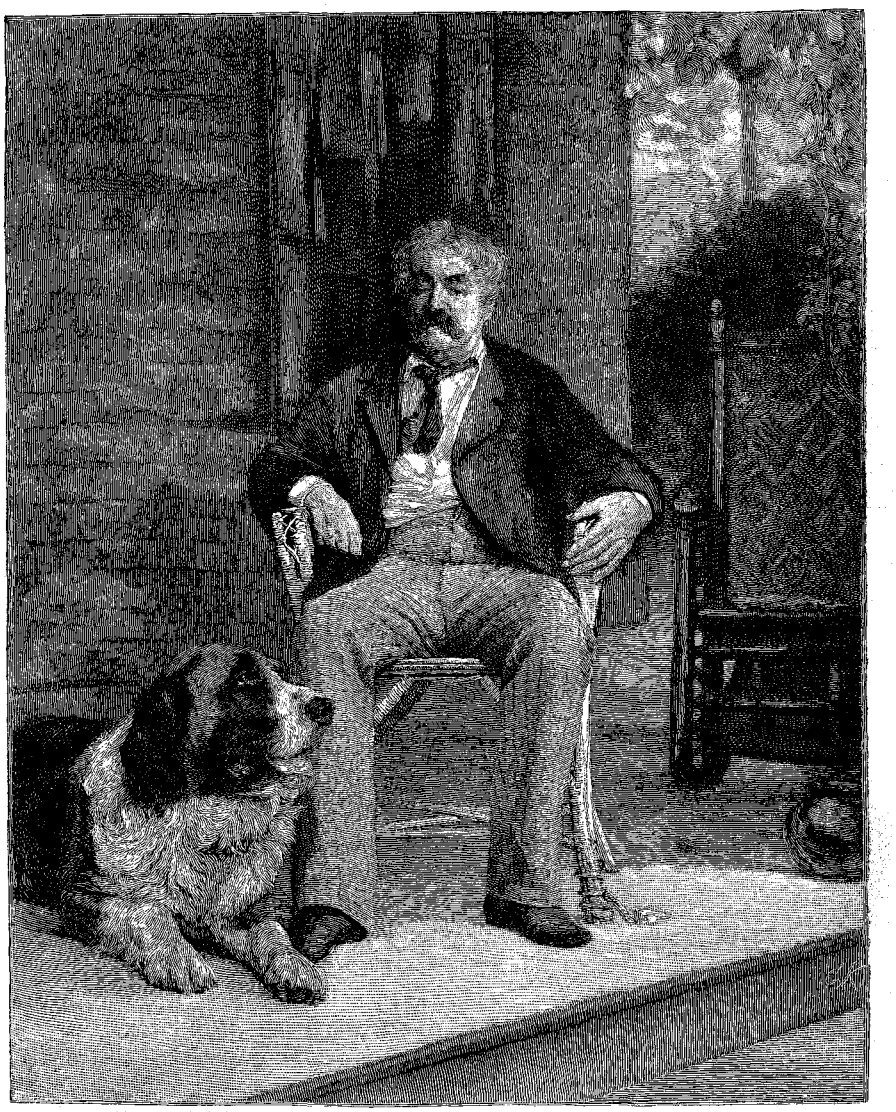

Mr. Wallack at "Elmsmere," his Country Home at Stamford, Conn., July, 1888.

I'll do my scene as the hape between the hacts, and we'll draw a lot of money." At last Conway lost all patience and retorted: "Sir, I have endured the ups and downs of life in my time, I have met with various indignities, I have been appreciated and slighted, I can stand a great deal, but *Cato* and a ring-tailed monkey—never!"

When Thackeray was here on his last visit I was presented to him, at the old theatre, at the corner of Broome Street and Broadway. I thought him, with his great height, his spectacles, which gave him a very pedantic appearance, and his chin always carried in the air, the most pompous, supercilious person I had ever met; but I lived to alter that opinion, and in a very short time. He saw the play, "A Cure for the Heartache," in which Blake and I played *Old Rapid* and *Young Rapid*. When the piece was over Mr. Blake and I went into the greenroom and were introduced to Thackeray by my father, who knew him intimately in London. I remember his saying: "I

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have seen to-night an illustration of what I have preached over and over again, the endeavor of the artists to remember that they are presenting, not only in personal appearance, but in *manner*, the picture of what is past and gone, of another era, of another age almost, certainly of another generation. I wish to tell this to you two who have presented these characters so admirably. I shall go back to London and say 'I have seen acting.'"

Thackeray then lived with a very great and dear friend of mine and my father's, and they had rooms together in Houston Street. I had a house next door but one to them, and this is how I became so intimate with Thackeray. The name of this gentleman was William Duer Robinson, a member of an old and well-known family, a family whose property was confiscated in Revolutionary times because they stuck to the King. Thackeray I suppose took a fancy to me; at any rate it was understood every night when I came home from acting that if I saw a light in a certain window I was to go in, and if not it was a sign they had gone out to dinner or to bed. When I did find them in we never parted until half-past two or three in the morning. Then was the time to see Thackeray at his best, because then he was like a boy; he did not attempt to be the genius of the party; he would let Robinson or me do the entertaining while he would be the audience. It did not matter how ridiculous or impossible might be the things I said, he would laugh till the tears ran down his face; such an unsophisticated, gentle-hearted creature as he was. He gave a large dinner at which I remember were Mr. Denning Duer, my father, George William Curtis, W. Robinson, myself, and others, eighteen in all. It was the most delightful evening that could possibly be imagined. Thackeray two nights before had been to see my father play *Shylock*, and he said: "Wallack, that is the first *Shylock* who ever gave me the idea of what an ill-used man he was." On that evening I remember my father telling a story, which many an old actor here will recollect. It was the tale of a shipwreck as told by a clergyman who was on board, and the same scenes as described afterward by an old sailor, the captain of the maintop. Thackeray's gentle and generous nature was so aroused by it that the tears ran down his face. Certainly one of the finest things my father did was the telling of that story. George Curtis and I sang a duet, I remember, "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes," and we were asked to repeat it three or four times. This all took place about the year 1855. On one occasion there was to be a dinner party of four. Thackeray said it might probably be the last time he should meet us convivially during this visit, so we agreed to dine together with him in Robinson's rooms. The party was to consist of Mr. Robinson, Thackeray, my father, and myself. The hour arrived, and I came with a message from my father, who was laid up with the gout, one of his bad

Tyrone Power.

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attacks, and could not accept. After waiting a long time for Thackeray at last there came a ring at the bell, and the waiter brought up a large parcel and a note from him to say that a letter he had received compelled him to pack up as quickly as possible and start for England by the first steamer, and he added: "By the time you receive this, dear William, I shall be almost out of the harbor. Let me wish you a pleasant evening with the Wallacks, and let me ask you to accept this little gift as a remembrance of the many, many pleasant days and nights we have passed together." The gift was a beautiful silver vase. I never saw Thackeray again, but our short and intimate association is one of the most delightful reminiscences of my life.

John Gilbert.
(From a painting by J. Alden Weir.)

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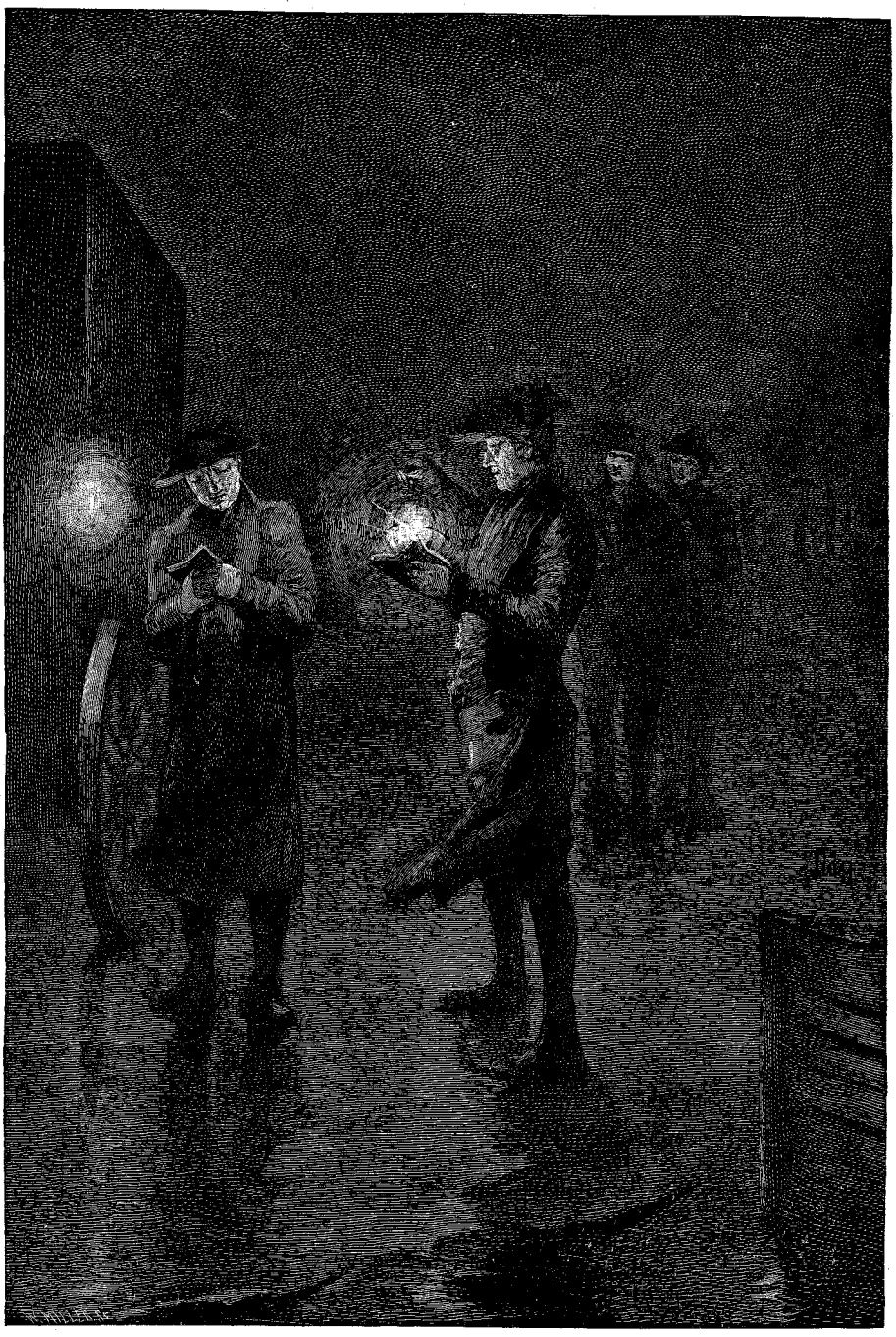

"'How many?' said the man with the lantern."

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THREE BAD MEN.

By W. M. Taber.

I.

UPON a dark night some decades ago, a man carrying a lantern made short turns on a muddy road, close by the shore of a gloomy looking lake.

Two oarsmen sat in a barge not far away, and the trio waited an hour of unbroken silence. Then as the dampness showed a disposition to turn into rain, the upright waiter betrayed signs of impatience, and cursed the lateness of the hour, and as he spoke, the sound of approaching wheels was heard. Through the mud they came at good speed, until the horses were seen, panting and foaming, and then the vehicle itself, a sort of van, very long and narrow. The moment the horses were pulled up, a man in a black coat jumped off the box-seat, and pulling out a note-book, consulted it by the light of the van lamp.

"How many?" said the man with the lantern, producing a note-book, too.

"Four. First, Andrew Beckstein."

Two more men had by this time alighted from the van. One placed his hand on the other's shoulder and guided him as though he were blind; yet he could not have been blind, for he saw the man with the lantern well enough, and said to him: "You will have to pay for this, you devil."

Of this complimentary speech, the party addressed took no notice, but made a check in his note-book.

"Beckstein—right."

"Henry Stork."

"Stork, yes."

"Herbert Billington."

"Yes."

"And John Billington."

"All expected. What made you late?"

"Bad roads, and a bit of the harness broke. We were delayed an hour. Sorry to have kept you waiting. Good-night."

He who guided the first man to the boat had returned for the three others as their names were called, and now took his seat in the van, and was followed by the black-coated party, and they drove off into the darkness, while the man with the lantern stepped into the barge and the oarsmen bent to their work.

The boat was overloaded, yet in any well-regulated party no accident need have been feared, but Beckstein seemed uneasy and occasionally evinced an ardent desire to clutch the neck of the gentleman for whom he had already signified his antipathy.

As the distance from the shore increased, lights were neared; had day broken suddenly they would have been discovered shining from the windows of a large, rugged stone building, standing with its outhouses on a small island. But in the darkness, the lights alone were visible, these, and others swinging in the hands of men who awaited the barge on a stone jetty.

Suddenly Beckstein sprang to his feet and over the oarsmen in an effort to reach the man he regarded as his enemy. The rowers started up to detain him, and the violent motion proving disastrous to the overloaded boat, it capsized, and all were in the water together. Those on the jetty, notified by cries and shouts of some misadventure, pulled speedily to the rescue in another boat, and found the oarsmen supporting Beckstein and Stork, and the gentleman of the lantern supporting himself. Struggling for breath, he exclaimed:

"Where are the Billingtons?"

"Were they with you? I see nothing, no one."

"Some object is floating off there to the right."

The rowers pulled in the direction indicated, and the object proved to be a hat. On the inside were the initials H. B.

The boat was allowed to drift around for a time, all eyes intently fixed upon the black water, but in vain. No cry

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was heard, no body was seen, no life was saved.

"Could they have got ashore?"

"Impossible," said the man of the lantern; "I looked for them the moment we went over. They must have got under the boat and gone down immediately. They are drowned as surely as I am soaked."

The next day that part of the lake was dragged, with no success; but a river was its inlet and a river its outlet, and there were strong currents; and it was decided that the bodies had been swept away.

II.

THREE bad men lived on Cripplegate Hill. One was tall and the others were short; one was dark and the others were fair; whatever one was, the others were not, except that all were wicked—of that there could be no doubt. This reputation was not so much due to what people knew about them as to what was unknown. Honesty needs no mystery, and these men were strange characters certainly, as may be judged from the following authentic account of their arrival and residence in the neighborhood.

Nearly opposite Mr. Trumper's public house there had been a large, square brick building of many windows, unoccupied for many years, which of course was said to be haunted, like all other gloomy houses without mortal tenants. One day a thick fog settled down on Cripplegate Hill; it was a busy day for Trumper, for men came running in every few minutes, to drive the fog out of themselves on the displacement principle; and just after dark a man reeled into the public room with his teeth chattering as much from fear as cold.

"What's the matter, John?" said jolly Tom Trumper; "seen a ghost?"

"You can laugh," said the man sullenly; "but I've heard one."

"I thought ghosts were silent. Where did you hear him, Johnny?"

"At the house across the way. Tom Trumper, you know that nobody has been in that place for going back as far as you can remember. Well, coming by just now, if I didn't hear a window slammed in that empty house, you'd better give me no more to drink."

"That's all right, John," said Mr. Trumper; "you can't tell the direction of sounds in a fog. Everybody knows that."

"I don't," said John, shaking his head.

Mr. Trumper was awakened from a sound slumber that night by a touch upon his shoulder. He started up, blinking sleepily, and found his wife standing shivering by the bedside.

"What's the matter? house afire?" he said, uttering his greatest dread first.

"Thomas," said Mrs. Trumper, "I'm afraid."

"What is it, then?" said her husband, waking up rapidly now.

"John Ridley was right; the ghosts are walking in that house to-night."

"Nonsense; go to bed; rats, more likely," said Mr. Trumper.

"Look, Thomas, look! do rats carry candles?" and sure enough, the fog having lifted and Mr. Trumper being able to overlook the street from his position in bed, he saw lights flitting from the windows of the brick house. He rubbed his eyes, but it was no delusion. Gradually he made out a man's tall figure, very thin, with clothes hanging loose about him, and a face that seemed almost covered with black hair. Then a window was opened, a shutter closed with a loud noise, and he saw no more. Mr. Trumper was startled, it must be owned, but he owed his reputation of a wise man, in the neighborhood, to a certain gift of common sense, and he was not to be frightened into a belief in any supernatural agency.

"There was a fog all day," he thought to himself, "and some people have moved in under its cover, and a precious queer lot they must be;" and having reassured his wife with this view of the case, he went to sleep again.

But if he expected to have his curiosity gratified next morning he was doomed to disappointment, for no signs of occupants were visible about the house across the way. Throughout the day the new tenants were the great topic of discussion, and even the cause of some excitement, but all surmises

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were equally unsatisfactory. Nobody stirred from the house until the following morning, when a young man having the appearance of a valet sauntered out carelessly, made some market purchases, received them at the door when they arrived; and this daily routine was carried on for about six months, without variation, and about the house nobody but this young man, who admitted that his name was Crow, was seen. Shutters were kept tight closed at night, and when any of the tradespeople ventured to question Crow, they met either a cold stare and silence or some evasive or jocular answer that but increased the mystery. All bills were promptly paid, however, so the tradesmen had no cause of financial complaint.

But after the first six months matters began to change. Occasionally upon very dark nights other figures than that of Crow were observed to issue forth from the portal of the brick house: sometimes the tall man alone, sometimes with two shorter, fairer men. The most inquisitive neighbors kept a sort of watch and remarked that these strange beings never went out before ten at night, and sometimes returned as late as two in the morning. Then it began to be breathed about that they were evil-doers of some kind; the dark, tall man had been seen under a street-lamp by a workman returning home, who testified that his face was one of the most terrible he had ever seen.

Nine months passed; it was summer now, and one night after the public house was closed Tom Trumper, being troubled with sleeplessness, rose quietly, slipped on his coat and trousers, and tried a pipe at the open window without disturbing his wife or lighting the gas. A far-off rattle coming nearer told of the approach of a carriage. To his great astonishment it turned finally into the street he looked upon almost as his personal property, and with a last clatter and dash drew up at the house opposite. All was seemingly dark; but no, the door swung open without the necessity of a knock, and the tall man stood in the light shining out from the hall for a moment before he re-entered; then Crow ran out and, with another man who descended from the carriage, seemed to be lifting some burden and carrying it carefully into the house. Mr. Trumper strained his eyes until they seemed to be starting from his head; he could not be sure, but the burden certainly resembled a woman's form. Sleepless before, his mind was tingling with wakefulness now, and for an hour he sat at the open window, determined not to stir until he had seen the end of this very strange proceeding. He would have greatly liked to dare go down and talk with the driver, who sat at his post apparently half asleep, but to this he was hardly equal. Though not a timid man, the incomprehensibleness of his neighbors put him rather in awe of them. At last, when he began to feel the monotonous silence very depressing, the door of the brick house was thrown open with violence, and Trumper started to his feet, for a woman's scream rang out upon the quiet night, and a female, bare-headed, clothed in some material of light color, was seen to pass out and dart down the street with great rapidity. The figures of two men followed in quick pursuit, and as they with their longer strides neared her, she screamed again and again, until, quite coming up, they threw a cloak or some dark object over her. She was rapidly brought back to the carriage, placed in it, and driven off at a gallop. The tall man re-entered the house, and the door closed, leaving Mr. Trumper standing spell-bound, with perspiration on his forehead in beads.

The following evening as John Ridley the printer, Hart the stationer, old Mr. Eagle, who lived on his income, and several other steady customers were sitting in the public room over their ale, discussing exhausted topics, Mr. Trumper sat silent, with restrained but conscious importance. Hart, who in his business capacity of stationer and bookseller had picked up fragments of learning, was enlightening the company with anecdotes of some genius, not badly recounted and not always spoiled for want of an addition or so from the stores of his own imagination.

"Oh, the loneliness of great minds," remarked Mr. Trumper, when he thought Hart had monopolized public attention long enough.

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"Ah?" said John Ridley; "what makes you think so?"

"Think so," said Mr. Trumper; "I know so. I've felt it many times." Hart ungraciously conceded his audience, and smoked in silence while Mr. Trumper spoke again.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we have often discussed the mysterious goings on over there," jerking his thumb in the direction of the brick house; "but last night I saw something, I won't say what, which showed me plain enough there is much that is wrong. I do not say," said Trumper, mysteriously, "where it may all end, but I've reason not to be surprised if it went far—even so far as murder."

"It's none of our business if it does," said Hart, still smarting over Trumper's having taken the conversation away from him.

"Maybe not," retorted Mr. Trumper; "but would you see a man's pocket picked and not speak because it wasn't your business; or see a man set upon by five or six roughs without lending a helping hand?"

"If you're not satisfied, why don't you report the case to the police?" said Hart.

"I spoke to Bradley of the force, and he laughed at me and said the people were quiet enough. He didn't look on 'em as a suspicious lot, and I had no real complaint to make."

"I think he's right," said Hart; "you're inquisitive, Trumper, that's where it is."

"Well, if I was as young as some of you men," said Mr. Trumper, his face growing redder, "I'd find out what is going on behind those blinds."

"Oh, you would," cried Hart, laughing.

"I would," said Trumper, with dignity.

"I don't believe you could," said Hart; "you're not cut out for a detective, Trumper. You haven't got tact for it; you're too fat. I believe you haven't the courage to do it."

"Since you set me on, Hart," cried Trumper, growing imprudent in his anger, "I'll bet you twenty pounds that within a month I am on the inside of the brick house and find out what those people are up to."

"Done," said Hart, who was, if the truth be told, very inquisitive himself.

"A fair bet," Mr. Eagle announced; "I'll hold the stakes."

"The first thing," thought Mr. Trumper to himself the next day, "will be to discover where these people pass their time until midnight and later." So he kept a pretty constant watch during the evening, and about nine perceived the two fair complexioned men starting out together. He clapped on his hat and coat and followed them at a convenient distance. As they passed under a street-lamp he saw that something white had been dropped by one; he picked the object up and found it a white handkerchief with the initials H. B. in a corner; but by the time he had concluded his inspection of this trophy, his men had disappeared around a corner, and all his looking and running to and fro to find them proved ineffectual. "I see I'm but a green hand at this business," said Mr. Trumper, retracing his steps.

The evening wore on; all the visitors had gone, and Trumper was sitting alone in the public room, when, hearing footsteps outside, he started to the window and saw the fair-haired men just entering the house. Behind them, a hundred paces or so, he remarked another man, but as this seemed a stranger he took no further notice, and returning to his seat sought with closed eyes some clue to the solution of the mystery of his neighbors. When he opened them again after a few moments Mr. Trumper, to his astonishment, discovered that he was not alone. His companion was a man, small and dark, with a sly look of the eye, and not badly dressed.

"Well," said Trumper, angrily, "what do you want?"

"Not much," said the stranger, laying his hand on a bottle. "I'll help myself," and he did so with evident satisfaction. "I was just walking along the street," he said, "when I met two of the finest looking men I ever saw. They look like brothers, and went into the large house opposite."

"Do you know them?" exclaimed Trumper, eagerly.

"It seems to me I have seen them,"

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said the stranger, with a sly look; "but my memory for faces is so bad that I cannot be sure. If you will kindly let me know the name, it may assist."

"I don't know the name," said Trumper.

"No? that's very strange; I suppose they're new comers then?"

"Not at all; been here nearly a year."

"You surprise me, my dear sir; you are an enigma. Pray explain yourself."

The stranger was such a seductive fellow that Trumper gave him information without intending to, yet perhaps expecting some in return. He told of the curiosity of the neighbors, the strange way these men acted, and indeed all except the adventure of the woman. The stranger seemed more than interested, but when he became satisfied that Trumper would tell nothing more, he bade him a pleasant good-night and ran to the nearest telegraph office and sent a message bearing strongly upon Mr. Trumper's communications.

Two days elapsed before Mr. Trumper saw his neighbors again; it was once more in the evening about nine that the man who had dropped the handkerchief emerged from the house, and in a moment our friend was in pursuit. He followed to the busy parts of town and on into the aristocratic dwelling quarter. Here before a certain house the man paused and remained in contemplation for some moments, after which he went nearer and approached his face to the window of the ground-floor room, then hastened away, while Trumper as rapidly as possible took his place at the window. He looked in upon a pleasant room with two occupants: one a young man, the other elderly, both sitting at a table with some steaming beverage before them. Upon the table lay the fragments of a shattered glass, and the two gentlemen were staring at the window and at Mr. Trumper through it with such peculiar intensity that he came to the conclusion they had already discovered his predecessor. Mr. Trumper therefore hastened away, and he often said afterward that he had never seen a face so terrified as that of the young man who sat at the table with the broken glass in front of him.

To Trumper's annoyance he found that during his visit to the window his man had again given him the slip; there was nothing to be done but to return home disgusted with his neighbors, himself, and his slow progress. As he was turning into his own street, chancing to look ahead he perceived the fair-haired man just entering the brick house. The door closed behind him, and Mr. Trumper remained for a moment staring up at the impenetrable black windows.

He thought his adventures at an end for that night; he had no idea that they were only just begun, and that it was destined he should not go to bed before dawn.

III.

Mr. John Crosse, M.P., of considerable reputation as a rising member of the House, had the misfortune to be left a widower at the time his daughter was ten years of age. Involved in a multitude of public affairs, he yet did not neglect to provide for his little girl's future welfare and happiness; he furnished suitable companions, learned preceptors, and luxuries and amusements to a proper degree. As she grew to a marriageable age and more beautiful each year, he stole time from affairs of state to cast about his eyes critically for a husband in whom would be combined the advantages of manly virtues, wealth, and social position. And to whom should he incline favorably if not to young Craven, a relative of his, a sort of cousin to his daughter, a man of dashing appearance, insinuating manners, and clever abilities? It is a striking instance of the way we sometimes overlook those near us and see only those who are further away, that the young man had never presented himself to the Rising Member's mind as a possible suitor until he one day saw his name in the newspaper, upon which he immediately said: "How could I have overlooked Francis Craven? He must be invited to dinner." The paragraph in the newspaper related to an unfortunate accident by which two uncles of Craven had come to their death and he to their fortune.

It is true that ugly rumors had been heard of the young man's wild courses, but Mr. John Crosse thought it no dis-

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grace not to be a milksop if only one would settle down after marriage. And so young Craven was invited to a dinner, then to another, then to suppers, to theatre parties (as soon as he had recovered from the shock of his uncles' death; indeed he had a very rapid recovery) and all sorts of parties, and really was made as much of as though he had been an ambassador from a Continental power. It is not to be imagined that a young man of his shrewdness could long be blind to the object of the Rising Member's diplomacy; whatever Craven was (and many people said he was much that he should not have been), nobody accused him of being asleep; but although he was quite alive to the matrimonial net, he yet quietly allowed it to be slipped over him; for was not Mr. Crosse a Rising Member? was his wealth not as great and was his daughter not as beautiful, as accomplished, as could be desired by the most ambitious of young men? Thus the two gentlemen talked the matter over in metaphors they both understood perfectly well, until John Crosse believed his darling scheme achieved and rubbed his hands over his success. And in this moment of victory an unlooked-for obstacle presented itself: Amelia Crosse, the hitherto meek and obedient, displayed a will of her own, which had lain dormant and unsuspected all her life, and declared that young Craven was not the man of her choice—as though that had anything to do with the question in this century. We do not mean to say that she openly rebelled or threatened to run away with the butler or drown her lovely self in the Serpentine, but she appealed to her father in her soft graceful way, with perhaps not a few tears, to save her from that dreadful man for whom she had always felt, if she had not expressed, the utmost detestation; whom she knew to be a hypocrite, and thought might be worse. Now John Crosse in his politically conservative fashion did care for his daughter; her tears worried him; her unhappiness bewildered him; how she could be unhappy or tearful over such a brilliant match he was at a loss to understand; but he declared to himself that he would not strangle his little girl's affections or marry her against her will. With this statement he deluded himself and her. Probably he did not realize how seldom he abandoned a project he had once conceived; in this case abandonment of the siege merely meant that he would not take the citadel by storm, but would retreat a little, go into comfortable quarters, and wait for time to starve and freeze such occupants as natural affection and old-fashioned ideas of marriage out of his daughter's heart, upon which he might take possession peaceably.

But Mr. Crosse had an enemy whom he had not included in his calculations, and as this is not a love story, he will not appear in person in these pages. The poor child Amelia had seen him, we will not inquire where, and her tender heartstrings had twined so tightly around his image (he was poor, she knew, but working hard to win fame and fortune before he dared to ask her to share his lot) that all Craven's arts and the Rising Member's gentle but unflinching persuasions were powerless to loosen them again; and so the siege went on, quietly enough, with no force or storm or bluster, but the enemy's lines were always there, ever drawing closer, and as time passed Amelia's face grew pale.

And one day news was brought to our little friend from many sources that the man she loved was down, that the world was trampling him under foot, that he could never hold up his head again, beaten in the struggle—do you think she would have surrendered him for that? But the news was also that he was untrue to her, that she, being far away, was forgotten and replaced; to be sure these reports were soon contradicted and disproved, at least so far as faithlessness was concerned, but, alas! too late. For before Amelia knew the truth, in her sorrow and despair she had promised to be Frank Craven's wife. A few days later what would she not have given to recall that hasty word? But she loved her father; he had spread news of his joy; she felt she could not break his heart, and so determined to accept and bury her sorrow.

And thus tears and laces and remorse and satins were jumbled together as usual, and the day before the wedding came, and as Amelia was sitting in her

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boudoir alone with her trouble, her maid said that a gentleman desired to speak but a word with her. She entered the little reception room listlessly, and found a little old gentleman with the hackneyed combination of a bald head, kind expression, and gold spectacles. He said but a few words, in a quiet voice; it was an exasperating mystery to Jane, who happened to be glancing through the keyhole at the moment, what could cause Miss Amelia to start up so suddenly and then to fall down so that her head would have struck the chimneypiece had not the little old gentleman caught her in his arms; and Jane wondered more still, when, as soon as the old gentleman had sprinkled water in her face, rubbed her hands, and restored her and taken his departure, Miss Amelia, in a state of repressed excitement, called out for the brougham to be brought around immediately. And Jane was still more tantalized when she learned from James that he had driven Miss into a queer, musty, legal part of town; "blessed if he'd hever driv a lady there before."

And it may be added that Jane, and James too, would have been still more mystified could they have followed their mistress up three gloomy flights of stairs and there, in a dingy room full of books, seen her, with the little gold-spectacled gentleman as witness, throw herself into the arms of a gentleman who was decidedly of too matured an age to be mistaken for Somebody, but who certainly resembled the fair-haired gentlemen, Mr. Trumper's neighbors.

This was an eventful day. It was in the evening of this day that John Crosse, M.P., and his son-in-law that was to be sat drinking their wine cosily after dinner. The gentlemen were in great good humor, and bandied wit and jokes in a most lively and diverting way. The Rising Member proposed the health of the bride. With a flushed and animated face Craven rose to the toast, and in a few words added a pretty tribute to her beauty and talents, and lifted the glass to his lips, but as he was about to drink his face turned white and the glass dropped from his fingers. John Crosse clapped a hand to his back. "What's the matter, Frank? Are you ill? What do you see?" Catching the young man's fixed expression at the window of the room, he looked there, too, and saw—nothing.

Craven fell back breathless in his chair. As his color returned he tried to smile and said: "By Heaven, sir, my nerves are unstrung. I thought I saw a ghost;" but he never once took his eyes from the window.

In a moment appeared Mr. Trumper's face at the same window; they both saw this time, and Craven gave a kind of gasp. The head vanished, and John Crosse rushed across the room and threw open the sash. There was nobody in sight; but Frank Craven still sat upon his chair pale and trembling.

IV.

We left Mr. Trumper staring up at the windows of the brick house, annoyed and discouraged. It was not the loss of the twenty pounds he cared for; he could well afford that; but he knew what an amount of ridicule he would be called upon to endure in consequence of a failure. Probably Hart was correct in his statement that Trumper was not "cut out" for a detective. It is true he had not displayed any deep ingenuity thus far in his adventures.

A gust of wind blew up the silent street, causing shutters and windows to rattle and Mr. Trumper to clap a guarding hand to his hat. Then as he was turning away he perceived that the door of the brick house could not have been tightly closed, for the wind had blown it slightly open again. Our worthy friend trembled, perhaps not with delight—he would have scorned to call it fear—but with nervous excitement. His chance had come at last, and he quietly went up the steps and applied his eye to the aperture. He perceived that there was a small vestibule and an inner door, but this was open also, and the hallway beyond was dimly lighted by a candle. At the far end of the hall a brightly lighted room was seen. Trumper's heart beat rapidly; two steps inside the door would afford him a better view of the room. Should he take them? He felt his courage rise with the

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excitement; he stepped noiselessly inside; and hardly had he done so, when there came another gust of wind and a sudden draught, the candle in the hall was extinguished, and the outer door blown to with a loud noise, and jovial Tom Trumper, with the cold perspiration on his forehead, found himself caught in the enemy's country. The noise of the closing door alarmed those within; Trumper heard footsteps, and a strident voice crying out, "Who is there? Crow, did you shut that door?"

Then a few words spoken in a lower voice, and the candle was relighted. He crouched down in the darkest corner of the vestibule and scarcely breathed. Somehow he knew that that strong grating voice belonged to the man with the black beard, and it struck terror to his soul. Somebody said presently, in a milder tone: "I must have failed to close the door behind me, and it blew to when Crow opened the window. There is the mystery explained."

"I shall make sure it is closed now," and the tall man strode into the vestibule, turned a knob, and pushed a bolt, allowing poor Trumper to observe that the lock was of a complicated pattern impossible for him to open; then rattled the door and said grimly that it would blow to no more that night.

Had he turned to the left in leaving, Trumper must surely have been discovered, but he wheeled to the right and saw no one in the dark corner. He went away with the others to the room at the far end of the hall, this time taking the candle with him, and Mr. Trumper had an opportunity to recover his presence of mind, which had sadly deserted him.

What an awful situation for an honorable public-house keeper, much respected and revered in the community, to be discovered in—hiding and dodging around strange houses in the dark! The thought almost renewed his panic, but gradually Mr. Trumper's stolidity of temperament prevailed, and he reflected that his wager must be won; that he was now actually in the house, so that half its conditions were fulfilled; that his curiosity was more biting than it had ever been, and that no such opportunity of gratifying it would be likely to occur again. He rose, for he was becoming cramped trying to reduce himself to half his natural size. He saw that the hallway was quite dark and the room beyond quite light; a few steps might solve the mystery; his object once attained and the people of the house asleep, he could escape by a window on the ground floor if not able to unlock the door. The temptation was strong, and Mr. Trumper was now bold. He ventured; took step after step toward the light along the dark hallway; one more would have given him a clear view of the room, when—the hall-door bell rang. Mr. Trumper's knees trembled again; the position now was even more embarrassing than before. It was too late to retreat to the vestibule. He heard people moving; they were coming; a door was open on his right; he dashed through it as Crow entered the hall with a lamp. The room into which he came was dark but for the light from this lamp. Trumper perceived a sofa and plunged behind it. Gracious Heavens! somebody was already there; no, it was only a cat, that, startled, poor creature, by Trumper's avoirdupois, dashed away. Meantime the hall door was opened and new voices were heard, a woman's among them, Trumper thought. He listened intently, frightened as he was. They were going up the stairs; his curiosity was again ardent; his position commanded a view of a small section of the stairs. He raised his eye above the sofa, and sure enough he beheld a female figure being led up the stairs by Crow and a stranger, while those mysterious people Trumper had always known as the three bad men followed solemnly behind. They disappeared, and our friend was left again in obscurity; he felt that he had witnessed the prelude to some horrible crime, and with his indignation his courage came again; indeed it had been continually coming and going during his visit to this house. "I may not be able to prevent this crime, whatever its nature," he said to himself; "but at least I will witness it and give evidence against the villains, regardless of the consequences to myself." Bold in this virtuous thought, he came out from behind the sofa and marched firmly to the stairs,

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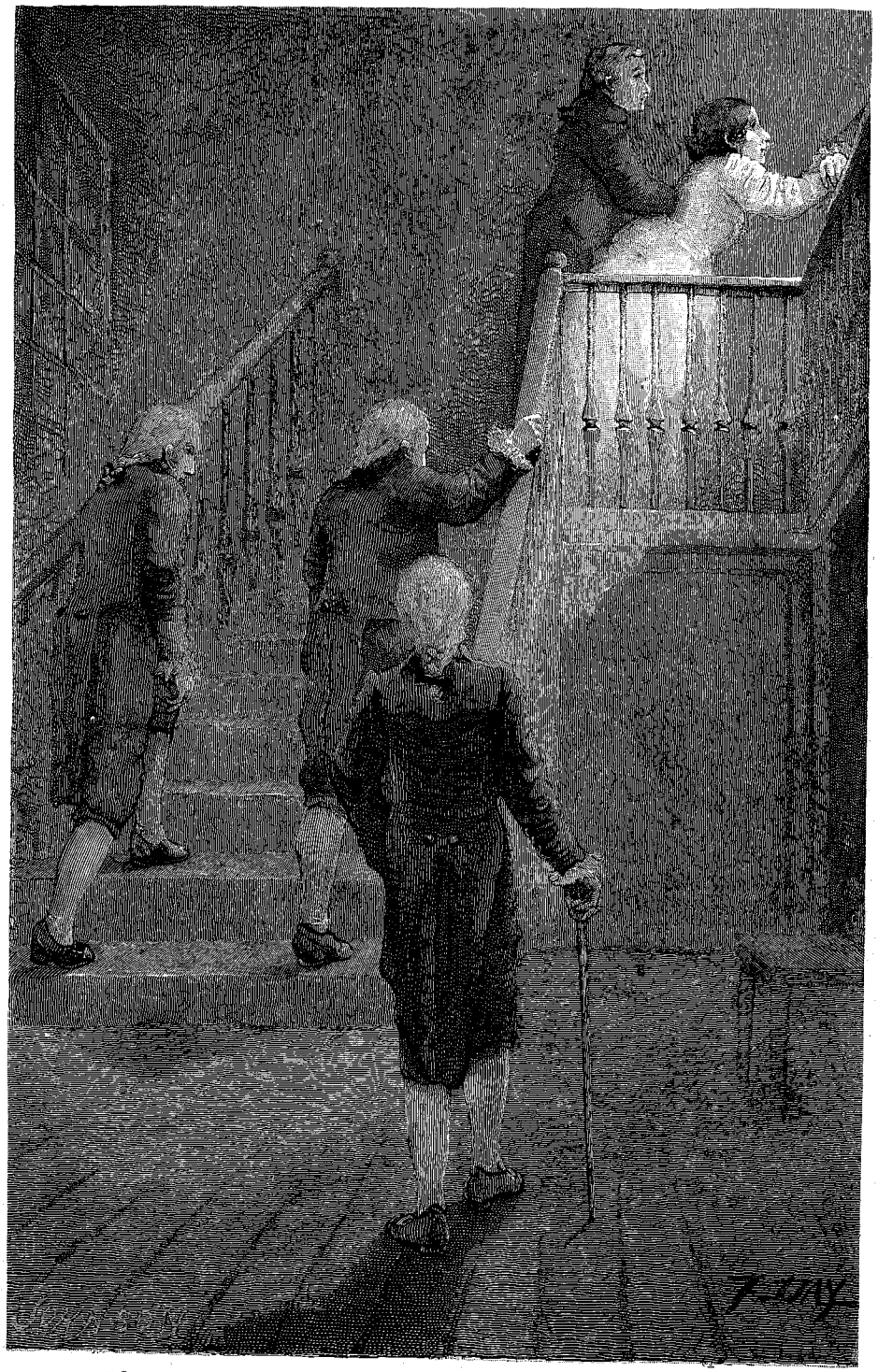

"Sure enough he beheld a female figure being led up the stairs by Crow and a stranger."

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went half way up, fancied he heard a groan above, and came expeditiously down again.

"Is this my courage?" thought the worthy man; "I *will* go up."

And he did; but as he reached the head of the stairs, a scream rang through the house, a door was thrown open, a noise of rapidly falling feet, a burst of light on the scene, and Trumper, taken too suddenly by surprise for retreat, saw a woman, young and lovely, rushing to him, felt her soft arms about his neck, and heard her calling upon him to save her, to protect her. What a situation!—if Mrs. Trumper had been there.

Mr. Trumper was not long permitted to remain in peaceful possession of his fair burden; the people of the house were close in pursuit, but they stopped short upon perceiving our worthy friend, and it would not be easy to decide whether he was more excited or they more amazed.

"By Jove, it's the tavern-keeper from over the way!" exclaimed one of the fair men.

"Well, what are you doing here, sir?" cried the tall one.

Trumper stammered and stuttered, and in a confused way tried to give his questioners some idea of the events that have been recorded. He did not think they were very angry; the dark man grinned once or twice; but in the midst of his explanation the door bell rang again and attention was instantly diverted from him. Crow had already taken the woman from Trumper's arms and led her away, but now returned, and a consultation was held as to the expediency of answering the bell, which continued to be heard at intervals. Coming to a decision they all filed down the stairs except the last comers, and Trumper followed, hoping that when the door opened he would be permitted to escape. Crow drew the bolts and discovered four men standing just outside.

"I have a few words to say," said the spokesman, "with the head of this house."

The dark man stepped forward; the four men entered the hall, and Crow closed the door behind them. The spokesman Trumper did not know, although we saw him long ago waiting on a road with a lantern in his hand; but Trumper recognized the second of the four as the man who had interrogated him two days before in his own tavern. The man knew Trumper too and seemed surprised to find him here.

"I have been informed," said the spokesman; "that two brothers, Herbert and John Billington, who have long been supposed to be dead, are at present alive and in this house. Indeed," he added, looking around Crow's lamp, "I perceive them now if my eyes do not deceive me."

"Admitting this, what then?" said the dark man.

"Why, I have an order to confine these gentlemen in the Bloom Island Asylum for the Insane, at which I fill the office of assistant physician."

After a moment's pause, the tall man turned abruptly to the back room, and all followed at a sign from him except the last two of the four, who remained in the hall, and Crow, who went only as far as the door, followed by Trumper, who had been quite overlooked in the excitement.

The party took seats around a table upon which were bottles, glasses, tobacco, and cards.

"The blow has come at last," exclaimed one of the fair men.

"And but one day too soon," said the other.

"It is true," said the dark man, "that your discovery is made at an inopportune moment."

"I have no doubt," said the other, with a smile, "that you would have found my discovery inopportune at any time."

"I do not play upon words, sir," rejoined the dark man, sternly; "I am in earnest when I request that you will delay the execution of your order for a day."

"May I ask upon what grounds?"

"I will tell you, although in doing so I must touch upon matters of a family and confidential nature."

He glanced at the Billington brothers and only continued at a sign of assent from them.

"I am a physician, like yourself, although I have no doctor's degree; but I have passed nearly all my life in Asi-

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"Well, what are you doing here, sir?"

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atic countries, where I learned many novel medical theories, most of them worthless and absurd, but a few of value. Among the natives, with a slight knowledge of European medical science, for I studied in Paris in my youth, I came to be regarded as a great physician and amassed considerable wealth.

"Several years ago I returned to Europe and found my relatives, Herbert and John Billington, suffering from a peculiar phase of hereditary insanity, which in Europe has always been considered incurable, but which I had treated novelly and successfully in the East. Francis Craven, their nephew, had had them cared for in many asylums, and at the same time he and a rascally lawyer obtained control of the Billington property and took many liberties with it. To my offer to treat his uncles in the Eastern fashion Craven acceded, but became alarmed when he found they were improving, and, claiming that my horrible system of treatment was driving his uncles to the grave, he obtained an order to place them in the Bloom Island Asylum, where, although it is an excellent institution, he knew they never could be cured. I protested to medical and legal authorities, but was laughed at as an Oriental humbug. If you were at the asylum the night of their arrival——"

"They were under my charge at the time of the accident," said the asylum doctor, who no longer smiled incredulously as at first.

"Then I need not recount that part of the story. My relatives, who are finer swimmers than you gave them credit for being, were enabled to effect their escape, and being sane enough to know me as their friend, they arrived at my quarters in London one morning and begged me to protect them. I rented this house in this out of the way place, and they are now cured and have long been so, but I have hesitated until all danger of a relapse was passed."

"Are you willing to submit them to the test of an examination?"

"Entirely so."

"That does away with all difficulties. Enable me to carry out my instructions by returning with me to Bloom Island to-night, where a certificate can be made out by my superior and our order immediately annulled."

"We accede to your plan, but must persist in our request for delay."

"Delay! Why delay longer if your friends are cured?" said the other suspiciously.

"Because we have learned that Craven is to be married to-morrow to a young lady, his cousin several times removed," said Herbert Billington. "I sent for my niece to-day, and she met me in my lawyer's office, where I learned that she detested Craven and dreaded the marriage. Before your arrival we had discussed the matter and determined to save the poor girl by stopping the wedding. I have a strong hold over Craven, as proof can be produced that he squandered a quarter of my fortune before my supposed death."

"And so we request that you waive the rights of your order for twenty-four hours, after which we will submit to all the formalities you please," said the Eastern doctor.

The asylum physician seemed wavering, and the other, taking advantage of his indecision, suggested that the matter be discussed, and led the way to the room at the far end of the hall. As they passed along the visitor asked the dark physician whether he had ever taken any other patients.

"Two, both women; one is upstairs now, the other was a hopeless case."

Trumper, who had been so much interested in the disclosure that he had forgotten where he was, now touched Crow on the arm, slipped a guinea into his hand, and requested to be let out. Crow, not having been aware that anyone was behind him, started, but quickly reflecting that the day had come when all mystery was to be abandoned, he pocketed the guinea and threw open the door, and Trumper with a sigh of relief found himself once more a free man; he crossed the street, looked back at the black windows of the brick house, and wondered if it were not all a dream. His wife, too, who was lying awake in a pretty state of mind, was entirely unwilling to believe his improbable story. Very little sleep came to poor Trumper's eyes that night, and in the morning he was annoyed at finding that his wife still

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remained incredulous and treated him more coldly than she had ever done before; as he sat looking furtively at her over the top of his morning paper, a sudden idea came to him. He glanced eagerly down the column of marriage notices, and finding the one he sought, said: "You don't take my word, Mrs. Trumper; look at this; here it is, Francis Craven to——"

"I saw that in the paper a week ago, sir," said his spouse, severely.

"Then put on your bonnet, my dear; we'll go to the church and see if the marriage is stopped. You didn't read that a week ago," and he was enjoying his own ingenuity when a sentence stating that the time of the wedding had at the last moment been advanced half an hour attracted his attention.

"This is bad," muttered Trumper; "if the people over the way intend to interrupt the wedding at the church and do not hear of this change, they will arrive too late."

He cut out the notice, placed it in a plain envelope addressed to Herbert Billington, and bade a waiter take it to the brick house. In a moment his messenger returned, stating that Crow had accepted the letter, but had told him that the people of the house were out and might not return until late in the day.

This news much disconcerted our worthy friend, who felt, aside from his sympathy for the young lady, that his own domestic felicity now depended, in a certain degree, upon an attempt being made to prevent the ceremony. Half an hour before the time announced found Mr. and Mrs. Trumper in a pew in the church gallery, to which they had obtained admission after some difficulty. Trumper sought in vain for evidences that any unusual event had occurred; he gazed in all directions and saw nothing of the Billingtons or their friends, and once more he wondered whether he had not been dreaming. He consulted his watch every few minutes, and as the hour approached, his anxiety and nervousness became so great that his hand trembled and his face flushed. Would they be in time? He seemed to be looking at the bridal couple through a cloud, when they at last stood before the altar; but he heard the clergyman's words distinctly and knew the fatal moment was approaching; at last it came; an instant more would make the couple man and wife; he cast a last despairing look around, the words that could not be unsaid were already trembling on the clergyman's lips, and fairly beside himself, giving no thought to the consequences, Trumper started to his feet and cried out: "Stop! you must not go on."

Mrs. Trumper, by this time thinking her husband undoubtedly insane, pulled him back to his seat by his coat-tails; the clergyman paused and glanced in his direction; a low murmur floated up from below, and every eye in the church was fixed upon the place where Trumper sat. Having so rashly interrupted the ceremony, he was in a panic as to how to proceed. Those who were near observed that the bride was almost fainting, and her father sprang to her side. Trumper saw an usher making his way toward him, and knew that he would be called upon to give an explanation of his language or compelled to leave the church; but just as the usher touched him on the shoulder he could hardly restrain a shout of triumph, for he perceived Herbert Billington's familiar figure advancing hastily up the aisle; at the sight Craven turned as white as he had done the night when he fancied he had seen a ghost. A short conversation below ensued, and was followed by a declaration from the clergyman that the marriage could not be proceeded with.

Trumper's satisfaction was complete; he had not only vindicated his own reputation and won his wager, but had saved a young girl from an unhappy marriage, and withal was exceedingly well satisfied with himself. As to whether Amelia finally was wedded to her first love, it will perhaps suffice to intimate that when the beginning of a romantic attachment is very unlucky, it often happens that toward the end the course of true love sometimes does run smooth.

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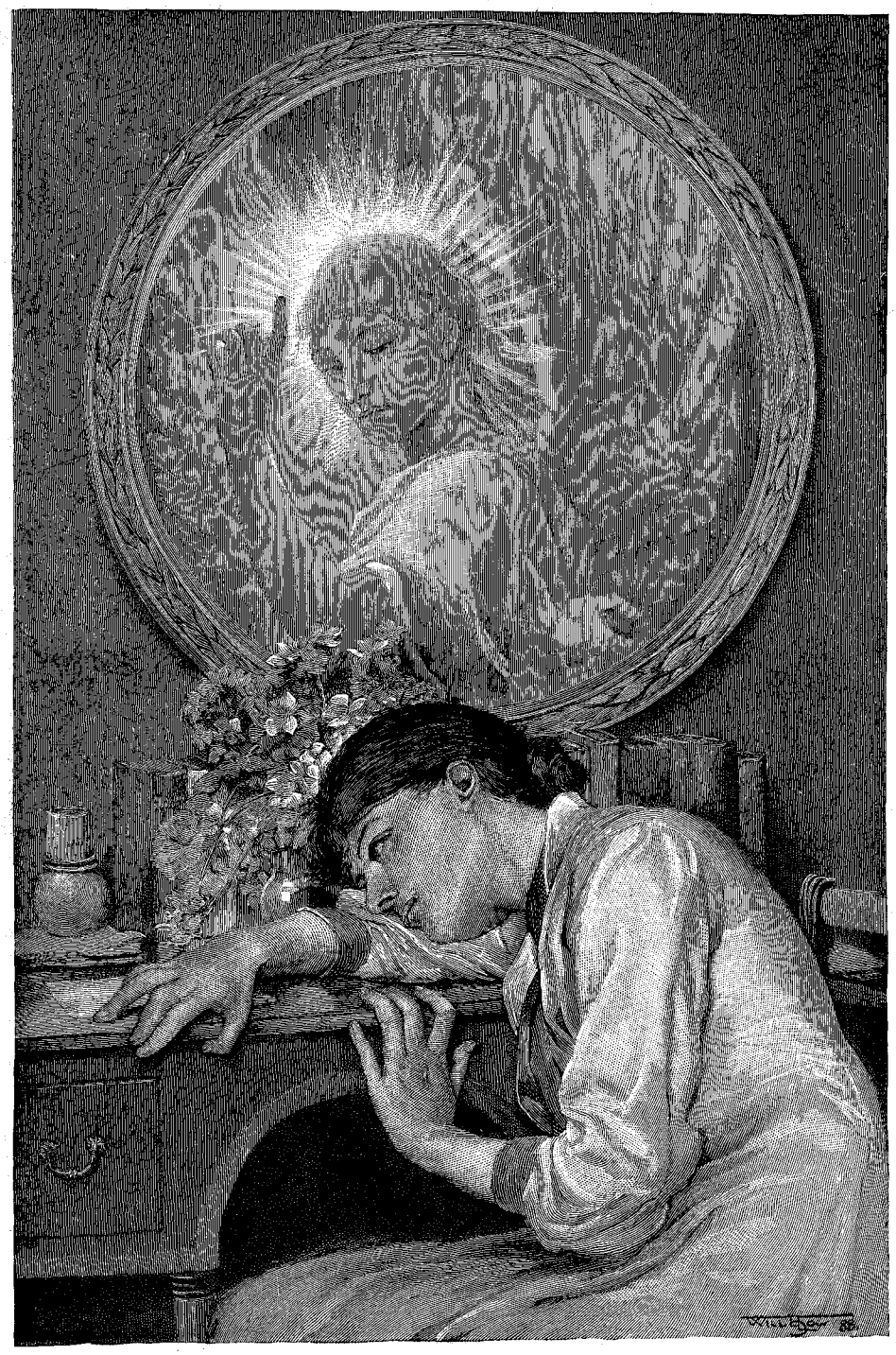

"Through a Glass Darkly."

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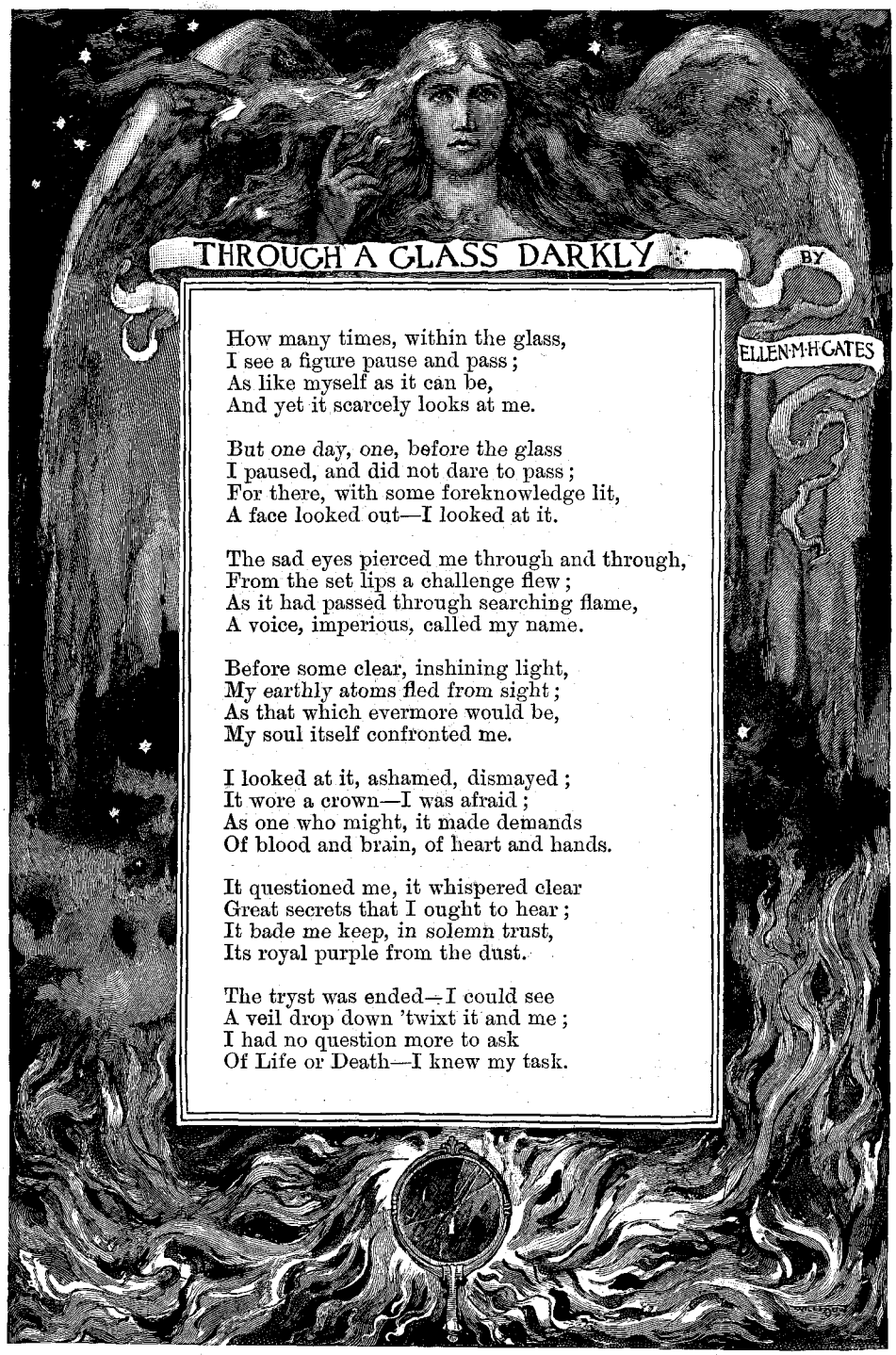

How many times, within the glass,
I see a figure pause and pass;
As like myself as it can be,
And yet it scarcely looks at me.

But one day, one, before the glass
I paused, and did not dare to pass;
For there, with some foreknowledge lit,
A face looked out—I looked at it.

The sad eyes pierced me through and through,
From the set lips a challenge flew;
As it had passed through searching flame,
A voice, imperious, called my name.

Before some clear, inshining light,
My earthly atoms fled from sight;
As that which evermore would be,
My soul itself confronted me.

I looked at it, ashamed, dismayed;
It wore a crown—I was afraid;
As one who might, it made demands
Of blood and brain, of heart and hands.

It questioned me, it whispered clear
Great secrets that I ought to hear;
It bade me keep, in solemn trust,
Its royal purple from the dust.

The tryst was ended—I could see
A veil drop down 'twixt it and me;
I had no question more to ask
Of Life or Death—I knew my task.

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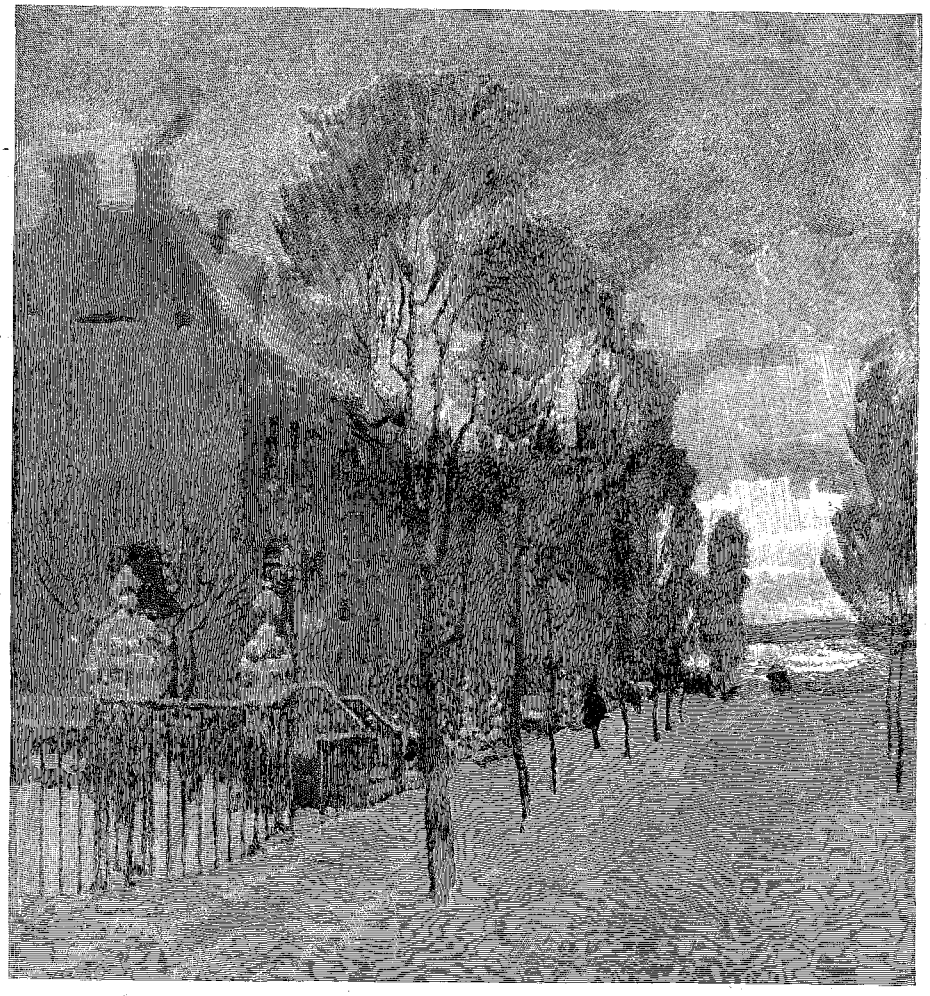

WINTER EVENING.

By A. Lampman.

To-night the very horses springing by
  Toss gold from whitened nostrils. In a dream
  The streets that narrow to the westward gleam
Like rows of golden palaces; and high
From all the crowded chimneys tower and die
  A thousand aureoles. Down in the west
  The brimming plains beneath the sunset rest,
One burning sea of gold. Soon, soon shall fly
The glorious vision, and the hours shall feel
  A mightier master; soon from height to height,
    With silence and the sharp unpitying stars,
Stern creeping frosts and winds that touch like steel,
    Out of the depth beyond the eastern bars,
  Glittering and still, shall come the awful night.

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THE ROSES OF THE SEÑOR.

By John J. à Becket.

MRS. REGINALD VAN CORLEAR arrived at the Fonda das Cuatro Naciones, in Barcelona, shortly before the hour for dinner. Master Roger Van Corlear also arrived, as well as Miss Rutger, whose function it was to superintend Master Roger and assist in bringing him up in the way in which Van Corlears should go. Two others in the party deserve mention: Mr. Reginald Van Corlear, the husband of Mrs. Van Corlear, and a vivacious lady upon whom she conferred the distinction of her friendship, Mrs. Oliver. A briefer, more conventional announcement of the arrival of the Van Corlears might not have conveyed so well the subordination of the members of the party.

Mrs. Reginald Van Corlear, as she stepped from the carriage in Barcelona that afternoon, was a young American woman of twenty-five years. Her figure was statuesque, her face warm in its coloring, and her luxuriant hair was of the deepest black. It broke into restive little ripples here and there, as if it would yield to a general waviness if Mrs. Van Corlear were so far to relax as to permit it. Her large round eyes were soft and black. But the most expressive feature of her face was the eyebrows. They nearly always had a subtile curve to them which seemed a half pathetic betrayal. Strangers arrested by her dark handsome face thought they read in this curve that she was not utterly and serenely happy.

It is the last thing which Mrs. Van Corlear would have admitted, even if she struggled in a very Slough of Despond. The confession of unhappiness is leaning on a friend's heart, and Mrs. Van Corlear did not choose to lean on anyone.

Of course, this curve of the eyebrows may have merely indicated a thoughtful tendency on her part to the resolution of interrogative phases of her mind. Very few could have produced any reasons for unhappiness in the lady. For the five years of her married life she had been surrounded with every comfort and many unnecessary luxuries, and friends of hers, of her own sex, almost envied her as a lucky woman. Mr. Van Corlear was quite a nice husband as well as a wealthy one. Consideration for his wife seemed a wholesomely pervasive feeling with him. He liked her diamonds to be of the purest water. He always tried to secure a sunny apartment on the first floor at the hotels. Travelling about with her was one of the most distinguished marks of Mr. Van Corlear's immolation to his wife, as he liked the comforts of home and only endured other places, taking them much as they came. Mrs. Van Corlear positively enjoyed other places.

But there was nothing she enjoyed so much as her little boy of four years with his golden locks and daintily delicate face in which lurked two deep dimples that were like joy-bells. Roger spoke French with the most caressing accent, and was as quick and supple in his movements as a lizard.

The Van Corlears were shown to their rooms at the Cuatro Naciones. Roger was washed and rubbed till he glowed like a peach, and Mrs. Van Corlear, having refreshed herself with a bath, put on a black lace dress for dinner. Cheered by this outward renovation they descended to the dining-room.

Mrs. Van Corlear seated herself and gave that little bow to the other guests

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"Her attention was arrested at once by a Spanish gentleman, almost directly across from her."

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which is so homely a Continental usage. Then she opened a scarlet fan, and held it lightly pressed against her bosom as she took a leisurely survey of the persons at the table. She was quite Spanish in her coloring as she sat thus.

Her attention was arrested at once by a Spanish gentleman, almost directly across from her. He was a large man with an air of great dignity and distinction. His carefully trimmed beard came to a point, and this, like his full wavy mustaches, was of a jet black. The color of his skin was a clear translucent brown. But the most striking feature of his strikingly handsome face were his eyes. Large, full, and of the most liquid brilliancy, they were eyes that could never be hard, though they looked as if they could be surcharged with the glow of anger. But their usual expression was one of the most subjugating tenderness.

They were turned full upon Mrs. Van Corlear, and as she caught their eloquent gleam she seemed to have been grasped by something, and felt as if a new relation had germinated in her life. The expression of those superb eyes was bewildering, they were so ardent, so respectful, so brilliant, so melting.

That burning melancholy glance held her for a moment breathless. Despite herself, she felt her breath quicken a little. Her firm bosom rose and fell slightly with a sort of ground-swell of emotion. It was so electric, that look of the Señor's eyes! Whether her sensation was one of pleasure or pain, she could not for the life of her have told at the moment. Mrs. Van Corlear did not often let go of herself, and she rallied quickly from this slight overthrow, with the faintest dilation of her nostrils. She calmly directed her glance farther down the table.

Not, however, before the Spaniard had read the light touch of resenting hauteur which his glance had awakened, and had slowly let the lids with their long silky lashes sweep down over his brilliant eyes. When he raised them his look was elsewhere. But that slow movement of his eyes was like the courtly bow with which a gentleman might deprecate unwitting intrusion on the pathway of a lady. It was full of chivalric homage.

"Interesting old room," said Mrs. Van Corlear, turning languidly to Mrs. Oliver, who was seated at her left hand.

"Interesting? It is simply ravishing!" said that lady. "It's so Spanish." Mrs. Oliver's expressions were always a little in advance of her appreciations.

It was interesting, and also Spanish, whether ravishing or no. The cool dining-room opened on one side upon an arcade through whose gray arches gleamed in riotous color the affluence of bright plants and green leaves in the inner court. The air came softly in through the windows, and the sunlight was of a golden brown.

A girl with a large shallow basket filled with bouquets and flowers passed along by the guests at the table, seeking to vend her wares. The Señor raised his finger to arrest her, and murmured something in her ear. The girl nodded and continued her round. When she reached the place where Mrs. Van Corlear and Mrs. Oliver were seated, she picked a large bunch of roses from her basket and laid them at Mrs. Oliver's plate.

Instinctively Mrs. Van Corlear flashed a glance across to where the Señor was. She caught the vanishing end of a smile of comical disgust on his full lips.

Mrs. Oliver turned to her friend.

"What would you do? That man must have sent me these roses. Aren't they beautiful?" and Eve-like, Mrs. Oliver dwelt on their rich color.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Van Corlear. "It's so Spanish!" she murmured.

She could hardly keep her lips in order. The coy reluctance of Mrs. Oliver to accept flowers which had only come to her by a mistake stirred Mrs. Van Corlear's sense of humor.

Mrs. Oliver raised the flowers absentmindedly and inhaled their fragrance moderately. When she rose to leave the table she left the flowers but turned a decorously languid glance on the Señor. To her discomfiture he was quite absorbed in a pomegranate.

The next morning after breakfast Mrs. Van Corlear surveyed Roger a moment

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"It was like taking a bath in perfume, as she held her cheeks pressed close to the cool petals."

before he went out to air his golden curls in the Park with Miss Rutger, and then went up to her room. As she opened the door a sensuous sweetness came drifting out of the room. On her dressing-table was a wicker basket filled with great red roses, the dew glistening on the petals with wholesome freshness. She stood for a moment looking at them. The vision of a pair of eyes, limpid and deep, full of tender caressingness, rose before her. She slowly stooped and

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buried her face in the mass of flowers. It was like taking a bath in perfume, as she held her cheeks pressed close to the cool petals. When she raised her head with a drop or two of dew on her face like a dashed-away tear, she saw a card among the roses. She pulled it out. There was a line on it in Spanish. Miss Rutger was the only one of the party who knew Spanish.

"What does this say, Rutger?" she asked, handing her the card when she came in. Miss Rutger took it and translated it into English. "With the profound respect of a friend."

"Oh," said Mrs. Van Corlear.

As soon as they entered the dining-room that evening, she noticed the Señor in his place of the night before. The servant was about to usher them to places higher up the table.

"I think we will keep our old seats," said Mrs. Van Corlear. "We will sit in this place while we are here. I cannot bear to be changing constantly," she said to Mrs. Oliver as they sank into their chairs. She made a slight bow to the guests and her glance swept the Señor's face. His gleaming eyes were bent on her with their soft intensity.

The next morning Mrs. Van Corlear inspected Roger before his walk, and kissed him good-by with even more clinging affection than usual. Then she walked up the stairs about a quarter of a minute more rapidly than yesterday, and when she opened her door her glance sought the table at once. There they were, fresh, dewy, and blushing. There was no card with them this time.

That evening as she was about leaving her room to go down to dinner Mrs. Van Corlear paused a moment, then went back to her dressing-table and selecting a large red rose pinned it in her dress. There was the least additional dignity in her carriage as she entered the room, and she did not look at the Señor at all, though she felt that he was there with a brighter glow in his soft eyes. Mrs. Van Corlear was beginning to feel that drinking from the living wells of the Señor's eyes was taking a stimulant, whose strength she did not fully know.

For five weeks they remained in Barcelona. "I like it. The air is good for Roger. There is nowhere we are anxious to go. Why hurry away?" Mrs. Van Corlear said. Mr. Van Corlear hadn't the faintest wish to hurry away from anywhere unless it was to get back to New York and the comforts of home. So they stayed.

Every morning on opening her door, Mrs. Van Corlear saw the beautiful red roses on her table. As a rule, the flowers were solely the large red roses so common in Barcelona, sometimes loosely massed in a basket, sometimes bound into a large bouquet. She began to feel a certain restless desire after breakfast to get back to her room and see if they were there. They never failed.

Occasionally, in the beginning, but afterward every evening, Mrs. Van Corlear selected the richest rose of them all and wore it in her bosom to dinner. The Señor's eyes were waiting for it. It was strange how perfectly he could express such different sentiments with his eyes, while the rest of his face was as quiet as the shadow of a wall. They could look so serious, then brighten into a questioning glance, veiled but vivid, and then melt so marvellously into that look of retiring homage, a soft burning glance suffused with tenderness.

Sometimes there seemed to be a grave, scarcely perceptible inclination of the handsome head as Mrs. Van Corlear would seat herself and suffer her eyes to fall for a moment on the Señor. Probably it was only the slow veiling of his eyes, but it seemed like a silent salutation. To look at him and not look at his eyes was impossible. They constrained and held one. But between the Señor and Mrs. Van Corlear this was all. If there were any advance it was so graduated that it could only be felt, not descried. At the end of the five weeks they were outwardly precisely where they were when Mrs. Van Corlear entered the dining-room of the Cuatro Naciones five weeks before.

"You are running the flower-business pretty well, aren't you?" said Mr. Van Corlear one forenoon when he saw a large vase of the red roses on his wife's table. He did not deprecate it. She could have had them by the tub-full if she chose. Mr. Van Corlear never refused her anything—that she asked for.

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But there are some things for which women do not ask.

"Roses are like the air in Barcelona. They almost grow into one's hands," answered Mrs. Van Corlear.

It was nearly time for the Carnival of Flowers at Nice, and Mr. Van Corlear thought he would like to go. It was so long since he had seen any Americans. So he ordered their luggage to be taken to the packet for Marseilles the next day, and settled the bill with a cheerful indifference to its three large figures.

Not a word had passed between the Señor and Mrs. Van Corlear. His eyes had discoursed to her as subtilely and as exhaustively as an old schoolman of Coimbra, and the roses at her breast, his roses, may have had speech for the Señor. But spoken word there had been not one. The Spanish gentleman frequently met Roger in the Park and treated him to bonbons and donkey-rides till that young gentleman thought his benevolence and worth supreme. He chattered away to his mamma about the dark gentleman with the ungrudging enthusiasm of his four years. Mrs. Van Corlear listened with her arms around his neck and her face pressed to his.

"Mamma," he said to her on one of these occasions, "the dark gentleman thought Miss Rutger was my mamma. He knew who my papa was, though."

"Isn't he a funny gentleman?" she said to him in the playful tone she used with her boy. She was like a young girl with this small blonde son, and he adored her.

When they had got on the steamer, Mrs. Van Corlear came out, sat down on a deck-chair, and looked at the old town. The line of her eyebrows was more plaintive in its curve than ever. Was she thinking of the Señor's matutinal roses which she was forsaking?

"'Isn't he a funny gentleman?' she said to him in the playful tone she used with her boy."

She must certainly have recalled them a moment later when a closed carriage drove up to the quay and an imposing Spaniard got out with a dignity which made the action quite a ceremony. He walked up the gangway followed by his man, who carried a travelling-bag and something which showed red through white tissue paper. They disappeared in the cabin.

The trip was a rough one. The boat began to pitch half an hour after they started, and kept it up with a vigor which drove most of the passengers into an obscurity suited to the particular

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phase of wretchedness to which they found themselves victims. Mrs. Van Corlear was never reduced to any humiliating discomfort by wind or wave, and though it was blowy sat contentedly on deck till it was time to go down to the saloon. She slipped into her state-room to lay aside her heavy shawl.

Her heart gave a little start, a joyous spring, as she opened the door. The well-known perfume of Barcelona roses was wafted to her in a little gust, doubly sweet now because unexpected. There was a stack of them on her wash-hand stand.

"How came these flowers here?" she asked the stewardess.

"A man left them, saying they were for Madame Van Corlear. Is it not right, madame?" returned the woman.

"Quite so," said Mrs. Van Corlear, softly.

She fastened one in her bosom and went to the table. The Señor was there, and his eyes flashed on her like beacon-lights. How mellow, lambent, possessive, and sympathetic they were! But there was no sign of recognition beyond that mutual glance.

When they got to the port of Marseilles for some reason or other the passengers were taken to the pier in small boats. Only three or four persons could go comfortably in one, and when Mr. Van Corlear, Roger, and Rutger were installed the captain declared the passenger-list of that particular craft full.

"Madame will meet her husband on the quay. It is only a moment's separation," he said to Mrs. Van Corlear as the boat was rowed off.

Madame was not given to perturbation over trifles, and composedly waited for the next boat. The step from the ladder to the boat was a little long, and as she was preparing to make it she felt a strong arm pass under her elbow and she was lightly sustained. When she got to her seat in the stern she looked to see who her helper had been. She almost started as she met the familiar look from the Señor's dark eyes. They seemed to be straining her to him by the subduing force which streamed from them.

The pathetic curve in Mrs. Van Corlear's eyebrows was at once enhanced. The Señor felt it and lowered his eyes. He had read her soul and retired into his own. These psychic advances and retrogressions were distinctly conveyed to Mrs. Van Corlear. There was a devotional homage in the one and a deprecatory obeisance in the other.

Mr. Van Corlear was waiting to assist his wife into the carriage. As they were driven off to the Grand Hotel he said to her: "That was the Spaniard we saw at the Cuatro Naciones, wasn't it?"

"I think it was," said Mrs. Van Corlear.

When she went to her room the next morning the red roses were there. They only delayed in Marseilles one day. At Nice they secured a cheerful apartment, with a balcony, at the Hôtel des Anglais. It commanded a fine view of the carriages that swept by in the Flower Festival of the Carnival. At dinner Mrs. Van Corlear met several Americans and some English people whom she knew, but no one else. Her mood that evening was a little thoughtful, a little restive.

The next morning after breakfast she walked up-stairs rather slowly. She knew it would be a pain to her, a silly pain of course, not to find red roses on her table when she got there. But they had breathed a sympathetic greeting to her every morning for five weeks and—well, they had to end sometime.

She entered her room with a disinclination to do so. There had been a queer feeling in her heart on the way up-stairs. It disappeared the moment she opened her door and looked in. There they were, the rosy comforters, waiting her coming. The curve in her eyebrows that made her pathetic was not there at all as she stood looking down at the roses. There was such steadfastness in this devotion of the unknown Señor, and the beautiful expression of it through his eyes and through his roses. There was something as soothing to her in it as the aromatic balm of a pine-grove steeped in the sunshine of a spring afternoon.

She preferred now not to know him, not to speak to him. This graceful interchange of sympathies without the medium of speech, without any avowed purpose, appealed to her with a satisfy-

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ing sense which words might dispel. Is not the mere presence of a person loved comfort and support? Yes; the roses told enough, and the Señor was near enough so. "Quite," said Mrs. Van Corlear to herself, as, half-unconsciously, while inhaling the pure sweetness of one of the great roses she found her lips moving toward its petals.

She would not even ask what motive could lead the stately Señor to pay her a delicate attention which the most fervent gallant could not have surpassed in constancy. The serene gravity of the dark face, the luminous vitality of the large eyes, the half-condescending smile which a sense of humor sometimes sent to disturb the immobility of his lower face, all these were points for which Mrs. Van Corlear's own temperament had affinity.

With a sense of accepting the gifts which the gods send, she allowed her gaze to rest for a moment on the splendid eyes of the Señor, after she had seated herself at table that evening. They were truly doorways, which to look into was to enter. Mrs. Van Corlear crossed the threshold, and followed the avenues to quiet depths in the Spaniard's being. The glow of his eyes was not a flickering gleam, nor was it an *ignis fatuus*. It was like the luminous light that informs depths of deep translucent water.

When the sun had thoroughly warmed the world, and the mistral was not blowing, Mrs. Van Corlear would come out on the little balcony which led off from her room and bask in the sunshine. Sometime while she was there, the Señor was sure to pass along the walk below. It was like the parade of a sentinel detailed for private duty on his sovereign. Every morning the roses appeared on her table and in the evening one was always placed in Mrs. Van Corlear's bosom when she came to dinner.

The day they had arrived the clerk in the hotel, whom the Van Corlears knew, said to Mrs. Van Corlear: "Madame, a gentleman asked me for the number of your room to-day. I did not know if you would care to have it given to him, and thought I would speak to you first."

"Who is the gentleman?" she inquired.

"He is a distinguished Spanish gentleman, Count Pedro d'Avendaño, of Barcelona."

"Oh, you can give my number to Count d'Avendaño. We are very good friends," she said, smilingly.

The Señor renewed his acquaintance with Roger at Nice. Sometimes when the rosy boy came back from his morning play, he would bring a bunch of flowers with him.

"The dark gentleman gave me these. He said I might want to give them to my mamma. What is the matter with the gentleman, mamma?" said Roger, suddenly turning his pink and white face up to her and leaning his elbow in her lap.

"Matter, Roger! what do you mean? Is anything the matter with him?" Mrs. Van Corlear passed her hand over his flushed forehead and brushed back the frowsy curls.

"Oh, he's sad. He doesn't have a good time," said Roger, regretfully. "He is nice, and we have fun, but he doesn't laugh and seem funny."

"A person cannot always laugh and seem funny, you little trot," said his mother, pinching his cheek. Roger looked as if he meant to, as he went off with Rutger.

No morning failed to bring the roses to Mrs. Van Corlear's room. They sweetened the day for her. A month of days were so sweetened. But to-morrow was their last day in Nice. Mr. Van Corlear had received news of business complications that made him anxious to be in New York. He wished his wife and Roger to go back with him. This seemed affectionate. But Mrs. Van Corlear knew that he liked to have his handsome wife at his handsome table in his handsome dining-room, and wished to have his large, elegant house presided over properly. The housekeeper would have done just as well could she have reflected as much credit on Mr. Van Corlear.

However, he had been too considerate in travelling with her, when he hated travel, for her to say one word against his desire. So they were going to-morrow! She went out on the *Promenade des Anglais* her last afternoon at Nice and seated herself on a bench. Roger

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was having great fun with Rutger some distance away, while his mamma sat there, drooping slightly in her deep thoughtfulness. She was musing on what life would be to her if it were a rose-fed dream of daily love. Why could not consideration, respect, and duty make up for the absence of that imponderable element?

Her left hand was thrust into a black velvet muff which rested on her lap. On top of it was pinned a large bunch of Parma violets. They were the speech with which the Señor had wished her "Good-day." She was looking at the sparkling blue of the Mediterranean, and thinking that after to-day she would not find roses on her table every morning, unless she ordered them from the florist's. She was perfectly certain that she did not want roses from a florist, and the Señor and his roses would not follow her to America.

The pathetic curve in her eyebrows was strongly pronounced, and the lines of her mouth were slightly relaxed. Suddenly she saw a tall majestic figure approaching her. She watched the Señor as he drew near. There was something noble and dignified about the man. Then she turned her gaze to the sea. When he was quite near her, only a few yards away, she raised her eyes and looked at him steadily. She was going to-morrow and would never see him again. And he had transfused two months of her life with such a delicate sweetness, so unrewardedly.

His dark tender eyes were bent upon her. She did not withdraw her own. In that unflinching steadiness there was no boldness, no coquetry. The expression of her eyes partook in part of that of her eyebrows, only there was something else here. As he was directly opposite her she slowly raised her muff and inhaled the perfume of the violets, letting her soul for once say what it would through her eyes.

The Señor's gaze followed the movement. Everything about her, the languid pose, the expression of her face, gave a meaning and a character to the act which it had not in itself. Into his large lustrous eyes there crept that look of tender reverential homage which she knew so well. She had never accepted it before. There was a moment's lagging of the feet. He almost stopped, but did not quite. Instead, he raised his hat with a slow broad sweep and bent his head gravely letting his eyes fall. It was an eloquent movement. He passed slowly on, and Mrs. Van Corlear, when her gaze sought the scene before her, found that the Mediterranean twinkled like a diamond and Roger was a blurred spot of gold and white.

The Van Corlears left the next day, and within a week sailed from London for New York. They settled down in their stately house on Fifth Avenue and resumed their social duties. Mr. Van Corlear was very much pleased to be back, and Mrs. Van Corlear was more coldly elegant than she had ever been.

They had not been home more than three weeks, when one forenoon the servant brought Mrs. Van Corlear a basket of superb Jacqueminot roses. There was no card. Her heart gave one quick bound and the color crept into her cheeks. Who had left them; a boy from the florist's. Run after him and get him. She wished to speak with him.

The servant returned with the captured boy. Mrs. Van Corlear asked him who had ordered the flowers. He didn't know his name. Was he tall? Yes. Very dark and with large brilliant eyes? The boy had not noticed. Did he look like a Spaniard? He couldn't tell. Well, that would do.

She took them with her own hand to her sitting-room, where she spent the pleasantest hours of her day and to which only a very few were ever admitted. She was in a strange frame of mind. It was soothing, and had a sweetness in it which she liked to feel was mastering rather than welcomed.

Mr. Van Corlear came home at dinner-time. When his wife walked into the room, he glanced up quickly and said: "Why, where are the roses. I thought you would have them on the dinner-table, and put around the room."

"The roses that—What roses?" said Mrs. Van Corlear.

"Why, I ordered some Jacks this morning. Didn't they come?"

"Oh, yes. Did you want them on the dinner-table? I put them in my sitting-room."

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"Nobody goes there hardly, my dear. Wouldn't you like them here?"

"Certainly, I should have attended to it," she answered, listlessly.

"John, go to my room and bring those roses down and arrange them on the table."

"Don't ever get red roses, please," said she to her husband, as John went on his errand.

"Why, I thought you liked them well enough. You kept getting them all the time in Europe. I thought you liked them."

"One tires of everything, even red roses. I got so many there that I want none here. But that is a caprice. If you like them there is not the faintest reason why you should not get them."

Mr. Van Corlear was some fifteen years his wife's senior. His fondness for indulgence at the table had brought on an inconvenient augment in avoirdupois. Once or twice since they had returned from Europe he had felt an attack of vertigo, and once had nearly fallen after dinner. The doctor advised him to take horseback exercise in the Park, and he had done so regularly. He did not like the idea of getting too bulky.

One afternoon after he had taken a hearty luncheon, washed down with a bottle of Chambertin, he came down the brown-stone steps and got into the saddle. As the horse gave a quick start he reined him in suddenly, and before the groom could come to his assistance, reeled in his saddle and fell heavily off, striking the ground on his head.

He was at once taken into the house. Mrs. Van Corlear was driving in the Park, and someone hastened to find her. By the time she got home her husband was dead. There had been a severe contusion of the skull, and he lived only an hour, quite unconscious.

Mrs. Van Corlear did with her bereavement what so many Americans of her caste do with one, took it to Europe. She spent some time in London with Mrs. Oliver, who lived there in a serene expatriation. Mrs. Van Corlear did not care to tax the hospitality of her hostess too far, and she was not used to such a little box of a house. So she proposed to Mrs. Oliver that they should drift about on the Continent.

Mrs. Oliver was only too willing. To have her bills paid, and to be seen with a strikingly aristocratic friend by other friends were things that had weight with Mrs. Oliver. One morning they were breakfasting at Pau. Mrs. Van Corlear's dark gown made her look pale, perhaps. After looking at her a moment, Mrs. Oliver said with her robust vivacity:

"I wish we could go to Barcelona again. Your health was very good there. But I don't suppose you want to go so soon, my dear."

"My health is good everywhere. But I had as lief go to Barcelona as anywhere else," Mrs. Van Corlear answered, with the least touch of coldness.

A few days later found them at the *Fonda das Cuatro Naciones* again. When they went down to dinner, Mrs. Van Corlear was breathing a little quicker than usual. The jet black hair and sombre mourning brought out the clear tones of her rich face more delicately. The dining-room looked like an old friend, and the flowers beamed through the gray arcade, joyously fair. As Mrs. Van Corlear glanced down the table and saw no familiar face, a sudden sense of loneliness smote her, and she had to straighten herself to repress a sigh. When the flower girl passed through the room she turned from her and her blushing merchandise almost irritably.

Roger and Mrs. Oliver took a stroll in the Park the next day. When they returned and Mrs. Van Corlear had Roger to herself she asked him about his enjoyment. He was in high spirits. Had he seen anybody he knew? Yes: the donkey-man. Nobody else? No: only the donkey-man.

The next day Mrs. Oliver and Roger did the Park again. When Mrs. Van Corlear found herself alone, she sent for the landlord. Were these the same rooms they had when they were there before? The landlord thought they were. They were satisfactory, he hoped. Oh, yes. Could not a low rocking-chair be put in the room? Certainly. It should be done. That was all? That was all. Thanks.

The landlord had bowed obsequiously and nearly reached the door when Mrs. Van Corlear's voice arrested him.

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"Oh, by the bye," she said, rising, and looking carelessly from the window, "is Señor d'Avendaño still in Barcelona?"

"Ah, Señora," the landlord answered in a tone that caused her to turn her eyes rather quickly on him and to take her expression well in hand, "I hope the Señor d'Avendaño is in heaven. It is not a fortnight since his death. He died of a fever. He was only sick a few days. It is a great loss to the city."

"Yes," said Mrs. Van Corlear. "I regret to hear of his death. The Señor was of some service to me when I was here before. He seemed quite a charming person, and I thought his health perfect."

"It was, Señora. He was one of the finest gentlemen in Europe. Such a beautiful soul!" the landlord continued, warmly. "But he never seemed himself after his wife's death."

"Ah, I did not know he was married," murmured Mrs. Van Corlear.

"Yes. The Countess was a lovely young woman, and the Count was madly in love with her. She lived only a week after the birth of her first child, and the little boy died soon after. It was very hard on the Count. This was not more than a year and a half ago. And, Señora, if you will pardon me, your likeness to the Countess is something extraordinary. The upper part of your face and the shape of your head are almost exactly hers."

"Sometimes one finds these strange resemblances," said Mrs. Van Corlear. Then, after a moment's pause, she said, "I fear I have detained you too long. Thanks. If you will think of the chair."

The landlord bowed again, and this time withdrew. She remained motionless till the door closed. Then she moved toward the window, sank into a chair, and sat looking out, while the tears trickled slowly down and fell unchecked on her hands.

"Have you not had enough of Barcelona?" she asked of Mrs. Oliver when she came in with Roger. "It seems to me the heat is stifling here. I think, if you do not care, we will go to Geneva to-morrow morning."

The next day they left Barcelona. In the afternoon, two young girls were straying through the graveyard. They strolled toward a plot where there were two graves, side by side. One of them was freshly made.

"Oh, look at Señor d'Avendaño's grave!" cried one.

It was covered with red Barcelona roses.

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THE DEAD NYMPH.

A FANTASY.

By Charles Henry Lüders.

Flora, the nymph, is dead.
She of the down-dropt head;
She of the eye half hid
Under its fringéd lid;
She of the lily throat
That never again shall float
Like a lily over her breast,
Never shall seem to rest
Like the lilies that fall and rise
O'er calms reflecting the skies,
As her bosom—free from leaven
Of earth—reflected Heaven.

Never again shall he,
The dreamer, the child of song,
Gliding at eve along
The still lake's margent, see
As he dips his shallop's oars
Close by the mirrored shores,
Her shadowy form of grace
Slip from its hiding place
In the gloom of sheltering ferns
Into an open space
Where the moon's white radiance burns;
Nor, as a fawn that turns
Its delicate head to sniff
An instant longer the scent
With the sweet wood-zephyrs blent,
Ere it bounds away like a whiff
Of wind-blown mist thro' the trees,
Will she wait for him, while the breeze
Plays with the glistening strands
Of her hair, as she curves her hands
Over her questioning eyes,
Love-lit with a shy surprise.

Never again with lute
And love-song sweetly sung,
Will he lure her from among
The forest cloisters mute;
Nor from the shadowy shore,
With songs, will he row her o'er

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The cool, moon-whitened calm
Unto the sheltered coves
O'erhung by blossoming groves
Of the shell-girt isles of balm:
Not evermore again
Will she visit the world of men;
Nor is there any stave
Can call her back from the grave,
Nor ever a madrigal
Can pass her beneath the pall
Unto the pain and strife
Which living men call Life!

Yet, in his dreams and songs,
She is not dead to him:
Not all in vain he longs
For her presence in the dim
Green glooms of the ancient wood;
For Heaven has found it good
To turn forever the sting
Of sorrow from hearts that sing.
And all day long he treads
The forest's whispering aisles;
And the checkered sunlight sheds
Its glow o'er a face that smiles—
Smiles as he softly strays
Under the leafy haze—
Whispering, "*She is here.*
Death could not wound my dear.
Listen! you say a thrush
With wild song breaks the hush;
I say it is she—my love—
Singing in yonder grove.
'Tis she! I say; for she said,
One night when her fair, bright head
Lay on my breast, 'My own,
If ever thou'rt left alone,
Think not that thy love is dead,
But look till thou find'st the red
Wild rose, and say "'Tis her cheek."
Then kiss it close, and seek—
Where the clear dew never dries—
Blue violets for mine eyes;
Then, would'st thou kiss my lips,
The bee will lead where he sips;
Sapphires will clasp my throat
Where water-lilies float;
My hands will be the air
Caressing thy forehead fair,
And oft, when the rain-drops beat
The leaves, thou wilt hear my feet
Leading the murmuring shower
Away from thy sylvan bower.'
Thus did she speak, and then
Faded from earthly ken
Out of the arms that clasped
Her form, and my hands but grasped

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This robe upon either side.
My arms were locked on the breast
That her golden hair had prest,
And thus did I lose my bride!"

Still through the haunted aisles
Of the wood, and at its edge
Where the ripples stir the sedge,
This dreamer walks, and smiles
On the violet and the rose,
And the lily's calm repose:
And you who have heard his song,
And the fantasies which throng
Its burden, may know with me
That the maiden was Purity,
And the lover a sullied soul
That saw, in the scented flowers,
Emblems of hallowed hours,—
Of the Innocence that stole
Unto its God when Sin—
The Dark Guest—entered in!

SIR HUGO'S CHOICE.

By James Jeffrey Roche.

It is better to die, since death comes surely,
In the full noontide of an honored name,
Than to lie at the end of years obscurely,
A handful of dust in a shroud of shame.

. . . . . .

Sir Hugo lived in the ages golden,
Warder of Aisne and Picardy:
He lived and died, and his deeds are told in
The Book immortal of Chivalrie:

How he won the love of a prince's daughter—
A poor knight he with a stainless sword—
Whereat Count Rolf, who had vainly sought her,
Swore death should sit at the bridal board.

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"A braggart's threat, for a brave man's scorning!"
And Hugo laughed at his rival's ire,
But couriers twain, on the bridal morning,
To his castle gate came with tidings dire.

The first a-faint and with armor riven:
"In peril sore have I left thy bride,—
False Rolf waylaid us. For love and Heaven!
Sir Hugo, quick to the rescue ride!"

Stout Hugo muttered a word unholy;
He sprang to horse and he flashed his brand,
But a hand was laid on his bridle slowly,
And a herald spoke: "By the king's command

"This to Picardy's trusty warder:—
France calls first for his loyal sword,
The Flemish spears are across the border,
And all is lost if they win the ford."

Sir Hugo paused, and his face was ashen,
His white lips trembled in silent prayer—
God's pity soften the spirit's passion
When the crucifixion of Love is there!

What need to tell of the message spoken?
Of the hand that shook as he poised his lance?
And the look that told of his brave heart broken,
As he bade them follow, "For God and France!"

On Cambray's field next morn they found him,
'Mid a mighty swath of foemen dead;
Her snow-white scarf he had bound around him
With his loyal blood was baptizéd red.

It is all writ down in the book of Glory,
On crimson pages of blood and strife,
With scanty thought for the simple story
Of duty dearer than love or life.

Only a note obscure, appended
By warrior scribe or monk perchance,
Saith: "The good knight's ladye was sore offended
That he would not die for her but France."

Did the ladye live to lament her lover?
Or did roystering Rolf prove a better mate?
I have searched the records over and over,
But nought discover to tell her fate.

And I read the moral.—A brave endeavor
To do thy duty, whate'er its worth,
Is better than life with love forever—
And love is the sweetest thing on earth.

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A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

BY the time this paper appears, I shall have been talking for twelve months; and it is thought I should take my leave in a formal and seasonable manner. Valedictory eloquence is rare. Even death-bed sayings have not often hit the mark of the occasion; and perhaps there are but three that may be profitably cited. Charles Second, wit and sceptic, a man whose life had been one long lesson in human incredulity, an easy-going comrade, a manœuvring king—remembered and embodied all his wit and scepticism along with more than his usual good humor in the famous "I am afraid, gentlemen, I am an unconscionable time a-dying." Marcus Aurelius in that last passage did not forget that he was Cæsar: "*Vale vobis dico, vos precedens.*" And there is yet another passing-word: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

I.

THE attitude and the words of Charles Second are what best become humanity. An unconscionable time a-dying—there is the picture ("I am afraid, gentlemen") of your life and of mine. The sands run out, and the hours are "numbered and imputed," and the days go by; and when the last of these finds us, we have been a long time dying, and what else? The very length is something, if we reach that hour of separation undishonored; and to have lived at all is doubtless (in the soldierly expression) to have served. There is a tale in Tacitus of how the veterans mutinied in the German wilderness; of how they mobbed Germanicus, clamoring to go home; and of how, seizing their general's hand, these old, war-worn exiles passed his finger along their toothless gums. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum:* this was the most eloquent of the songs of Simeon. And when a man has lived to a fair age, he bears his marks of service. He may have never been remarked upon the breach at the head of the army; at least he shall have lost his teeth on the camp bread.

The idealism of serious people in this age of ours is of a noble character. It never seems to them that they have served enough; they have a fine impatience of their virtues. It were perhaps more modest to be singly thankful that we are no worse. It is not only our enemies, those desperate characters—it is we ourselves who know not what we do;—thence springs the glimmering hope that perhaps we do better than we

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think: that to scramble through this random business with hands reasonably clean, to have played the part of a man or woman with some reasonable fulness, to have often resisted the diabolic, and at the end to be still resisting it, is for the poor human soldier to have done right well. To ask to see some print of our endeavor is but a transcendental way of serving for reward; and what we take to be contempt of self is only greed of hire.

And again if we require so much of ourselves, shall we not require much of others? If we do not genially judge our own deficiencies, is it not to be feared we shall be even stern to the trespasses of others? And he who (looking back upon his own life) can see no more than that he has been unconscionably long a-dying, will he not be tempted to think his neighbor unconscionably long of getting hanged? It is probable that nearly all who think of conduct at all think of it too much; it is certain we all think too much of sin. We are not damned for doing wrong, but for not doing right; Christ would never hear of negative morality; *thou shalt* was ever his word, with which he superseded *thou shalt not*. To make our idea of morality centre on forbidden acts is to defile the imagination and to introduce into our judgments of our fellow-men a secret element of gusto. If a thing is wrong for us, we should not dwell upon the thought of it; or we shall soon dwell upon it with inverted pleasure. If we cannot drive it from our minds—one thing of two: Either our creed is in the wrong and we must more indulgently remodel it; or else, if our morality be in the right, we are criminal lunatics and should place our persons in restraint. A mark of such unwholesomely divided minds is the passion for interference with others: the Fox without the Tail was of this breed, but had (if his biographer is to be trusted) a certain antique civility now out of date. A man may have a flaw, a weakness, that unfits him for the duties of life, that spoils his temper, that threatens his integrity, or that betrays him into cruelty. It has to be conquered; but it must never be suffered to engross his thoughts. The true duties lie all upon the farther side, and must be attended to with a whole mind so soon as this preliminary clearing of the decks has been effected. In order that he may be kind and honest, it may be needful he should become a total abstainer; let him become so then, and the next day let him forget the circumstance. Trying to be kind and honest will require all his thoughts; a mortified appetite is never a wise companion; in so far as he has had to mortify an appetite, he will still be the worse man; and of such an one a great deal of cheerfulness will be required in judging life, and a great deal of humility in judging others.

It may be argued again that dissatisfaction with our life's endeavor springs in some degree from dulness. We require higher tasks, because we do not recognize the height of those we have. Trying to be kind and honest seems an affair too simple and too inconsequential for gentlemen of our heroic mould; we had rather set ourselves to something bold, arduous, and conclusive; we had rather found a schism or suppress a heresy, cut off a hand or mortify an appetite. But the task before us, which is to co-endure with our existence, is rather one of microscopic fineness, and the heroism required is that of patience. There is no cutting of the Gordian knots of life; each must be smilingly unravelled.

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. He has an ambitious soul who would ask more; he has a hopeful spirit who should look in such an enterprise to be successful. There is indeed one element in human destiny that not blindness itself can controvert: whatever else we are intended to do, we are not intended to succeed; failure is the fate allotted. It is so in every art and study; it is so above all in the continent art of living well. Here is a pleasant thought for the year's end or for the end of life: Only self-deception will be satisfied, and there need be no despair for the despairer.

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II.

But Christmas is not only the milemark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination: it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. A man dissatisfied with his endeavors is a man tempted to sadness. And in the midst of the winter, when his life runs lowest and he is reminded of the empty chairs of his beloved, it is well he should be condemned to this fashion of the smiling face. Noble disappointment, noble self-denial are not to be admired, not even to be pardoned, if they bring bitterness. It is one thing to enter the kingdom of heaven maim; another to maim yourself and stay without. And the kingdom of heaven is of the childlike, of those who are easy to please, who love and who give pleasure. Mighty men of their hands, the smiters and the builders and the judges, have lived long and done sternly and yet preserved this lovely character; and among our carpet interests and twopenny concerns, the shame were indelible if *we* should lose it. Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. And it is the trouble with moral men that they have neither one nor other. It was the moral man, the pharisee, whom Christ could not away with. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say "give them up," for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.

A strange temptation attends upon man: to keep his eye on pleasures, even when he will not share in them; to aim all his morals against them. This very year a lady (singular iconoclast!) proclaimed a crusade against dolls; and the racy sermon against lust is quite a feature of the age. I venture to call such moralists insincere. At any excess or perversion of a natural appetite, their lyre sounds of itself with relishing denunciations; but for all displays of the truly diabolic—envy, malice, the mean lie, the mean silence, the calumnious truth, the backbiter, the petty tyrant, the peevish poisoner of family life—their standard is quite different. These are wrong, they will admit, yet somehow not so wrong; there is no zeal in their assault on them, no secret element of gusto warms up the sermon; it is for things not wrong in themselves that they reserve the choicest of their indignation. A man may naturally disclaim all moral kinship with the Reverend Mr. Zola or the hobgoblin old lady of the dolls; for these are gross and naked instances. And yet in each of us some similar element resides. The sight of a pleasure in which we cannot or else will not share moves us to a particular impatience. It may be because we are envious, or because we are sad, or because we dislike noise and romping—being so refined, or because—being so philosophic—we have an over-weighing sense of this life's gravity: at least, as we go on in years, we are all tempted to frown upon our neighbor's pleasures. People are nowadays so fond of resisting temptations; here is one to be resisted. They are fond of self-denial; here is a propensity that cannot be too peremptorily denied. There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.

III.

Happiness and goodness, according to canting moralists, stand in the relation of effect and cause. There was never anything less proved or less probable: our happiness is never in our own hands; we inherit our constitution; we stand buffet among friends and enemies; we may be so built as to feel a sneer or an aspersion with unusual keenness, and so circumstanced as to be unusually exposed to them; we may have nerves very sensitive to pain, and be afflicted with a disease very painful. Virtue will not help us, and it is not meant to help us. It is not even its own reward, except for the self-centred and—I had almost said—the unamiable. No man can pacify his conscience; if quiet be what he want, he shall do better to let that or-

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gan perish from disuse. And to avoid the penalties of the law, and the minor *capitis diminutio* of social ostracism, is an affair of wisdom—of cunning, if you will—and not of virtue.

In his own life, then, a man is not to expect happiness, only to profit by it gladly when it shall arise. He is on duty here; he knows not how or why, and does not need to know; he knows not for what hire, and must not ask. Somehow or other, though he does not know what goodness is, he must try to be good; somehow or other, though he cannot tell what will do it, he must try to give happiness to others. And no doubt there comes in here a frequent clash of duties. How far is he to make his neighbor happy? How far must he respect that smiling face, so easy to cloud, so hard to brighten again? And how far, on the other side, is he bound to be his brother's keeper and the prophet of his own morality? How far must he resent evil?

The difficulty is that we have little guidance; Christ's sayings on the point being hard to reconcile with each other, and (the most of them) hard to accept. But the truth of his teaching would seem to be this: in our own person and fortune, we should be ready to accept and to pardon all; it is *our* cheek we are to turn, *our* coat that we are to give away to the man who has taken *our* cloak. But when another's face is buffeted, perhaps a little of the lion will become us best. That we are to suffer others to be injured, and stand by, is not conceivable and surely not desirable. Revenge, says Bacon, is a kind of wild justice; its judgments at least are delivered by an insane judge, and in our own quarrel we can see nothing truly and do nothing wisely. But in the quarrel of our neighbor, let us be more bold. One person's happiness is as sacred as another's; when we cannot defend both, let us defend one with a stout heart. It is only in so far as we are doing this, that we have any right to interfere: the defence of B is our only ground of action against A. A has as good a right to go to the devil, as we to go to glory; and neither knows what he does.

The truth is that all these interventions and denunciations and militant mongerings of moral half-truths, though they be sometimes needful, though they are often enjoyable, do yet belong to an inferior grade of duties. Ill temper and envy and revenge find here an arsenal of pious disguises; this is the playground of inverted lusts. With a little more patience and a little less temper, a gentler and wiser method might be found in almost every case; and the knot that we cut by some fine heady quarrel-scene in private life, or, in public affairs, by some denunciatory act against what we are pleased to call our neighbor's vices, might yet have been unwoven by the hand of sympathy.

IV.

To look back upon the past year, and see how little we have striven and to what small purpose; and how often we have been cowardly and hung back, or temerarious and rushed unwisely in; and how every day and all day long we have transgressed the law of kindness;—it may seem a paradox, but in the bitterness of these discoveries, a certain consolation resides. Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity. He goes upon his long business most of the time with a hanging head, and all the time like a blind child. Full of rewards and pleasures as it is—so that to see the day break or the moon rise, or to meet a friend, or to hear the dinner-call when he is hungry, fills him with surprising joys—this world is yet for him no abiding city. Friendships fall through, health fails, weariness assails him; year after year, he must thumb the hardly varying record of his own weakness and folly. It is a friendly process of detachment. When the time comes that he should go, there need be few illusions left about himself. *Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much*:—surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed. Nor will he complain at the summons, which calls a defeated soldier from the field: defeated, ay, if he were Paul or Marcus Aurelius! —but if there is still one inch of fight in his old spirit, undishonored. The faith which sustained him in his life-long blindness and life-long disappoint-

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ment will scarce even be required in this last formality of laying down his arms. Give him a march with his old bones; there, out of the glorious sun-colored earth, out of the day and the dust and the ecstasy—there goes another Faithful Failure!

From a recent book of verse, where there is more than one such beautiful and manly poem, I take this memorial piece: it says better than I can, what I love to think; let it be our parting word.

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night, with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death. *

* From "A Book of Verses" by William Ernest Henley. London: Published by David Nutt, in the Strand, 1888.

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